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DAISY MILLER.

A COMEDY. IN THREE ACTS.

ACT III.

Rome. Public parlors at the Hôtel de Paris; evening. Wide windows at the back, overlooking the Corso, open upon a balcony, which must be apparent, behind light curtains, to the audience. The Carnival is going on outside, and the flare of torches, the sound of voices and of music, the uproar of a popular festival, come into the room, rising and falling at intervals during the whole act.

SCENE I. MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, CHARLES REVERDY. *He comes in first at the left, holding the door open for the others to follow.*

REVERDY. You can see very well from this balcony, if you won't go down into the street.

MRS. C. Down into the street — to be trampled to death? I have no desire to be butchered to make a Roman holiday.

REVERDY, *aside*. They would find you a tough old morsel! (*Aloud.*) It's the last night of the Carnival, and a peculiar license prevails.

MRS. C. I'm happy to hear it's the last night. Their tooting and piping and fiddling has n't stopped for a week, and my poor old head has been racked with pain.

MISS D. Is it very bad now? You had better go to our own quiet parlor, which looks out on the back.

MRS. C. And leave you here with this youth?

MISS D. After all—in the Carnival!

MRS. C. A season of peculiar license — as he himself confesses. I wonder you don't propose at once to mingle with the populace—in a fancy dress!

MISS D. I should like to very much! I'm tired of being cooped up in a balcony. If this is the last night, it's my only chance.

MRS. C., *severely*. Alice Durant, I don't recognize you! The Carnival has affected you — insidiously. You're as bad as Daisy Miller.

REVERDY. Poor little butterfly! Don't speak harshly of *her*: she is lying ill with Roman fever.

MRS. C. Since her visit to the Coliseum, in the cool of the evening, with the inveterate Giovanelli?

MISS D. I suppose he'll marry her when she recovers — if she does recover!

REVERDY. It was certainly idiotic, from the point of view of salubrity, to go to enjoy the moonlight in that particularly mouldy ruin, and the inveterate Giovanelli, who is old enough to know better, ought to have a thrashing. The poor girl may never recover. The little Flower of the West, as Mrs. Walker

says, is withering on the stem. Fancy dying to the music of the Carnival!

MRS. C. That's the way I shall die, unless you come now and take your last look, so that we may go away and have done with it. (*Goes to the window.*) Good heavens, what a rabble! (*Passes out on the balcony.*)

REVERDY, *to Miss Durant, remaining behind.* Will you give her the slip, and come out with me?

MISS D., *looking at him, and listening to the music.* In a fancy dress?

REVERDY. Oh, no; simply in a mask. I've got one in my pocket. (*Takes out a grotesque mask and holds it to his face a moment, shaking his head at her.*) How d'ye do, lovely woman?

MISS D. Dear me, how very hideous!

REVERDY. If you put it on, I shall be as handsome as ever.

MISS D., *aside.* If he should propose out there, it would hide my blushes!

MRS. C., *from the balcony.* Young people, what are you doing? Come out here this minute!

REVERDY. There she is again! (*Aloud.*) Are you afraid they will pelt you with flowers?

MRS. C. A gentleman has already kissed his hand to me!

REVERDY. A season of peculiar license! (*To Miss Durant.*) We can't escape from her now, but it won't be long! (*They rejoin Mrs. Costello on the balcony, Reverdy holding the mask behind him. While they remain there, apparently absorbed in the spectacle in the street, Eugenio and Giovanelli come in.*)

SCENE II. EUGENIO, GIOVANELLI; then REVERDY, MISS DURANT.

EUGENIO. You must come in here; we can't talk in the hall.

GIOVANELLI, *with a bouquet of flowers.* I have come for news of the dear young lady. I'm terribly nervous.

EUGENIO. You think you may lose her? It would serve you right!

GIOVANELLI. If I lose her I shall

never try again. I am passionately in love with her.

EUGENIO. I hope so, indeed! That was part of our agreement.

GIOVANELLI. If you begin to joke, I see she's better.

EUGENIO. If I begin to joke? I'm as serious as you. If she's better it's no thanks to you — doing your best to kill her on my hands.

GIOVANELLI. It was no fault of mine. She had her own way.

EUGENIO. The Coliseum by moonlight — that was a lovely invention! Why did n't you jump into the Tiber at once?

GIOVANELLI. We are not the first who have been there. It's a very common excursion.

EUGENIO. By daylight, of course; but not when the miasma rises.

GIOVANELLI. Excuse me: it is recommended in the guide-books.

EUGENIO. Do you make love according to Murray? — or, perhaps, according to Bädeker? I myself have conducted families there, to admire the general effect; but not to spend the evening.

GIOVANELLI. I was afraid for myself, Heaven knows!

EUGENIO. "Afraid for yourself" is good — with an American heiress beside you!

GIOVANELLI. I couldn't induce her to come away, the moon was so bright and beautiful! And then you wanted her to be talked about.

EUGENIO. Yes: but I wanted you to take her alive. She's talked about enough to-day. It was only a week ago, but the whole town knows it.

GIOVANELLI. *Per Bacco!* That solemn fool of a Winterbourne has spread the story.

EUGENIO. The further the better! But I thought I had given him something else to do.

GIOVANELLI. I don't know what you had given him to do; but, as luck would

have it, he turned up at the Coliseum. He came upon us suddenly, and stood there staring. Then he took off his hat to my companion, and made her the lowest of bows.

EUGENIO. Without a word?

GIOVANELLI. Without a word. He turned his back and walked off.

EUGENIO. Stupid ass! But it is all right: he has given her up.

GIOVANELLI. He gave her up that day on the Pincian; he has not been near her since.

EUGENIO, *aside*. The Katkoff is really perfect!—though he comes to ask about her every day. (*Aloud*.) Yes, but he wanted a reason: now he has got his reason.

GIOVANELLI, *pretentiously*. I'll give him a better one than that!

EUGENIO. He's perfectly content with this one; and it must be admitted it would suit most people. We must hope it will suit Mr. Miller.

GIOVANELLI, *gloomily*. Ah, Mr. Miller? I seemed to see him there, too, in the moonlight!

EUGENIO. You're afraid of him, and your fear makes images. What did Miss Daisy do?

GIOVANELLI. After the American had left us? She held her tongue still till we got home.

EUGENIO. She said nothing about him?

GIOVANELLI. Never a word, thank goodness!

EUGENIO, *thoughtful a moment*. Cavaliere, you're very limited.

GIOVANELLI. I verily believe I am, to stand here and answer your questions. All this time you have told me nothing about my adored!

EUGENIO. She is doing very well; it has been a light attack. She has sat up these three days, and the doctor says she needs only to be careful. But being careful does n't suit her; she's in despair at missing the Carnival.

GIOVANELLI, *tenderly*. Enchanting

young person! Be so good as to give her these flowers. Be careful of them, you know!

EUGENIO. I should think so—when I pay for them myself.

GIOVANELLI. And ask if I may come up and see her.

EUGENIO, *looking at the bouquet*. You get 'em handsome, I must say.—I don't know what the doctor would say to that.

GIOVANELLI, *smiling*. Let me be the doctor. You'll see!

EUGENIO. You're certainly dangerous enough for one. But you must wait till we go out—the mother and the brother and I.

GIOVANELLI. Where are you going, at this hour?

EUGENIO. To show that peevish little brat the illumination.

GIOVANELLI. Mrs. Miller leaves her daughter—at such a time?

EUGENIO. Master Randolf's the head of the family.

GIOVANELLI. I must get *his* consent to the marriage, then?

EUGENIO. You can get it with a pound of candy.

GIOVANELLI. I'll buy him a dozen to-morrow.

EUGENIO. And charge it to me, of course.

GIOVANELLI, *stiffly*. Please to open the door. I'll wait in the hall till you go out. (*Eugenio opens the door, looks at him, and then passes out first. Giovanelli follows. When they have left the room, Reverdy and Miss Durant come in from the balcony.*)

REVERDY, *his finger on his lips*. Hush, hush! She's looking for the gentleman who kissed his hand.

MISS D. When she kissed hers back, she frightened him away!

REVERDY. I can't stand that balcony business! I want to dance and sing, in the midst of it, with a charming creature on my arm!

MISS D. I forbid you to touch any of your creatures!

REVERDY. In the Carnival one may touch any one. All common laws are suspended.

MISS D. Cousin Louisa won't listen to that.

REVERDY. She's a great deal worse than we herself — having an affair with a perfect stranger! Now's our chance to escape; before she misses us, we shall be a mile away.

MISS D. A mile away is very far! You make me feel dreadfully like Daisy Miller.

REVERDY. To be perfect, all you want is to be a little like her.

MISS D. Oh, you wretch — I never!

REVERDY. There, now, you're just like her!

MISS D. I certainly am not used to being a wall-flower.

REVERDY. A plant in a balcony's even worse. Come, come! here's the mask.

MISS D. It's very dreadful. I can't bear to look so ugly!

REVERDY. Don't I know how pretty you are?

MISS D., *taking his arm, aside*. He can do anything with me he wants! (*Exeunt. Enter Daisy on the opposite side.*)

SCENE III. DAISY *alone*; then WINTERBOURNE, a WAITER; MRS. COSTELLO.

DAISY. *She wears a light dressing-gown, like an invalid, and it must be apparent that she has been ill, though this appearance must not be exaggerated. She wanders slowly into the room, and pauses in the middle. Ah, from here the music is very distinct — and the voices of the crowd, and all the sound of the fête. Upstairs, in our rooms, you can hear it just dimly. That's the way it seemed to me — just faint and far — as I lay there with darkened windows. It's hard to be sick when there's so much pleasure going on, especially when you're so fond of pleasure as poor silly me! Perhaps I'm too fond; that's one*

of the things I thought of as I lay there. I thought of so many — and some of them so sad — as I listened to the far-away Carnival. I think it was this that helped me to get better. I was afraid I had been bad, and I wanted to live to be good again. I was afraid I should die, and I did n't want to die. But I'm better now, and I can walk and do everything I want. (Listening again.) Every now and then it grows louder, as if the people were so happy! It reminds me of that poetry I used to learn at school, "There was a sound of revelry by night." That's a sound I always wanted to hear. This is the last night; and when mother and Randolph went out, I couldn't stay there alone. I waited a little; I was afraid of meeting some one on the stairs. But every one is in the streets, and they have gone to see the illumination. I thought of that balcony: just to look out a little is better than nothing. (Listens again a moment.) Every now and then it increases. (Goes to the window, but seeing Mrs. Costello outside comes back.) Ah, there's some one there; and with this old wrapper . . . (Looking at her dressing-gown.) Perhaps the night air is n't good for me; the doctor forbids the night air. Ah, what a pity it's the last evening! (Goes to the window again, and while she stands there a waiter throws open the door and ushers in Winterbourne, who at first does not see her.)

THE WAITER. The ladies are here, sir. (*Surprised not to find them.*) Excuse me. I saw them come in with Mr. Reverdy, but they have gone out again.

WINTERBOURNE. It's not those ladies I want. Please to ask Madame de Katkoff if she can see me.

THE WAITER. Won't you go up to her sitting-room? She has a great many guests.

WINTERBOURNE, *annoyed*. A great many guests?

THE WAITER. A party of friends, who have come to see the fête from one

of her windows. Her parlor is in the Square, and the view is even finer than from here.

WINTERBOURNE. I know all about her parlor. (*Aside.*) It's hateful to see her with a lot of others! (*Aloud.*) Ask her if she will kindly speak to me here.

THE WAITER. Ah, you lose a great deal, sir! (*Exit.*)

WINTERBOURNE. The servants in this place are impossible; the young Randolph has demoralized them all! That's the same fellow who, last summer, wanted to give me a definition of my aunt. (*Seeing Daisy.*) Ah, that poor creature! (*Aloud.*) I'm afraid I'm intruding on you here.

DAISY, *coming forward.* You have as good a right here as I. I don't think I have any.

WINTERBOURNE. You mean as an invalid? I am very happy to see you better.

DAISY. Thank you. I'm very well.

WINTERBOURNE. I asked about you every day.

DAISY. They never told me.

WINTERBOURNE. That was your faithful courier!

DAISY. He was so frightened at my illness that he could n't remember anything.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, yes, he was terribly afraid he should lose you. For a couple of days it was very serious.

DAISY. How do you know that?

WINTERBOURNE. I asked the doctor.

DAISY, *aside.* He's very strange. Why should he care?

WINTERBOURNE. He said you had done what might kill you.

DAISY. At the Coliseum?

WINTERBOURNE. At the Coliseum.

DAISY. Why did n't you tell me that, when you saw me there?

WINTERBOURNE. Because you had an adviser in whom you have much more faith.

DAISY. Mr. Giovanelli? Oh, it's

not his fault. He begged me to come away.

WINTERBOURNE. If you did n't mind him, you would n't have minded me.

DAISY. I did n't care what happened. But I noticed, all the same, that you did n't speak to me.

WINTERBOURNE. I had nothing to say.

DAISY. You only bowed, very low.

WINTERBOURNE. That was to express my great respect.

DAISY. I had never had such a bow before.

WINTERBOURNE. You had never been so worthy of it!

DAISY, *aside.* He despises me! Well, I don't care! (*Aloud.*) It was lovely there in the moonlight.

WINTERBOURNE. I was sure you found it so. That was another reason I did n't wish to interrupt you.

DAISY, *playing indifference.* What were you doing there, all alone?

WINTERBOURNE. I had been dining at a villa in that part of Rome, and I simply stopped, as I walked home, to take a look at the splendid ruin.

DAISY, *after a pause, in the same manner.* I should n't think you'd go round alone.

WINTERBOURNE. I have to go as I can; I have n't your resources.

DAISY. Don't you know any ladies?

WINTERBOURNE. Yes; but they don't expose themselves . . .

DAISY, *with quick emotion.* Expose themselves to be treated as you treated me!

WINTERBOURNE. You're rather difficult to please. (*Reënter the waiter.*)

THE WAITER. Madame de Katko will come in about ten minutes, sir.

WINTERBOURNE. Very good.

THE WAITER. She's just pouring out tea for the company.

WINTERBOURNE. That will do.

THE WAITER, *smiling.* You know the Russians must have their tea, sir.

WINTERBOURNE. You talk too much.

THE WAITER, *going out*. He's very sharp to-night! (*Exit Waiter.*)

DAISY, *who has turned away a moment, coming down*. If you are expecting some one, I'll go away.

WINTERBOURNE. There's another public room. I'll see my friend there.

DAISY. I've nothing to do here. (*Goes toward the door, but stops half-way, looking at him.*) You see a great deal of Madame de Katkoff. Does n't she expose herself?

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling*. To dangerous consequences? Never!

DAISY. *She comes down again, as if unable to decide to leave him. Aside*. I'm determined to know what he thinks. (*Aloud, in a different tone.*) I was going out on the balcony, to see what's going on.

WINTERBOURNE. Are n't you afraid of the night air?

DAISY. I'm not afraid of anything!

WINTERBOURNE. Are you going to begin again?

DAISY. Ah, I'm too late! It's nearly over. (*At the moment she speaks, Mrs. Costello appears in the window, from the balcony. Reënter Mrs. Costello.*)

MRS. C., *to Winterbourne*. Merciful powers! I thought you were Mr. Reverdy! (*Looking at Daisy.*) And that this young lady was my Alice!

DAISY. Something very different, you see! Now I can have the balcony. (*She passes out of the window.*)

MRS. C. What are you doing with that girl? I thought you had dropped her.

WINTERBOURNE. I was asking about her health. She has been down with the fever.

MRS. C. It will do her good — make her reflect on her sins. But what have you done with my young companions?

WINTERBOURNE. Nothing in the world. The last I saw of them they were frolicking in the Corso.

MRS. C. Frolicking in the Corso? Alice and Mr. Reverdy?

WINTERBOURNE. I met them as I was coming from my lodgings to the hotel. He was blowing a tin trumpet, and she was hiding behind a mask.

MRS. C. A tin trumpet and a mask! Have they gone to perdition?

WINTERBOURNE. They are only taking advantage of the Carnival.

MRS. C. Taking advantage of my back; I had turned it for three minutes! They were on the balcony with me, looking at this vulgar riot, and they slipped away to come in here.

WINTERBOURNE. You never give them a chance: they hunger and thirst!

MRS. C. A chance to masquerade? Think of her education!

WINTERBOURNE. I'm thinking of it now. You see the results.

MRS. C. I said to myself that I was perhaps too vigilant, and I left them here a moment to talk things over. I saw through the window a young lady and a gentleman, and I took it for granted it was they.

WINTERBOURNE. Ingenuous aunt! They were already a mile away!

MRS. C. It's too horrible to believe. You must immediately bring them back.

WINTERBOURNE. Impossible just now. I have an engagement here.

MRS. C. I'll go and look for them myself!

WINTERBOURNE, *laying his hand on her arm*. Don't, don't! Let them have a little fun!

MRS. C. I never heard of anything so cynical!

WINTERBOURNE. Don't you want them to marry?

MRS. C. To marry, yes; but not to elope!

WINTERBOURNE. Let them do it in their own way.

MRS. C. With a mask and a tin trumpet? A girl I've watched like that!

WINTERBOURNE. You've watched too much. They'll come home engaged.

MRS. C. Ah, bring them, then, quickly!

WINTERBOURNE. I'll go down into the street and look; and if I see them, I'll tell them what's expected of them.

MRS. C. I'll go to my room; I feel a headache coming on. (*Before she goes out, to herself, as if a thought has struck her.*) 'Had they bribed that monster to kiss his hand?' (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. GIOVANELLI, DAISY. *He enters the room, and she comes in from the balcony at the same moment. He advances with a radiant smile, takes both of her hands, holds them for a moment devotedly, then kisses each of them.*

GIOVANELLI. *Carissima signorina!* When I see you restored to health, I begin to live myself!

DAISY. Poor old Giovanelli! I believe you *do* care for me!

GIOVANELLI. Care for you? When I heard you were ill, I neither ate nor slept. I thought I, too, should have to have the doctor.

DAISY, *laughing*. I should have sent you mine if I had known it. You must eat a good supper to-night, for I am all right now.

GIOVANELLI. You look still a little pale.

DAISY. I look like a fright, of course, in this dreadful dress; but I'm only a convalescent. If I had known you were coming, I should have worn something better.

GIOVANELLI. You look like an angel, always. You might have been sure I would come, after so many days. I was always at your door, asking for news. But now, I think, we shall never again be separated.

DAISY. Never again? Oh, don't talk about the future! What were you doing there in the street?

GIOVANELLI. When I looked up and saw you on the balcony, bending over like a little saint in her shrine? It

was that vision that made me come up again.

DAISY. You had gone out to enjoy the Carnival?

GIOVANELLI. I had come here to see you; but I learned from your excellent Eugenio that your mother and your brother were going out in a carriage. They appeared at that moment, and I went down with them to the door, to wish them a happy drive. Little Randolph was greatly excited.

DAISY. He insisted on mother's going; she'll do anything for Randolph. But she did n't want to leave me.

GIOVANELLI, *smiling*. She has left you to me!

DAISY. Did Eugenio go with them?

GIOVANELLI. Oh, yes; he got into the carriage. (*Aside.*) The cheek of that man!

DAISY. They have left me alone, then.

GIOVANELLI. I am almost of the family, dear Miss!

DAISY, *apparently not hearing him, listening to the sounds from without*. They oughtn't to have left me alone — when I'm sick, when I'm weak.

GIOVANELLI, *anxiously*. You are not so well, then, as you say?

DAISY, *looking at him a moment, with a little laugh*. You look so scared at the idea of losing me! Poor old Giovanelli! What should you do if you were to lose me?

GIOVANELLI. Don't speak of it — it's horrible! If you are not well, you should go to your room.

DAISY. Oh, I'm all right. I only wanted to frighten you.

GIOVANELLI. It is n't kind — when you know how I love you!

DAISY. I don't know it, and I don't want to know it, as I've told you often. I forbid you to speak of that.

GIOVANELLI. You will never let me mention the future.

DAISY. I hate the future; I care only for the present!

GIOVANELLI. The future is the present, when one sees it as we see it.

DAISY. I don't see it at all, and I don't want to see it. I saw it for a moment, when I was sick, and that was enough.

GIOVANELLI. You have suffered much; but it was not my fault.

DAISY. I don't blame you, Giovanelli. You are very kind. Where are they going, mother and Randolph?

GIOVANELLI. Up and down the Corso; wherever there is something to see. They have an open carriage, with lots of flowers.

DAISY. It must be charming. Have you been going round?

GIOVANELLI. I have strolled about a little.

DAISY. Is it very, *very* amusing?

GIOVANELLI. Ah, you know, I'm an old Roman; I have seen it many times. The illumination is better than usual, and the music is lively enough.

DAISY. Listen to the music—listen to it!

GIOVANELLI, *smiling*. You mustn't let it go to your head. (*Daisy goes to the window, and stands there a moment.*) She has never been so lovely as to-night!

DAISY, *coming back, with decision*. Giovanelli, you must get me a carriage.

GIOVANELLI, *startled*. A carriage, signorina?

DAISY. I must go out—I must!

GIOVANELLI. There is not a carriage to be had at this hour. Everything is taken for the fête.

DAISY. Then I'll go on foot. You must take me.

GIOVANELLI. Into the air of the night, and the crowded streets? It's enough to kill you!

DAISY. It's a lovely night, as mild as June; and it's only for five minutes.

GIOVANELLI. The softer the night, the greater the danger of the malaria. Five minutes, in your condition, would bring back the fever.

DAISY. I shall have the fever if I stay here listening, longing, fidgeting! You said I was pale; but it's only the delicacy of my complexion.

GIOVANELLI. You are not pale now; you have a little spot in either cheek. Your mother will not be happy.

DAISY. She shouldn't have left me alone, then.

GIOVANELLI. You are not alone when you're with me.

DAISY. Of what use are you, except to take me out?

GIOVANELLI. It's impossible to contradict you. For five minutes, then, remember!

DAISY. For five minutes, then; or for ten! I'll go and get ready. Don't mind about the carriage: we'll do it better on foot.

GIOVANELLI, *at the door*. It's at your own risk, you know. I'll try for a cab.

DAISY. My own risk! I'm not afraid.

GIOVANELLI, *kissing his hand to her*. You are awfully beautiful! (*Exit Giovanelli.*)

DAISY, *alone*. I'm not afraid—I don't care! I don't like him to-night; he's too serious. I would rather be out-of-doors with him than shut up here. Poor Giovanelli; if he thinks I love him, after all I've said to the contrary . . . I can dress in three minutes. (*She is going to the door opposite to the one through which Giovanelli has made his exit when Madame de Katkoff comes in, meeting her.*)

SCENE V. DAISY, MADAME DE KATKOFF.
They stand a moment, looking at each other.

MME. DE KATKOFF, *very kindly*. I have not the pleasure of knowing you, though we have spent half the winter in the same hotel; but I have heard of your illness, and you must let me tell you how glad I am to see you better.

DAISY, *aside*. Why does she speak to me? I don't like her, nor want to

know her. (*Aloud.*) Thank you, I'm better. I'm going out.

MME. DE K. You must be better, indeed; but (*with interest*) you look a little flushed.

DAISY. It's talking with a stranger. I think I must go.

MME. DE K. Perhaps you can tell me something first. A gentleman sent me his name, and I was told I should find him here. May I ask you whether you have seen such a person?

DAISY. If you mean Mr. Winterbourne, he was here just now; but he went away with his aunt.

MME. DE K. I suppose he'll come back, then. But he oughtn't to keep me waiting.

DAISY, *very coldly*. I haven't the least idea what he ought to do. I know nothing whatever of his movements.

MME. DE K., *aside*. Poor little thing, she hates me! But she does n't hate him. (*Aloud.*) I'm a stranger as you say; but I should be very glad to become a little less of one.

DAISY. Why should you want to know me? I'm not of your age.

MME. DE K., *aside, smiling*. She hates me indeed! (*Aloud.*) I should be tempted to say that we might know each other a little as mother and daughter—if I had n't heard that you are already the devoted daughter of a devoted mother.

DAISY. She's good enough for me—and I'm good enough for her.

MME. DE K., *more and more gracious*. I envy you both, and I am happy to have the opportunity of saying so. One does n't know how pretty you are till one talks to you.

DAISY. If you are laughing at my dress, I am just going to change it.

MME. DE K. Laughing at your dress? It has always been my admiration.

DAISY, *aside*. What does she mean by that? It's not as good as hers. (*Aloud.*) I can't stay with you. I'm going to the Carnival.

MME. DE K. It will last all night; you have plenty of time. I have heard Mr. Winterbourne speak of you.

DAISY. I did n't suppose he ever did that.

MME. DE K. Oh! very often. That's why I want to know you.

DAISY. It's a strange reason. He must have told you pretty things of me.

MME. DE K. He has told me you're a charming young girl.

DAISY, *aside*. Oh, what an awful story! (*Aloud.*) I don't understand what you want of me.

MME. DE K., *aside*. I can hardly tell her that I want to make up to her for the harm I have done her, for I can't do that unless I give up everything. (*Aloud, as if struck by an idea.*) I want to be kind to you. I want to keep you from going out.

DAISY, *smiling*. I don't think you can do that.

MME. DE K. You are barely convalescent: you mustn't expose yourself.

DAISY. It won't hurt any one but me.

MME. DE K. We all take a great interest in you. We should be in despair if you were to have a relapse.

DAISY. You all despise me and think me dreadful; that's what you all do!

MME. DE K. Where did you learn that remarkable fact?

DAISY. Mr. Winterbourne told me—since you speak of Mr. Winterbourne.

MME. DE K. I don't think you understood him. Mr. Winterbourne is a perfect gentleman.

DAISY. Have you come here to praise him to me? That's strange—for you!

MME. DE K. You know at least that I consider him an excellent friend.

DAISY. I know nothing whatever about it. (*Aside.*) She wants to torture me—to triumph!

MME. DE K., *aside*. She's as proud as she's pretty! (*Aloud.*) Are you going out alone?

DAISY. No, indeed. I have a friend.

MME. DE K., *aside*. A friend as well as I. (*Aloud.*) My dear child, I am very sorry for you. You have too many wrong ideas.

DAISY. That's exactly what they say!

MME. DE K. I don't mean it as other people may have meant it. You make a great many mistakes.

DAISY. As many as I possibly can! In America I was always right.

MME. DE K. Try and believe you are in America now. I'm not an American, but I want to be your friend.

DAISY. I'm much obliged to you, but I don't trust you.

MME. DE K. You trust the wrong people. With whom are you going out?

DAISY. I don't think I'm obliged to tell you.

MME. DE K., *gently*. I ask for a very good motive.

DAISY, *aside*. She may be better than I think. (*Aloud.*) With Mr. Giovanelli.

MME. DE K., *smiling*. A mysterious Italian — introduced by your courier!

DAISY, *with simplicity*. Oh, no; Eugenio got some one else!

MME. DE K., *aside*. Adorable innocence! (*Aloud.*) That's all I wanted to know.

DAISY. I hope you've got nothing to say against him.

MME. DE K. Nothing but this: he's not a gentleman.

DAISY. Not a gentleman? Poor old Giovanelli!

MME. DE K., *aside*. "Poor old Giovanelli?" Good! (*Aloud.*) If he were a gentleman, he would n't ask you to do what you tell me you are on the point of doing.

DAISY. He never asked me. He does what I wish!

MME. DE K., *aside*. She does n't care a fig for him — and I should like to exasperate the courier. (*Aloud.*) It's none of my business; but why do you wish, in your condition, to go out?

DAISY. Because it's the last night of the Carnival, and I have no one else to take me.

MME. DE K. Excuse me; but where is your mother?

DAISY. Gone out with my brother.

MME. DE K., *aside*. Extraordinary family! (*Aloud.*) Let me make you an offer: I will order out my carriage, and take you myself.

DAISY, *staring*. Take me yourself? (*Then abruptly, ironically.*) Pray, what would become of Mr. Winterbourne?

MME. DE K., *aside*. She adores him! (*Aloud.*) Ah, you don't care for Giovanelli!

DAISY. Whether I care for him or not, I must n't keep him waiting. (*Exit Daisy, hastily.*)

MME. DE K., *alone*. She's trembling with agitation, and her poor little heart is full. She thought I wished to torment her. My position is odiously false! And to think I hold her happiness in my hands! (*Winterbourne comes in.*) His, too, poor fellow! Ah, I can't hold it any longer!

SCENE VI. MME. DE KATKOFF, WINTERBOURNE.

WINTERBOURNE. I am afraid I have kept you waiting. I was carried away by my aunt.

MME. DE K. Is she keeping the Carnival, your aunt?

WINTERBOURNE. No, but her companions are. They are masquerading in the Corso, and she's in despair. She sent me to hunt them up, but they are lost in the crowd.

MME. DE K. Do you mean the young lady whom you described as so prim? If that's a specimen of her primness, I was right in my little theory.

WINTERBOURNE. Your little theory?

MME. DE K. That the grave ones are the gay ones.

WINTERBOURNE. Poor Miss Durant is n't gay: she's simply desperate. My aunt keeps such watch at the door that

she has been obliged to jump out of the window. — Have you waited very long?

MME. DE K. I hardly know. I have had company — Miss Daisy Miller!

WINTERBOURNE. That must have made the time fly!

MME. DE K. She's very touching.

WINTERBOURNE. Very, indeed. She has gone to pieces.

MME. DE K. Gone to pieces?

WINTERBOURNE. She's quite impossible. You ought n't to talk to her.

MME. DE K., *aside*. Ah, what a fool I've made of him! (*Aloud.*) You think she'll corrupt my innocence?

WINTERBOURNE, *after a moment*. I don't like you to speak of her. Please don't.

MME. DE K. She completes my little theory — that the gay ones are the grave ones.

WINTERBOURNE. If she's grave, she well may be: her situation is intensely grave. As for her native solemnity, you used to insist upon that when, for reasons best known to yourself, you conceived the remarkable design of inducing me to make love to her. You dropped the idea as suddenly as you took it up; but I'm very sorry to see any symptoms of your taking it up again. It seems to me it's hardly the moment.

MME. DE K., *aside*. It's more the moment than you think.

WINTERBOURNE, *rather harshly*. I was very sorry to learn, on coming here, that you have your rooms full of people.

MME. DE K. They have come to look out of my windows. It is not my fault that I have such a view of the Corso.

WINTERBOURNE. You had given me to understand that we should be alone.

MME. DE K. I did n't ask them; they came themselves.

WINTERBOURNE, *impatiently*. I wish to goodness they had stayed at home!

MME. DE K. Should you like me to turn them out?

WINTERBOURNE. I should like it particularly.

MME. DE K. The ambassador and all?

WINTERBOURNE. You told me a month ago that where I was concerned you did n't care a straw for the ambassador.

MME. DE K., *after a moment*. A month ago — yes!

WINTERBOURNE. If you intended to change so soon, you ought to have notified me at the moment.

MME. DE K. The ambassador is very considerate. When I have a few visitors, he helps me to entertain them.

WINTERBOURNE. That proves how little you have need of me.

MME. DE K. I have left my guests in his charge, with perfect confidence.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, if you mean you are at liberty, that's just what I want.

MME. DE K. What does it occur to you to propose?

WINTERBOURNE. That you should drive out with me, to see the illumination.

MME. DE K. I have seen fifty illuminations! I am sick of the Carnival.

WINTERBOURNE. It is n't the Carnival; it's the drive. I have a carriage at the door.

MME. DE K. I have no doubt it would be charming; but I am not at liberty in that sense. I can't leave a roomful of people planted there! I really don't see why they should make you so savage.

WINTERBOURNE. I am not savage, but I am disappointed. I counted on this evening: it's a week since we have been alone.

MME. DE K. Do I appear to so little advantage in company? Are you ashamed of me when others are present? I do the best I can.

WINTERBOURNE. You were always strange — and you always will be!

Sometimes I think you have taken a vow to torment me.

MME. DE K. I have taken a vow — that's very true; and I admit I'm strange. We Russians are, you know: you had warning of that!

WINTERBOURNE. Yes; but you abuse the national privilege. I'm never safe with you — never sure of you. You turn from one thing to the other.

MME. DE K., *aside*. Poor fellow, he's bewildered! (*Aloud.*) Will you do me a favor?

WINTERBOURNE. I'm sure it's something horrible!

MME. DE K. You say you have a carriage at the door. Take it, and go after that poor girl.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, are you coming back to *her*? You try my patience!

MME. DE K. She has just risen from an attack of fever, and it strikes her as a knowing thing to finish her evening in the streets!

WINTERBOURNE, *starting a little*. She has gone out — looking that way?

MME. DE K., *aside*. That will touch him! (*Aloud.*) She won't come home alive.

WINTERBOURNE, *attentive*. Do you believe that?

MME. DE K., *aside*. It *has* touched him. (*Aloud.*) I think it's madness. Her only safety was to have left Rome the moment she could be moved.

WINTERBOURNE, *after a pause*. I'm not sure the best thing that can happen to her is not to die! She ought to perish in her flower, as she once said to me!

MME. DE K. That's a convenient theory, to save you the trouble of a drive!

WINTERBOURNE. You're remarkably pressing, but you had better spare your sarcasm. I have no further interest in the fate of Miss Daisy Miller, and no commission whatever to interfere with her movements. She has a mother — a sort of one — and she has other pro-

tectors. I don't suppose she has gone out alone.

MME. DE K. She has gone with her Italian.

WINTERBOURNE. Giovanelli? Ah, the scoundrel!

MME. DE K., *smiling, aside*. My dear friend, you're all right. (*Aloud.*) Gently, gently! It's not *his* fault.

WINTERBOURNE. That she is infatuated? Perhaps not.

MME. DE K. Infatuated? She does n't care a straw for him!

WINTERBOURNE. And to prove her indifference, she lets him take her on this devil's drive? I don't quite see it.

MME. DE K. He's her convenience — her little pretext — her poor old Giovanelli. He fetches and carries, and she finds him very useful; but that's the end of it. She takes him to drive: he does n't take her.

WINTERBOURNE. Did she kindly inform you of these interesting facts?

MME. DE K. I had a long talk with her. One woman understands another!

WINTERBOURNE. I hope she understands you. It's more than I do.

MME. DE K. She has gone out because she's unhappy. She does n't care what becomes of her.

WINTERBOURNE. I never suspected her of such tragic propensities. Pray, what is she unhappy about?

MME. DE K. About the hard things people say of her.

WINTERBOURNE. She has only to behave like other girls, then.

MME. DE K. Like your friend, Miss Durant? A pretty model, this evening! You say you hope poor Daisy understands me; but she does n't — and that's part of the misery. She can't make out what I have made of you!

WINTERBOURNE. A creature as miserable as herself! You might have explained: you had the opportunity.

MME. DE K. She left me abruptly — and I lost it forever!

WINTERBOURNE. All this is noth-

ing to us. When will your friends leave you?

MME. DE K., *after a pause*. No, it's nothing to us. — I have n't asked my friends how long they mean to stay.

WINTERBOURNE. Till eleven o'clock — till twelve?

MME. DE K. Till one in the morning, perhaps — or till two. They will see the Carnival out. (*Smiling.*) You had much better join us!

WINTERBOURNE, *passionately*. Unfathomable woman! In pity's name, what did you mean by raising my hopes to such a point, a month ago, only to dash them to the ground?

MME. DE K. I tried to make you happy — but I did n't succeed.

WINTERBOURNE. You tried? Are you trying now?

MME. DE K. No, I have given it up: it's a waste of time!

WINTERBOURNE. Have you forgotten the day on the Pincian, after your arrival, and what you suddenly offered me — what you promised me — there? You had kept me at arm's length for three years, and suddenly the barrier dropped. The angel of justice has kept the record of my gratitude and eagerness — as well as of my surprise; and if my tenderness and respect were not greater than ever, it is because you had already had the best of them! Have you forgotten our moonlight drive through the streets of Rome, with its rich confusion of ancient memories and new-born hopes? You were perfect that evening, and for many days afterwards. But suddenly you began to change — to be absent, to be silent, to be cold, to go back to your old attitude. To-night it's as if you were trying to make me angry! Do you wish to throw me over, and leave me lying in the dust? Are you only the most audacious of coquettes?

MME. DE K. It's not I who have changed; it's you! Of course I remember our moonlight drive, and how glad you were to take it. You were

happy for an hour — you were happy for three days. There was novelty and excitement in finding that, after all, I had a heart in my bosom; and for a moment the discovery amused you. But only for a moment! So long as I refused to listen to you, you cared for me. From the day I confessed myself touched, I became a bore!

WINTERBOURNE. If you want to get rid of me, don't put it off on me!

MME. DE K. You don't really care for me; your heart is somewhere else. You are too proud to confess it, but your love for me is an elaborate deception.

WINTERBOURNE. The deception is yours, then — not mine!

MME. DE K. You are restless, discontented, unhappy. You are sore and sick at heart, and you have tried to forget it in persuading yourself that *I* can cure your pain. *I can* cure it; but not by encouraging your illusion!

WINTERBOURNE. If you thought it an illusion, why did you turn there and smile on me?

MME. DE K. Because I was vile and wicked — because I have played a part and worn a mask, like those idiots in the Carnival — because I'm a most unhappy woman!

WINTERBOURNE, *looking at her, surprised*. I assure you, I understand you less and less!

MME. DE K. I had an end to gain, and I thought it precious; but I have suddenly begun to loathe it! When I met that poor girl just now, and looked into her face, I was filled with compassion and shame. She is dying, I say, and between us we are killing her! Dying because she loves you, and because she thinks you despise her! Dying because you have turned away from her, and she has tried to stifle the pang! Dying because I have held you here — under compulsion of a scoundrel — and she thinks she has lost you forever! I read it all in her eyes — the purest I

ever saw! I am sick of the ghastly comedy, and I must tell the miserable truth. If you'll believe me, it's not too late!

WINTERBOURNE, *amazed and bewildered*. Under compulsion — of a scoundrel?

MME. DE K. I have the misfortune to be in the clutches of one, and so has our little friend. You know that her mother's horrible courier was once in my husband's service. Thanks to that accident, he has some papers of mine which I wish to buy back. To make me pay for them, he has forced me to play his game.

WINTERBOURNE. His game? What has he to do with a game?

MME. DE K. I don't defend him: I explain. He has selected a husband for his young lady, and your superior attractions had somehow to be muffled up. You were to be kept out of the way.

WINTERBOURNE, *frowning*. Because I love her? (*Correcting himself*.) I mean, because he thinks so?

MME. DE K., *smiling*. You see I'm right! Because *she* loves you: he has discovered that! So he had the happy thought of saying to me, "Keep Mr. Winterbourne employed, and if the young lady marries my candidate you shall have your letter."

WINTERBOURNE. Your letter? What letter?

MME. DE K. A very silly — but very innocent — one that I wrote some ten years ago.

WINTERBOURNE. Why did n't you ask me to get it?

MME. DE K. Because I did n't want it enough for that; and now I don't want it at all.

WINTERBOURNE. You shall have it — I promise you that.

MME. DE K. You are very generous, after the trick I have played you.

WINTERBOURNE. The trick? Was it *all* a trick?

MME. DE K. An infamous, pitiless

trick! I was frightened, I was tempted, I was demoralized; he had me in his power. To be cruel to you was bad enough: to be cruel to her was a crime I shall try to expiate!

WINTERBOURNE, *seated, his head in his hands*. You'll excuse me if I feel rather stunned.

MME. DE K., *sinking on her knees*. I ask your forgiveness! I have been living in a bad dream.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, you have hurt me — more than I can say!

MME. DE K., *rising to her feet*. Don't think of yourself, — think of her! If I had only met her before, how much sooner I should have done that! We will go and find her together; we will bring her back; we will nurse her and comfort her, and make her understand!

WINTERBOURNE. It's all so extraordinary — and I have only your word for it.

MME. DE K. See if she contradicts me when you tell her you love her! You don't venture to deny that.

WINTERBOURNE. I have denied it to myself: why should n't I deny it to you!

MME. DE K. You have denied it to yourself? Who, then, had charged you with it?

WINTERBOURNE. You are not consistent, but you are perhaps more consistent than I! And you are very deep!

MME. DE K. I am deep enough to be very sure that from this moment forward I shall be nothing to you. If I have cured you of a baseless passion, that at least is a good work. Venture to say that for these three weeks I have satisfied you.

WINTERBOURNE, *turning away*. You are pitiless — you are terrible!

MME. DE K., *looking at him a moment*. My vanity bleeds: be that my penance! Don't lose time. Go to her now.

WINTERBOURNE, *in thought, gloomily*. Dying? — Dying? — Dying?

MME. DE K. That was a little for the

sake of argument. She will live again — for you!

WINTERBOURNE, *in the same tone*. Gone out with that man? Always with him!

MME. DE K. My dear friend, she has her little pride, as well as you. She pretends to flirt with Giovanelli because her poor, swollen heart whispers to her to be brave!

WINTERBOURNE, *uncertain*. Pretends — only pretends?

MME. DE K., *impatient*. Oh, you've been stupid; but be clever now!

WINTERBOURNE, *after a pause*. How am I to know that this is not another trick?

MME. DE K., *clasping her hands, but smiling*. Have mercy on me! Those words are my punishment!

WINTERBOURNE. I have been an idiot — I have been a brute — I have been a butcher!

MME. DE K. Perhaps she has come back. For God's sake, go and see!

WINTERBOURNE. And if she's still out there? I can't talk of these things in the street.

MME. DE K. Bring her home, bring her home! Every moment's a danger. I offered to go with you; but you would rather go alone.

WINTERBOURNE, *takes up his hat*. Yes, I would rather go alone. You have hurt me very much; but you shall have your letter.

MME. DE K. I don't care for my letter now. There's such a weight off my heart that I don't feel that one. (*She leaves the room by the right, and Winterbourne is on the point of quitting it on the other side, when Mrs. Walker, Miss Durant and Charles Reverdy come in, meeting him.*)

SCENE VII. WINTERBOURNE, MRS. WALKER, MISS DURANT, REVERDY.

MRS. W. Pray, where is your aunt, Mr. Winterbourne? I have brought her back her truants.

WINTERBOURNE. She has retired to her room, to nurse a headache produced by the sudden collapse of her illusions.

MISS D. I thought she would be rather shocked; but Mr. Reverdy assured me that in the Carnival all common laws are suspended.

REVERDY. So we thought the law that governs Mrs. Costello's headaches might conform to the others.

WINTERBOURNE. What did you think about the law that governs her temper?

REVERDY. Nothing at all, because, so far as I have ascertained, there is n't any!

MRS. W., *to Winterbourne*. They were jostling along, arm in arm, in the midst of the excited populace. I saw them from my carriage, and, having the Consul with me, I immediately overhauled them. The young lady had a wonderful disguise, but I recognized her from Mr. Reverdy's manner.

MISS D. There, sir, I told you you had too much!

REVERDY, *aside*. One needs a good deal, when one's about to make an offer of one's heart. (*Aloud.*) It takes a vast deal of manner to carry off a tin trumpet! (*Winterbourne has listened to this absently; he appears restless and preoccupied; walks up, and goes out upon the balcony.*)

MRS. W., *noticing Winterbourne*. What's the matter with him? — All I can say is that in my representative position I thought I must interfere.

REVERDY, *aside*. The wife of the Consul again? Our consuls ought to be bachelors!

MRS. W. You were dragging her along, with your arm placed as if you were waltzing.

REVERDY. That's very true; we were just trying a few rounds.

MRS. W. In that dense mass of people, where you were packed like sardines?

REVERDY. We were all turning together; it was all one waltz!

MRS. W., *to Miss Durant*. Mrs. Costello, my dear, will make you dance in earnest!

MISS D. I don't care for Mrs. Costello now!

REVERDY. Let me thank you for those noble words. (*Aside.*) You understood, then?

MISS D., *ingenuous*. Understood what?

REVERDY. What I was saying when she came down on us.

MISS D. Oh yes, as far as you'd got!

REVERDY. I must get a little farther.

MRS. W., *who has gone up to Winterbourne, and comes down with him*. You may be interested to hear that I saw our little friend in the crowd.

WINTERBOURNE. Our little friend?

MRS. W. Whom we tried to save from drowning. I didn't try this time.

WINTERBOURNE. In the crowd, on foot?

MRS. W. In the thickest and roughest part of it, on Giovanelli's arm. The crush was so dense, it was enough to kill her.

MISS D. They are very good-natured, but you *do* suffocate!

MRS. W. She'll suffocate easily, in her weak state.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, I can't stand this! Excuse me. (*Exit Winterbourne.*)

MRS. W. What's the matter with him, I should like to know?

MISS D. He has been like that these three weeks, rushing in and out—always in a fidget.

REVERDY, *to Mrs. Walker*. He's in love with Miss Durant, and he can't stand the spectacle of our mutual attachment.

MISS D., *gayly*. You horrid vain creature! If that's all that troubles him!

REVERDY, *aside*. She'll accept me! (*Aloud.*) Courage—the old lady! (*Enter Mrs. Costello.*)

SCENE VIII. MRS. WALKER, MISS DURANT, REVERDY, MRS. COSTELLO; *then* DAISY, WINTERBOURNE, GIOVANELLI, MME. DE KATKOFF.

MRS. C. (*She stops a moment, looking sternly from Miss Durant to Reverdy.*) Alice Durant, have you forgotten your education?

MISS D. Dear Cousin Louisa, my education made no provision for the Carnival!

REVERDY. That's not in the regular course; it's one of the extras.

MISS D. I was just going to your room, to tell you we had come back.

MRS. C. I've passed an hour there, in horrible torture. I could stand it no longer: I came to see if, for very shame, you had n't reappeared.

MRS. W. The Consul and I picked them up, and made them get into our carriage. So you see it was not for shame!

REVERDY. It was n't for ours, at least; it was for yours.

MRS. C., *with majesty, to Miss Durant*. We shall start for America tomorrow.

MISS D. I'm delighted to hear it. *There*, at least, we can walk about.

MRS. C. Ah, but you'll find no Carnival!

REVERDY. My dear Madam, we shall make our own.

MRS. C., *aside to Miss Durant*. This time, it's to be hoped, he has done it?

MISS D., *blushing and looking down*. He was on the very point, when Mrs. Walker interrupted!

MRS. C. I declare, it's beyond a joke—to take you back just as I brought you.

MISS D. It's very tiresome; but it's not my fault.

REVERDY, *who has been talking to Mrs. Walker*. Miss Alice, shall we try the balcony again?

MRS. C. It's past midnight, if you please; time for us all to retire.

REVERDY. That's just what I propose: to retire to the balcony!

MISS D., *to Mrs. Costello*. Just occupy Mrs. Walker!

REVERDY, *to Mrs. Walker*. Just keep hold of Mrs. Costello! (*Offers his arm to Miss Durant, and leads her to the balcony.*)

MRS. W., *looking after them*. I must wait till the Consul comes. My dear friend, I hope those young people are engaged.

MRS. C., *with asperity*. They might be, if it had n't been for you!

MRS. W., *surprised*. Pray, how have I prevented? . . .

MRS. C. You interrupted Mr. Reverdy, just now, in the very middle . . .

MRS. W. The middle of a declaration? I thought it was a jig! (*As the door of the room is flung open.*) Bless my soul! what's this? (*Enter rapidly Winterbourne, carrying Daisy, in a swoon, in his arms, and followed by Giovanelli, who looks both extremely alarmed and extremely indignant. At the same moment Madame de Katkoff enters from the opposite side.*)

MME. DE K., *with a cry*. Ah, it's all over! She is gone!

WINTERBOURNE. A chair! A chair! Heaven forgive us, she is dying! (*Giovanelli has quickly pushed forward a large arm-chair, in which Winterbourne places Daisy with great tenderness. She lies there motionless and unconscious. The others gather round. Miss Durant and Reverdy come in from the balcony.*)

MRS. C., *seeing the two last*. Ah, they're interrupted again!

MRS. W. This time, she's really drowned!

GIOVANELLI, *much agitated, but smiling to Mrs. Costello and Mrs. Walker*. It will pass in a moment. It is only the effect of the crowd — the pressure of the mob!

WINTERBOURNE, *beside Daisy, with passionate tenderness*. It will pass — because she's passing! Dead — dead — in my arms!

MRS. C., *harshly*. A pretty place for

her to be! She'll come to life again: they don't die like that.

MRS. W., *indignant, to Giovanelli*. The pressure of the mob? A proper pressure to subject her to!

GIOVANELLI, *bewildered and apologetic*. She was so lovely that they all made way; but just near the hotel we encountered one of those enormous cars, laden with musicians and maskers. The crowd was driven back, and we were hustled and smothered. She gave a little cry, and before I knew it she had fainted. The next moment this gentleman — by I know not what warrant — had taken her in his arms.

WINTERBOURNE. By the warrant of being her countryman! Instead of entertaining those ladies, you had better go for a doctor.

GIOVANELLI. They have sent from the hotel. Half a dozen messengers started.

REVERDY. Half a dozen is no one at all! I'll go and bring one myself — in five minutes.

MISS D. Go, go, my dear! I give you leave. (*Reverdy hurries out.*)

MRS. C., *to Miss Durant*. "My dear, my dear"? Has he done it, then?

MISS D. Oh yes, we just managed it. (*Looking at Daisy.*) Poor little thing!

MRS. C. Ah, she has n't a husband!

WINTERBOURNE, *angry, desperate, to the others*. Can't you do something? Can't you speak to her? — can't you help her?

MRS. W. I'll do anything in the world! I'll go for the Consul. (*She hurries away on the right.*)

MRS. C. I've got something in my room — a precious elixir, that I use for my headaches. (*To Miss Durant.*) But I'll not leave you!

MISS D. Not even now?

MRS. C. Not till you're married! (*They depart on the left.*)

WINTERBOURNE, *holding Daisy's hands and looking into her face*. Daisy! — Daisy! — Daisy!

MME. DE K., *who all this time has been kneeling on the other side of her, her face buried on the arm of the chair, in the attitude of a person weeping.* If she can hear that, my friend, she's saved! (*To Daisy, appealing.*) My child, my child, we have wronged you, but we love you!

WINTERBOURNE, *in the same manner.* Daisy, my dearest, my darling! Wake a moment, if only to forgive me!

MME. DE K. She moves a little! (*Aside, rising to her feet.*) He never spoke so to me!

GIOVANELLI, *a little apart, looking round him.* Where is he, where is he — that ruffian Eugenio?

WINTERBOURNE. In the name of pity, has no one gone for her mother? (*To Giovanelli.*) Don't stand there, sir! Go for her mother!

GIOVANELLI, *angrily.* Give your commands to some one else! It is not for me to do your errands.

MME. DE K., *going to him pleadingly.* Have n't you common compassion? Do you want to see the child die?

GIOVANELLI, *folding his arms.* I would rather see her die than live to be his!

WINTERBOURNE. There is little hope of her being mine. I have insulted — I have defamed — her innocence!

GIOVANELLI. Ay, speak of her innocence! Her innocence was divine!

DAISY, *stirring and murmuring.* Mother! Mother!

WINTERBOURNE. She lives, she lives, and she shall choose between us!

GIOVANELLI. Ah, when I hear her voice, I obey! (*Exit.*)

DAISY, *slowly opening her eyes.* Where am I? Where have I been?

MME. DE K. She's saved! She's saved!

WINTERBOURNE. You're with me, little Daisy. With me forever!

MME. DE K. Ah, decidedly I had better leave you! (*Goes out to the balcony.*)

DAISY, *looking at Winterbourne.* With you? With you? What has happened?

WINTERBOURNE, *still on his knees beside her.* Something very blessed. I understand you — I love you!

DAISY, *gazing at him a moment.* Oh, I'm very happy! (*Sinks back again, closing her eyes.*)

WINTERBOURNE. We shall be happy together when you have told me you forgive me. Let me hear you say it — only three words! (*He waits. She remains silent.*) Ah, she sinks away again! Daisy, won't you live — won't you live for me?

DAISY, *murmuring.* It was all for you — it was all for you!

WINTERBOURNE, *burying his head in her lap.* Vile idiot! Impenetrable fool!

DAISY, *with her eyes still closed.* I shall be better — but you must n't leave me.

WINTERBOURNE. Never again, Daisy — never again! (*At this moment Eugenio strides into the room by the door opposite to the one through which Giovanelli has gone out.*)

SCENE IX. WINTERBOURNE, DAISY, EUGENIO, MADAME DE KATKOFF; then RANDOLPH, and all the others.

EUGENIO, *looking amazed at Daisy and Winterbourne.* What does this mean? What horrible thing has happened?

WINTERBOURNE, *on his feet.* You will learn what has happened quite soon enough to please you! But in the meanwhile, it is decent that this young lady should see her mother. (*While he speaks, Madame de Katkoff comes back and takes her place at Daisy's side, where she stands with her eyes fixed upon Eugenio.*)

EUGENIO. Her mother is not important: Miss Miller is in my care. *Cara signorina*, do you suffer?

DAISY, *vaguely.* Poor mother, poor mother! She has gone to the Carnival.

EUGENIO. She came home half an hour ago. She has gone to bed.

MME. DE K. Don't you think there

would be a certain propriety in your requesting her to get up? (*Randolph comes in at this moment, hearing Madame de Katkoff's words.*)

RANDOLPH. She is getting up, you can bet your life! She's going to give it to Daisy.

MME. DE KATKOFF. Come and speak to your sister. She has been very ill. (*She draws Randolph towards her, and keeps him near her.*)

DAISY, *smiling languidly at her brother.* You are up very late — very late.

RANDOLPH. I can't sleep — over here! I've been talking to that waiter.

EUGENIO, *anxious.* I don't see the Cavaliere. Where is he gone?

RANDOLPH. He came up to tell mother, and I came back ahead of him. (*To Giovanelli, who at this moment returns.*) Hallo, Cavaliere!

GIOVANELLI, *solemnly, coming in.* Mrs. Miller is dressing. She will presently arrive.

MME. DE K., *to Randolph.* Go and help your mother, and tell her your sister is better.

RANDOLPH. I'll tell her through the door — or she'll put me to bed! (*Marches away.*)

GIOVANELLI, *approaching Eugenio, aside.* I shall never have the girl!

EUGENIO. You had better have killed her! (*Aside.*) He shall pay me for his flowers! (*Reënter Reverdy.*)

REVERDY. The doctor will be here in five minutes.

MME. DE K. He won't be necessary now; nor even (*seeing Mrs. Costello come back with a little bottle, and accompanied by Miss Durant*) this lady's precious elixir!

MRS. C., *approaching Daisy, rather stiffly.* Perhaps you would like to hold it to your nose.

DAISY, *takes the phial, looking at Mrs. Costello with a little smile.* Well, I was bound you should speak to me!

REVERDY. And without a presentation, after all!

WINTERBOURNE. Oh yes, I must present. (*To his aunt.*) I present you my wife!

GIOVANELLI, *starting; then recovering himself and folding his arms.* I congratulate you, Mademoiselle, on your taste for the unexpected.

DAISY. Well, it is unexpected. But I never deceived you!

GIOVANELLI. Oh, no, you have n't deceived me: you have only ruined me!

DAISY. Poor old Giovanelli! Well, you've had a good time.

MRS. C., *impressively, to Winterbourne.* Your wife?

WINTERBOURNE. My dear aunt, she has stood the test!

EUGENIO, *who has walked round to Madame de Katkoff, in a low tone.* You have n't kept the terms of our bargain.

MME. DE K. I'm sick of your bargain — and of you!

EUGENIO. (*He eyes her a moment; then, vindictively.*) I shall give your letter to Mr. Winterbourne.

MME. DE K. Coward! (*Aside, joyously.*) And Mr. Winterbourne will give it to me.

GIOVANELLI, *beside Eugenio.* You must find me another heiress.

EUGENIO. I thought you said you'd had enough.

GIOVANELLI. I have been thinking over my debts.

EUGENIO. We'll see, then, with my next family. On the same terms, eh?

GIOVANELLI. Ah, no; I don't want a rival! (*Reënter Mrs. Walker.*)

MRS. W., *to Daisy.* I can't find the Consul; but as you're better it does n't matter.

DAISY. I don't want the Consul: I want my mother.

MRS. W. I went to her room as well. Randolph had told her you were better, and so — and so — (*Pausing, a little embarrassed, and looking round the circle.*)

DAISY. She is n't coming?

MRS. W. She has gone back to bed!

Mrs. C., *as to herself and the audience.* They are queer people, all the same!

Miss D., *to Mrs. Costello.* Shall we start for America now?

REVERDY. Of course we shall — to be married!

WINTERBOURNE, *laying his hand on Reverdy's shoulder.* We shall be married the same day. (*To Daisy.*) Sha'n't we, Daisy — in America?

DAISY, *who has risen to her feet, leaning on his arm.* Oh, yes; you ought to go home!

Henry James, Jr.

MONSERRAT.

THE queerest freak of nature in Spain, and perhaps in Europe, is Monserrat, the convent mountain on the east coast, about thirty miles from Barcelona. Goethe refers to it in the second part of Faust, where we read: —

"It is not unamusing to see Nature
From the Devil's point of view."

It is not generally supposed that the devil, whose office it is to destroy, ever created anything, but if he should try his hand at a landscape the result would be something like Monserrat. Whether he would fill its almost inaccessible caves and the holes in the rocks with hermits is a question for the theologians. That he resisted the establishment there of one of the greatest convents of the Middle Ages, I presume there is no doubt, and that he sees with chagrin the one hundred thousand pilgrims annually crowding to its broken shrines is taken for granted. It is not probable, however, with his Mephistophelean sympathy with the "progress of the age," that he is disturbed by the curiosity-hunters, who have, to use his own language, "a devil of a time" in getting there, or by the thrifty spirit which makes a little money out of the desire to see its sacred places and buy pious souvenirs.

We took the rail from Barcelona to Zaragoza, one day early in June, and rode a couple of hours to the little station of Monistrol. The country is broken into low hills and sharp ravines,

and although it is absolutely barren of grass and ragged in aspect, it is much better cultivated than most parts of Spain, and presents an appearance of industrious agriculture. By contrast to the thriftlessness elsewhere, it is a paradise of verdure, and when its nakedness is covered by the vines is far from being unpleasing. From the station, where the road runs along an upland slope, we looked down upon the river Llobregat and its valley. There, at the very base of the mountain, lies the straggling village of Monistrol, with its old stone bridge and high, quaint, dilapidated buildings.

Out of this valley rises the scarped, gashed, and flamboyant mountain, as by a *tour de force*, thrust up, with almost perpendicular sides, into the air nearly four thousand feet. It is said to have a circumference at its base of about twenty-four miles. It springs out of the valley an irregular, unique, independent mass of rock, with little verdure apparently, and glowing in the afternoon light with a dull reddish color. I do not know whether it was really thrown up in some prehistoric spasm of nature, or whether its peculiar form is owing to gradual degradation and decay; but it looks like a molten mass spouted from a solid base into fantastic, contorted, and twisted flames, freaky shapes of fire caught and solidified into pointing fingers, towers, pinna-

cles, beacons, and writhing attitudes of stone. Another mountain so airy, grotesque, and flame-like does not exist. It cannot be anything else than nature from the devil's point of view, and it might well suggest the idea that it is a veritable piece of the infernal landscape flung up here as a curiosity and a warning. This mass of rock is rent by a deep gash on the east side. That this appalling cleft was not there originally, but was formed by a convulsion at the moment of the crucifixion in Palestine, I have only the authority of the monkish writers, who have made this mountain of miracles a subject of deep scientific study. There is this confirmation of the theory: that nobody except the monks can tell when the chasm was made. And there is this, further, to be said: that but for this gash, this ragged ravine, there would have been no place for the convent, and only the poorest sort of shelter for the hermits.

A lumbering omnibus-diligence was waiting at the Monistrol station to take passengers up the mountain. These are sociable conveyances in Spain, having some of the uses and none of the conveniences of railway palace and dining-room cars. Into the interior were jammed nurses, babies, soldiers, priests, and peasants; all talking and chattering, all eating or nursing, all sweltering and half stifled in the clouds of dust that enveloped the coach. It is the fashion in Spain, when one eats his luncheon or dinner in a public conveyance, to offer of his food and drink to his fellow-travelers; it would be very uncivil not to do this. It is the fashion, also, to decline to take it; so that Spain is the land that combines extreme generosity with the least expense. No doubt both the generosity and the economy are genuine. It does one good in his soul to be liberal in the offer of his bread and boiled meat (left from the soup eaten at home) and sour wine to his companions, and they are all put in good

humor by declining. We secured places on the driver's seat in front, where we had the full benefit of the dust, and were deprived of the sustenance contained in the garlic-laden air of the interior. We dashed along at a fine rate down into the valley, and clattered into the town with a good deal of importance; but that was the end of our liveliness. Thenceforward, for four mortal hours, we dragged up the side of the mountain at what seemed to be about the rate of movement of a glacier. The town of Monistrol is picturesque at a distance, and unsightly close at hand. Its tall houses, with recessed balconies the width of the front on each story, are piled one above another in shabby disorder, on the steep sides of the river and up the hill. These balconies, which appear to be the living and lounging places of the families, are screened from the sun by curtains of matting, and are gay with garments of all colors and all styles of wear. Before beginning the ascent the diligence halted at a friendly little *posada*, with a flower-garden, where lively and pretty girls served the passengers with such refreshments as they called for. The road climbing the mountain — like nearly all the roads in Spain, where the government has thought it worth while to make any — is splendidly built. It is carried up the mountain side, along ledges and precipices, in a series of gradually ascending loops and curves, constantly doubling on itself, and going a distance of two miles to make a quarter of a mile ascent. Lately, trees — figs, maples, cherries, pines, and aspens — have been planted along this broad highway, so that in a few years its sun-beaten travelers will enjoy a much-needed shade. All the ravines about which the road coils like an interminable serpent are terraced, and carefully cultivated and set with vines.

The slow, creeping movement of the diligence at length became so intolerable that several of the passengers dismount-

ed, and walked on, reaching the monastery before it. As we rose, the capricious character of the mountain became more apparent. Great masses of rock overhung the road; the walls were buttressed like artificial fortifications, and a range of tapering towers, not needles and spires, as in the dolomites and the *pointes d'aiguilles* at Chamouni, but bluntly and clumsily terminated, like fingers and thumbs, stood up in the air. At one point we passed beneath a partially isolated column that is held aloft exactly like a light-house. The mountain is longest from east to west, and the old monks fancied that it had the form of a gigantic ship, with its prow upheaved; a mysterious vessel in which the Virgin Mary conducted her devotees — some of whom, however, suffered shipwreck, according to the legends — to the port of Salvation. It might as well be called a Noah's ark, stranded in a dry time. The mountain in its formation and composition is of the utmost interest to geologists and mineralogists. A near inspection shows that the entire mass, ledges, walls, towers, and pinnacles, is composed of small round stones, of various colors, agglomerated into a sort of pudding-stone, a party-colored mosaic, reddish and greenish and grayish, and very beautiful when the sun strikes it. The mountain is also very rich, for the botanist, in plants and wild flowers.

After miles of weary curving and doubling the road sweeps along the north side of the mountain and enters the eastern cleft, in which the convent buildings and gardens are found. There was no sign of any habitation, or possible place for one, until we were actually in it. The ravine ends in a horseshoe curve, set about with perpendicular precipices and towers, the latter leaning towards each other in drunken confusion, pointing in various directions into the sky; some the shape of monstrous tenpins, and one, which was my favor-

ite, exactly the shape of a thumb with a distinctly accented nail. In this almost inaccessible spot, nobody except religious fanatics would ever have deemed it possible to obtain standing-room for extensive religious houses. But here, jammed into this crevice, frowned on by precipices all around, with a ragged, yawning gulf in front and below, extending down, down, to the far-off, dreamy valley, are the several houses of a vast monastery, a large church, buildings for laymen, a great restaurant, ruins of fine Gothic edifices destroyed by the ever-barbarous French invaders, some cypresses, and some tiny garden spots. All these structures cluster about the head of the ravine, and rest on ledges over which the rocks hang in threatening attitudes. Standing in the courtyard of the church, about which are the high barracks of the "religious," and looking up to the beetling, impending crags and the blue heavens above the dark mass, one has a conception of the sublime daring of religious faith in the presence of forbidding and implacable nature. Round about, high up among the rocks, are the caves and the ruined stone huts of the old hermits.

It was near sundown when we reached this haven of rest and made a demand on its hospitality for the few days of our pilgrim sojourn. The monastery has a great history, into which it is no part of this paper to enter. It was suppressed over forty years ago, and is no longer of much importance as an active religious community; it has less than a score of monks to occupy its vast barracks. But it is now, as it has been for ages, a thronged place of pilgrimage on account of its famed image of the Black Virgin. Many years ago extensive buildings were erected for the temporary accommodation of pilgrims and lay brothers, and in these strangers are hospitably assigned quarters for three days, or for nine days on special permission, without charge for lodging. But Spain is like

other lands, where something is not given for nothing, and the stranger, at the end of his stay, is expected to put into the box of the custodian about as much as he would pay for lodgings at a good hotel, and as much more as his piety dictates.

No enthusiasm was exhibited on our arrival, and there was no one to welcome us or to direct us. We were left on the pavement, where the diligence landed us with our luggage, utterly at a loss how to effect an entrance into any of the stone jails in sight. At length we were directed to the *hospederia*, where a civil brother in a black robe informed us that a lay brother would assign us quarters presently. The lay brother, when he appeared, hardly filled one's idea of a brother, nor had he the neatness that one requires in a chamber-maid, which was his office with regard to our rooms. He showed me into a room in the plain stone building of Santa Theresa of Jesus, as the inscription over the door informed me, built early in the sixteenth century. The room was a dirty, whitewashed cell, with one window and a stone floor, and contained for furniture a narrow bedstead, a rickety, dirty washstand, a shaky chair, and a bit of mirror. To this ascetic den the brother brought sheets, a towel, and a jug of water, gave me the key of it, and set me up in housekeeping. When I had visited the restaurant and bought a fat tallow candle, I wanted nothing more that was to be obtained. The room was comfortable enough, but not calculated to win one to take up a permanent abode in it and abandon the luxury of the world. Yet when I opened the window, in the deepening twilight, and looked out, through the branches of a couple of tall trees that manage somehow to grow in that stony place, down the ravine lying in the shadow of the precipices, on further into the valley, hazy in a golden mist of early evening, and felt the cool air, not unladen with sweetness, blow up from be-

low, and heard the faint and fainter bird twitterings and the hushed hum of a June night, I think that I experienced, in this high seclusion, something of that calm which hermits term the peace of God. Indeed, one could take his choice of emotions in this solitude, which witnessed strange antediluvian freaks, which was haunted by sylvan shapes in Roman times, where Venus was no doubt a goddess before Mary, which was a hunting ground of Goths and Saracens, where Charlemagne set up a shrine to Santa Cecilia in the eighth century, where the image of the Virgin wrought miracles in the ninth century, where Philip II. spent vast sums in building to the glory of God and himself, and where, in the chapel hard by, Ignatius Loyola spent a night in meditation before the shrine of the Virgin, on whose altar he laid his sword in the hours when he dedicated himself, her true knight, to the foundation of the Order of Jesus.

The hospitality of the brethren stops with shelter; the pilgrim must go to the restaurant for his food. This is a "Frenchy" sort of establishment, not conducted on an ascetic regimen, and its flaunting presence here, together with the holy booth for the sale of photographs and superstitious trinkets, gives a sort of show appearance to this sacred place. It has become a pleasure resort, — pleasure of a chastened sort. The restaurant has three stories, like a graded school, in which the food served is graded to suit the purses of the pilgrims. The lower floor is rudely furnished, like the peasants' dining-room in a *posada*; the second is a little better; the third has more pretensions to elegance. The traveler can begin below and eat himself upward into expensive meals, or he can begin at the top and drop down to economy as his purse fails. The natives probably get about as good food in the lowest room as strangers get in the highest. The traveler, however, will fare tolerably well there, and he will be

served with that absolute indifference to whether he likes it or not that characterizes the proud caterers of noble Spain.

The glory of Montserrat is the image of the Virgin. It was this that built its monastery and church, drew countless treasure to the coffers of the fraternity for hundreds of years, and that still attracts annually tens of thousands of curious and devout pilgrims. The history of it is interesting, though original only in some points, for there is a monotonous sameness in all these monkish inventions. There was a great strife all through the Middle Ages, among convents and churches, for objects that should attract the pence and excite the piety of the devout, and many a church was built and gorgeously decorated by reason of its possession of some uncommonly attractive relic. Black images of the Virgin are common in Spain. A very popular one is the Virgin of the Pillar, at Zaragoza, over which the Cathedral El Pilar was erected to keep it safe and honor it. In this church is shown the alabaster pillar on which the Virgin stood when she descended to have an interview with Santiago. By reason of this special mark of the favor of the Virgin, Zaragoza claimed the primacy of Aragon. Upon the pillar stands a very ancient image of the Virgin; it is small, and carved out of resinous and very black wood. The Virgin holds the Infant in one hand, and gathers her drapery in the other. The pillar, which is the object of passionate devotion to the people of Zaragoza, can be seen through a small orifice in the marble casing, but the spot in sight is much worn by the kisses of the faithful. Few Catholics visit the church without putting their lips to the sacred stone. In the old Cathedral of San Leo, in the same city, is a spot marked in the pavement where the Virgin stood and spoke to Canon Funes. Toledo, not to be outdone, has also a small image called

the Great Queen, carved in black wood. In 711 it was saved from the infidel Saracens by an Englishman, who hid it in a vault. It is one of the treasures of the cathedral, which has also the stone slab on which the Virgin alighted when she conversed with San Ildefonso, who died in 617. To this circumstance Toledo owes its elevation to the primacy of Castile.

The image now at Montserrat has its origin in the love of the Virgin for the Catalanes, who saw with pity their grief at the favoritism shown the Aragonese in the possession of the Virgin of the Pillar. It was probably carved by St. Luke, — the first of the master wood-carvers, — and brought to Barcelona by St. Peter, in the year 50. When it was endangered by the Moorish invasion in 717, it was carried to this mountain, hid in a cave, and forgotten for a hundred and sixty-three years. In 880, some shepherds wandering over the mountain were attracted to the place of its concealment by heavenly lights. They informed Gondemar, Bishop of Vique, who repaired to the spot, and, guided by a sweet smell, discovered the image in a cave. This cave, over which is now erected a beautiful and exceedingly damp and bone-chilling chapel, where daily masses are said, is one of the chief places of pilgrimage. It lies on a narrow ledge deep down in the ravine, a mile or more from the monastery. Bishop Gondemar, rejoicing in his discovery, set out with a procession of clergy to bear the image over the mountain to his church in Manresa. When they had toiled up the ragged ravine, and reached a level ledge not far from where the monastery now stands, the Virgin obstinately refused to go any farther. As there was no reasoning with a graven image, it was placed on the spot where it wished to rest, and a rude chapel was built over it, in which it remained for one hundred and sixty years. A cross now marks the spot.

How did the Virgin indicate to the priests her refusal to go any farther? This is one of those skeptical questions which it is easy to ask, and somewhat difficult to answer. It is, however, a scientific fact that if you attempt to carry a wooden image over such a mountain as Montserrat there will come a point in the journey where the image becomes heavy, and apparently refuses to go on without a long rest.

A nunnery was afterwards founded here, which in 976 was converted into a Benedictine convent. In the year 1599 Philip II. dedicated the church which is the present home of the venerated image, where it shines in all the splendor of lace and jewelry high up in a recess above the high altar. Every day after midday mass the pilgrims are permitted to ascend, and adore it. The approach to it is through several apartments by flights of stairs. In the rear of the image is the Virgin's waiting-room, a small chamber, from which the devotees pass round singly to the narrow platform in front of the image. The day of our ascent the chamber was crowded with a devout, or at least devoutly-seeming, throng: worshipers, travelers with notebooks and pencils, and artists. Each one in turn passed in front to gaze at or to kiss the object of the pilgrimage. Many a woman returned with moist eyes and deeply moved. The image itself is of black wood; of what sort the custodians are unable to say, but they declare that it is sweetly odorous and incorruptible. It is painted and finely gilded. The figure is seated, with the child in her lap, the latter holding a globe in his right hand. The position of both figures is stiff and archaic, but the face of the Virgin is well carved and pleasing.

In one of the rooms in the rear is the wardrobe of the Virgin, containing many sorts of raiment, rich and ornamented stuffs, the gifts of kings, princes, prelates, and wealthy devotees. Another

large chamber contains the votive offerings, the most curious collection in Europe, and not unlike the shop of a thriftless pawnbroker. Those restored to health by touching the sacred image have deposited here whatever was precious to them, and many of the mementos speak the touching thankfulness of poverty. There are wretched pictures of sick-beds, shipwrecks, accidents of all sorts, and rescues; pieces of lace, real and imitation; crutches and canes; an exploded musket; human hair of every color and degree of fineness,—one long and superb braid of glossy black, the wealth and pride of some grateful, and perhaps penitent, Spanish beauty; swords, broken and hacked in service, and parade rapiers; clothing of every description,—gowns of silk and woolen and cotton, underwear of nameless sorts, pantaloons and waistcoats too ragged for a beggar to covet, coats antiquated beyond all fashion plates; hats and caps by the dozen,—hats old and bad, new and shining, hats of silk, of felt, and of straw, sombreros and wide-awakes, belonging to peasants, priests, sailors, and soldiers, all hung up out of gratitude, or weariness of the hat; wax images, without number, of babies, of heads, of arms, hips, bodies, and breasts; bandages and supports; models of ships elaborately carved and rigged; knapsacks; banners of embroidered silk, presented by cities, municipalities, and nobles. An offering that attracted as much attention as any was a lady's necktie, a deft construction of blue ribbon and lace. I saw women looking longingly at it, and wondering, perhaps, how a girl could make up her mind to give up such a fresh and sweet thing.

We made, one day, the ascent of the mountain to the summit, to Monte San Geronimo, where was one of the hermit shrines. The severe climb requires an hour and a half; it repays the trouble, as well for the extensive prospect as for the knowledge it gives of the structure

of this fantastic mountain. The way lies up ledges and through ravines and valleys, variegated with sweet shrubs, wild flowers, and verdure, and enlivened with birds, under and around the bases of the detached columns of stone, some of which rise three hundred feet in the air, to the highest point, a bare field of rock. From this windy summit we peeped between the columns, leaning over the dizzy precipice, looking down fully two thousand feet to other ledges below. The prospect is very comprehensive and pleasing to those who enjoy panoramic and map-like views. On a clear day the white snow of the Pyrenees can be seen, the coast and Barcelona, and the Mediterranean and the Balearic Islands. We saw none of these objects in the hazy horizon. Beneath the overhanging rocks is a coffee-house where once the hermit's hut stood, in which travelers shelter themselves from the wind, and partake of a beverage called coffee. It is a very wild and gloomy place, and abounds in curious rocky freaks. We were not alone. A company of chatty, and for Spaniards merry, pilgrims had arrived before us, who were much more impressed with the hardships of the way than with the magnificences and wonders of the mountain. I had the honor — I mention it because it gave a fleeting charm to the barren region — to assist a Spanish beauty, who was painfully picking her way up the rough ascent in satin slippers, and whose husband unsentimentally clung to the shelter of the hut. I carried her formidable fan, a weapon the Spanish woman never parts with, blow it high or low, and when I restored it, on our return from the thrilling expedition of a few rods, I could not have been thanked with more eloquent eyes, sweeter voice, and profounder bow if I had saved her life. How sweet, sometimes, it is to sacrifice one's self for others!

Several hundred feet above the restaurant, in the face of the cliff, and ac-

cessible only by a narrow ledge not discernible from the road below, is the cave of Joan Gari. In this hole in the rock that excellent ancient hermit probably passed the last five years of his useful life, never stirring out of it, his few wants being supplied by charitable souls. I found that La Cueva de Gari, when I reached it, was an irregular cavity in the rock, perhaps twelve feet long and not so deep as long, and about four feet high. It is protected in front by a double iron grating four feet square. In it reposes a stone image of the holy man, life size, with a venerable beard. He lies reclining on one elbow, contemplating a skull, which has lost several of its teeth and is presumably his own, and a representation of the miraculous image of the Virgin and Child. The clasped hands rest upon an open book and beads, and a rude little cross is stuck in the rock before him. Behind him lies his wallet and his staff, a basket that perhaps once held the contributions of the charitable, and a broken water-jug. This primitive furniture is probably all that the apartment ever contained in the days when the entrance to the cave was thronged by devout spectators of a man's ability to lie down on a bed of stone and straw for five years.

The story of Joan Gari is a testimony to the wonder-working power of the Monserrat image. It illustrates also the virtue of penitence, and throws light upon the candid answer of the lovely French catechumen, who, when she was asked, What is it necessary to do in order to repent? replied, It is necessary to sin. I take the story as I find it in the authorized *Historia de Monserrat*, which I bought at the monastery.

Joan Gari was a hermit of Monserrat in the ninth century, who had a great repute for sanctity and purity and devotion to Santa Cecilia. Naturally, Joan Gari prided himself upon his sanctity, and God determined to put it to proof.

There reigned at that time at Barcelona, Count Wilfredo el Velloso, the father of a beautiful and charming daughter, who, for the secret purposes of the divine will, was afflicted with a malign spirit, which, it was declared, would not depart out of her and leave her in health except at the mandate of Joan Gari. And it was necessary that the maiden should seek the holy man alone in the mountain where he abode. Count Wilfredo, moved by his affection and against all the dictates of prudence, consented to this pilgrimage of his blooming daughter. She departed to the mountain, and never returned. Many years elapsed before her fate was known to the count. The hermit had received her, dishonored her, murdered her to conceal his crime, and buried her body in a crevice in the rocks. Overcome at last by remorse, Joan Gari threw himself at the feet of the image of the Virgin, and begged her pity and help. In order to get an indulgence for his sins he made a journey to Rome, and the Pope absolved him on condition that he should expiate his crime by becoming a beast like Nebuchadnezzar and roaming about on all fours. This Gari did faithfully for six years, crawling about among the rocks on his hands and knees, exposed to the elements, foraging for his food like an animal in the thickets, until he became a hairy, unmentionable monster of the forest. One day in the year 894, Count Wilfredo, with a troop of attendants, went forth to hunt in the wilds of Montserrat. His companions, beating about in the wilderness, routed out a nondescript monster, who permitted himself to be taken alive into the presence of Count Wilfredo. The count was much amused with this capture, and determined to take him as a trophy to Barcelona, whither Gari was nothing loath to go, as he was determined to suffer in silence all the punishment that God and the count might inflict. He was taken to Barcelona, and exhibited

as a real monster of the forest. And there God at last saw and accepted the penitence of Gari. One day, when the count had a great feast, he ordered the monster to be brought into the banquet-hall, in order to entertain his guests with the uncouth curiosity. But lo! while they made merry over him at the feast, God spoke out of the heavens, and said, "Arise, Joan Gari! God has pardoned thy sins." All heard the voice, but could hardly believe what they heard. But Gari, emboldened by the heavenly aid, arose and stood upright, and prostrating himself at the feet of the count confessed all. And Count Wilfredo, who declared that it did not become him to withhold a forgiveness that God had granted, pardoned him on condition that he should lead them to the grave of the murdered girl. This Gari did, and when they stood by the grave of his victim, lo! grace succeeded grace. Requilda awoke from her long and tranquil sleep in the arms of Mary the Mother of God, and rose up radiant, and kissed her wondering father. Like a true woman as she was, her first petition to her father was that he should forgive her destroyer, and the next was that she should be permitted to consecrate herself to the service of the Holy Virgin, at this very shrine, in the shadow of which she had been dishonored, murdered, buried, and resurrected after a sleep of seven years. So Requilda became a nun, and Joan Gari crawled, I suppose, into his hole, where he ended a life which diffuses a sanctity over all this region. Whether he is, as I have read, the most beautiful exemplar of *all* the virtues, the reader must judge. It seems to me that he missed some of them. What they were his image is perhaps intended to represent him as inquiring, in his phrenological attitude of studying his own skull.

It is a very soothing and peaceful place to sojourn in, this secluded nook in the mountain. One is lifted up

above the world, which is nevertheless in sight, and protected without any sense of being imprisoned. It adds something to the feeling of repose that one can look so far down the ravine, off over the widening valley, and out upon a great expanse of country, which he knows is humming with life, no sound of which reaches him in his secure retreat. If one is in search of a good solid solitude, let him come and dwell here. An air of quiet reigns. All the visitors, pilgrims, and curiosity-hunters do not seem to break it. The ruins, the half-neglected gardens, the gaunt old monastery with its rows of factory-like windows, the antiquated houses of entertainment, the big church hanging over the precipice, the savage rocks, the gashed ravines, the fantastic towers that lean

in the background, would subdue the most jaunty spirit; and yet it is not a melancholy place. The birds like it, the flowers bloom there with tender grace, the air is fresh and inspiring. The few friars who glide about the courts and occasionally show themselves at a window, the servants who keep the place in order, the little colony that has gathered there to serve the public, scarcely disturb the ancient quiet. I fancy that the atmosphere of monkish reticence and silence still remains. It is one of the few spots left in the world where a scholar might sit down, undisturbed by any suggestions of an uneasy age, and compose such interminable theological tomes as those that slumber in its libraries, which nobody can read.

Charles Dudley Warner.

MORALITY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE state finds its warrant for the establishment of free common schools in the well-founded assumption that the education of the young is necessary to good citizenship and the safety of free institutions. If this assumption were proved false, education would become a matter of private concern chiefly, with which the state would have no right to interfere. Some excellent men, indeed, of whom the late Hon. Gerrit Smith was one, have stoutly contended that this interference is an injurious departure by the government from its normal sphere. It would be far better in the long run, they insist, to rely upon the voluntary action of the people, inspired by parental affection, religion, and patriotism, to make all needful arrangements for the education of the young than to depend upon the necessarily complicated, clumsy, and imperfect machinery of the state. Whatever may

be said in support of this doctrine, we need not stop to consider it here; for the people are as nearly unanimous in rejecting it as they are ever likely to be upon any subject whatever. Our States are committed to the common-school system as essential to the public safety and welfare, and it becomes the duty of every good citizen to inquire how that system can be made to answer best its great end.

It is universally conceded that secular knowledge alone is not sufficient for good citizenship. This is not the sentiment of Christians only, but also of leading men wholly outside of the Christian fold. That eminent scientist and agnostic philosopher, Herbert Spencer, has lately spoken of "the universal delusion about education as a panacea for political evils," and declared that the fitting of men for free institutions "is essentially a question of character, and

only in a secondary degree a question of knowledge ;” and he adds that “not lack of information, but lack of certain moral sentiments, is the root of the evil.” If Mr. Spencer is right, — and who can doubt it? — the practical inquiry in relation to the public schools would seem to be, How shall they be made effective for the inspiration and culture of the “moral sentiments,” in which character is confessedly rooted? Can they do this work at all? and if so, in what way? Here is the very kernel of the problem before us.

In the early days of the republic the matter was simple enough. The fathers began their New World experiment with a union — in some respects qualified, but still very real — between the state and the church, the former being essentially theocratic. In the then comparatively homogeneous state of society, ministers of the gospel were admitted to the schools to give moral and religious instruction, and no one was found to object. The idea of teaching morality apart from religion had then scarcely dawned upon the minds of the people; and if such a thing had been suggested, it would have been scouted as utterly impracticable. In the New England schools, therefore, the children were indoctrinated in all the mysteries of the Westminster Catechism, and no limit was set to religious any more than to secular teaching. And this was well, so long as the people were united in wishing it to be so. But diversities of religious belief become more pronounced; sects multiplied, and skepticism asserted itself. The separation of the state from the church grew from a private sentiment into a visible reality; the right to teach religion in the schools was questioned, but no distinct plan for teaching morality, aside from religion, was even suggested. The clergy abandoned their semi-official visitations for catechetical instruction, and the reading of the Bible “without note or com-

ment,” and the recitation of the Lord’s prayer at the opening of the schools in the morning, were all that survived of the earlier customs; these, in later years, have been supplemented, in many cases, by the singing of devotional hymns. But these exercises are now objected to as sectarian by the Catholic church, as well as by vast numbers of citizens belonging to no religious denomination; while many of those who favor them profess to do so only, or mainly, upon the ground that they are useful as a means of promoting morality among the pupils. Of their value in this particular, however, many Christians confess their doubts. Formal and perfunctory exercises of this sort, it is confessed, are wholly inadequate as a means of moral instruction, while their distinctively religious character makes them objectionable to many sincere friends of the schools.

In these circumstances, fierce controversies have arisen in many places, and are still raging, to the great detriment of the schools. In these controversies the sectarian spirit has been and still is rampant, blocking the way to an agreement upon any specific plan for teaching morality in the schools. The Catholics almost unanimously and not a few Protestants repudiate the idea that morality can be taught without at the same time teaching religion, and they unite in pronouncing “godless” the schools in which the pupils are not instructed in the duties they owe to God. But the Catholics and the class of Protestants referred to, while agreeing that religion must be taught as the only foundation of morality, differ irreconcilably as to the right method of teaching it. The Protestant demands the use of the Bible and certain simple forms of prayer, which he insists are unsectarian; while the Catholic will be content with nothing less than placing at least the children of Catholic parents under such religious teaching as the church may

from time to time prescribe. No compromise between these parties is possible, and the state can yield to neither without again entering into partnership with the church. Meanwhile, the necessity of some more efficient method of teaching morality in the schools is generally acknowledged, and the belief that the object can be attained without introducing religious instruction in any form is very widely diffused.

We have come, it would seem, to a time when the whole subject needs to be carefully considered. If, as people of every variety of belief in respect to religion confess, a sound moral character is indispensable to good citizenship, it behooves the state, if possible, to find a way of so training the youth of the country that they will be reasonably certain to form such a character. It must not content itself with imparting secular and scientific instruction alone. The consciences and the affections, or, as Mr. Spencer says, the moral sentiments, of children must be cultivated, or the quality of citizenship will so deteriorate as to endanger the republic. If the state is incapacitated for this work, then it has no excuse for engaging at all in the business of education, and should take itself out of the way, leaving a clear field for other and more appropriate agencies. A confession on the part of the state of such incompetence would seem to imply a fatal deficiency of structure, suggesting a doubt whether, after all, the divorce from the church was not a mistake that should be speedily corrected. Such a confession, moreover, would be fatal to free government, and remand us again to the ancient despotisms, under which the many were born to be ruled without their consent. Not yet are the American people ready for this backward step. Their faith in the republican government is unimpaired, and they will find a way of accomplishing by its means whatever the public safety may require.

That a soundly moral man, however ignorant, is a better citizen than a knave, however learned, is a self-evident truth, to which men of every shade of religious or non-religious belief yield a ready assent. Morality finds champions outside of the church as earnest as any that are within its pale. Those who have no faith in supernaturalism are not, for that reason, indifferent to public or private morality, or less desirous than the most orthodox Christians that the children of the country should be trained to the practice of the highest virtue. Nay, I will go still farther, and say that even among low-toned and vicious parents it would be hard to find one who, if he sought education at all for his children, would not choose to send them to a school where the teaching was morally sweet and wholesome, rather than to one in which their passions would be unrestrained. Who has not witnessed or heard of striking examples of parents whose own lives were sadly spotted, but who took the utmost pains to conceal their true history from their children, and, while they were themselves unreformed, trained their offspring in ways of virtue and even of piety? Let us thank God for such gleams of light shining forth from the black clouds of degradation and vice, and attesting the dignity and worth of human nature. We who call ourselves Christians, and esteem the Bible as the Book of books, will do great injustice to the doubters of our time, by whatsoever name called, if we assume that they are less anxious than ourselves that the children of the land should lay in the public schools the solid foundations of a noble character. The difference between them and the most orthodox of our number, let us candidly confess, is not as to the need of morality, but only as to the right way of teaching it. The question is whether or not this difference is insuperable; in other words, whether it is possible to bring all classes of the Amer-

ican people, in spite of their divergences upon other subjects, to act together in support of some plan for teaching morality in the public schools. Many will be ready to say it is impossible, and it must be confessed that the difficulties in the way are formidable. Nevertheless, our faith is strong that they can and will be overcome, — as respects the great majority of the people very soon, and in regard to all, or nearly all, at no distant day. Is not such an object worth striving for? To accomplish it, ought not the oppugnancies and strifes of creed and sect to be, so far as possible, set aside, and the question considered upon the highest and broadest grounds? If the union so much to be desired necessitated a surrender of principle on the part of any class of citizens, it would be idle to seek it; but since it requires no sacrifice of anything but long-indulged prejudices and mistaken opinions, and since it promises to rescue our country from one of its gravest dangers, we surely ought not to despair of its attainment. The object of this paper is, if possible, to clear away some of the confusion in which the question is involved, and show that the friends of education, however discordant their opinions upon other subjects may be, can consistently act together upon this.

In the first place, it is necessary to say that a republican state, recognizing the perfect equality of citizens and sects in all things pertaining to religion, is incapacitated for religious teaching, in whatever form. If it undertakes such a work, it must decide for itself which one of all the religions of the world is true, and which are false; and this requires an investigation, for which it is wholly unfitted; for of course a question of so much importance should not be decided ignorantly or arbitrarily. How shall such an investigation be conducted? Fancy the question introduced in a constitutional convention, formed as such bodies usually are, and necessarily must

be. What a bedlam the convention would become! But suppose that Christianity, as the nominal religion of the majority of citizens, were adopted as the religion of the state; even then the confusion would not be ended. Shall the state be Catholic or Protestant, Orthodox or Liberal? Shall it acknowledge the infallibility of the church and the Pope, or adopt the Bible as an infallible guide? What doctrines shall be set forth in the creed, and what condemned as heretical? What rites and forms shall be prescribed? To entertain such questions is to remove the foundations of republican government, and revive the doctrines and assumptions out of which grew the Inquisition with all its bloody horrors, and make the stake and the fagot once more the terror of dissenters from the orthodox faith.

The objects of a republican state are purely civil and secular, relating to the present, not to a future life; to the duties which citizens owe to each other, not to those which they owe to the invisible God. It knows men neither as Christians, Mohammedans, nor Jews, neither as Catholics, Protestants, nor Skeptics, Theists nor Atheists, Orthodox nor Liberals, but simply and solely as citizens, extending equal protection to all. The Hindoo may erect his temple, the Mohammedan his mosque, the Buddhist his shrine, the Chinaman his joss-house, and the Jew his synagogue, just as freely as the Christian may build his cathedral, church, or chapel; and the protection of the government is extended equally to all the various forms of worship, so far as they do not endanger the public peace. Still further, the Infidel, the Atheist, or the Freethinker may erect his hall wherever he lists, and the meetings held therein will be under the same protection as the assemblies for the worship of God. Such is the nature, the height and depth, the length and breadth, of that liberty which is the

boast of this republic, and which is not its shame, but its glory. "Congress," says the constitution, "shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." The oath (or affirmation) required of the President and of members of Congress and the state legislatures is purely secular, containing no recognition of a Supreme Being; while it is expressly provided that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." The full meaning and spirit of these provisions, as understood by the fathers, is revealed in the treaty made with Tripoli on the 4th of November, 1796, in the eleventh article of which occurs this declaration: "As the government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion; as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of Mussulmans, . . . it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries." This treaty, framed under the direction of Washington, was ratified by the Senate, without objection, so far as appears, from any quarter, and is now a part of "the supreme law of the land," by which "the judges in every State are bound, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

In this treaty, and in the constitutional provisions above cited, the fathers struck with a firm hand the keynote of that anthem of religious liberty which surprised and enchanted the civilized world. Historically, some of the States are older than the Nation; and if, from their constitutions, laws, and judicial decisions, utterances not in harmony with the national key-note are sometimes heard, it is because the former have not yet been brought quite up to

concert pitch. Such a reform as the divorce of the state from the church is never completed at a single stroke. It is only natural that customs and even laws originating in the discarded union, and enshrined in the habits and affections of the people, should long survive and be quoted by reactionists, who neither approve nor even understand the reform. We have among us a considerable class of religious men who, while they disclaim any wish to remarry the church to the state, do yet shudder at the complete logical and necessary results of their divorce. They insist that the state is bound to be Christian, to assert the being of God, the divinity of Christ, and the infallible authority of the Scriptures; and that the refusal to do this proves it to be godless and profane. They forget that religion is a matter exclusively between the individual soul and God, and that he judges men, not in the mass, nor as gathered in associations, for whatever purpose formed, but as persons, each one being required to give account of himself. The state, being formed for secular purposes only, cannot interfere with citizens in their personal relations to their Maker. But no inference prejudicial to Christianity or any other form of religion is to be drawn from this non-interference. If the state does not affirm and propagate religion, so neither does it oppose nor obstruct it. In protecting freedom of speech and action for its champions and supporters it does for religion all that it has any right to do. To murmur because it confines itself to secular affairs, and refuses to enter the sphere of religion, is as unreasonable as to complain of railroads because they do not provide facilities for crossing the ocean, of a court of justice that it does not perform the duties of a legislature, or of a threshing-machine because it does not fulfill the uses of the magnetic telegraph. In regard to Christianity I go still farther, and affirm that the state could not

lend itself to its direct support without doing it far more injury than good. All experience goes to show that Christianity prospers best when church and state move in spheres entirely distinct from each other, and each minds its own business. It was to his disciples, not to any earthly power, that Jesus addressed the command, "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" and if the church had always been as free from alliances with the state as it was before the time of Constantine, and as it is now in this country, the progress of Christianity would have been far more rapid than it has been. The church, indeed, can much better afford to be persecuted by the state than to fall into its embrace. They are plotters of mischief for Christianity who are seeking to incorporate their theology in the constitution of the United States; and any form of religion which cannot endure the freedom of our institutions, but seeks the sword of temporal power to enforce its claims, attests thereby its conscious weakness, and brands itself as spurious. Christianity is wounded in the house of her friends whenever they attempt to supplement her moral and spiritual authority by the decrees of earthly governments. "My kingdom," said Jesus, "is not of this world," and this should be an end of controversy upon the subject.

At this point we encounter the objection that the exclusion from the schools of all religious worship and instruction will make them godless, which is a frightful thought to every devout mind. No amount of Protestant Bible-readings, hymns, and prayers is sufficient even now to protect the schools from this imputation on the part of Roman Catholics. Of what avail, they ask, are religious forms other than those prescribed by God's infallible church? Not a few Protestants, in their way, are equally narrow. Schools without religious instruction godless? Yes, in the

same sense that a note of hand, a mortgage, a bill of lading, or a coin is godless, because it bears upon its face no inscription of the name of God; in the same sense that a railway, insurance, or banking corporation is godless, because it does not open its meetings with prayer and Scripture-reading; in the same sense that an election is godless, where the ballot-boxes are consecrated by no religious ceremonies; in the same sense that the American Bible Society, during the first ten or fifteen years of its existence, was godless, in that, in condescension to the scruples of its Quaker members, its anniversary meetings were opened without "formal prayer;" in the same sense, finally, that all social gatherings, for whatever purpose, are godless, unless accompanied by some form of devotional exercises. The objection has its root in a formalism as inconsistent with the true spirit of Christianity as it is contrary to common sense. It is the last despairing cry of religious bigotry, the feeble wail of a moribund sacerdotalism, which halts in "the letter that killeth," and has no appreciation of "the spirit that maketh alive." Contrast with this the example of Jesus, who neither prefaced nor concluded one of his public discourses with prayer! Is the Sermon on the Mount godless, and was that a godless assembly to which it was delivered? If Jesus could preach to multitudes day after day without once formally lifting up his voice in public prayer, may we not venture to teach our children to read, write, and spell, without pausing for devotional exercises? Will the sticklers for religious ceremonies in the schools condescend to tell us how many lessons may be learned, how many classes recite, before the teacher must either stop to offer a prayer, or suffer his school to lapse into a condition of godlessness? If we must blend with the exercises of the school the forms of the church, let us be sure that we mix them in their due proportions.

But how, it is asked, will you teach morality without religion? Morality, it is insisted, grows out of religion as a tree from its roots; it will die if the connection is not maintained. This objection is so sincerely made that it deserves to be treated with respect. But it is true, rather, that religion and morality have a common source in that human nature which is made in the image and likeness of God, and that the latter may be successfully cultivated by itself, without reference to the supernaturalism which forms so large a part of the current religions, and concerning which the world is so hopelessly divided. It would certainly be a great calamity if this were not so. We may well be grateful that the distinction between right and wrong, and the duty to do the one and avoid the other, are plain to multitudes who stumble at theological problems and supernatural mysteries. There are many noble men, pure in every relation of life, and devoted to the welfare of the human race, who frankly confess that they have no clearly defined faith in God, no sense of his presence, no belief in a supernatural revelation, and to whom the whole science of theology is an inexplicable muddle. They are as sensitive to every moral obligation as any canonized saint of the church, and on the score of character have no occasion to blush in the presence of the most exacting orthodoxy. They may lack a certain spiritual richness which can only grow from religious faith and hope; what then? Are not the Master's words as applicable to them as to others?—"Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Does not God find a way of "working in them," as in others, "to will and to do of his good pleasure"?

The Christian world has been all too ready to assume that morality cannot be taught upon any basis of its own, or rest upon any other than a supernatural

foundation. It is an every-day assumption among Protestants that the Bible is the only standard of morals; but that book sets up no such claim in its own behalf. The Catholics insist that the standard is not the Bible, but in the infallible church, whose forms of worship and instruction are ordained of God as the only means of training the young in a sound morality. In the Catholic World for November last it is affirmed, as the result of experience, "that it is quite impossible to restrain the tendency which youths have to corrupt one another, or to promote habits of truthfulness, personal chastity, and obedience, without the aid of the confessional." Every Protestant will smile at this as a curious exhibition of sectarian bigotry; but is it less bigoted to insist that some form of Protestant worship and instruction is necessary to preserve morality in the schools? And yet thousands of Protestants affirm that unless the existence of a personal God is either positively taught or assumed, the Bible recognized as a supernatural revelation, and the children trained to utter some form of prayer or bow their heads in worship, all attempts to teach a sound morality in the schools will be only a mockery. Is this declaration founded in truth? If so, the state must take its choice between abandoning the work of education as beyond its sphere and assuming the functions of a religious teacher. Morality must be taught in the schools, whatever difficulties may lie in the way. If the state cannot do it, it must give way to some other agency. But the assumption is unwarranted. The laws of morality did not originate either with the Bible or Christianity, but are as old as humanity itself. They are a part of human nature, and were as authoritative before patriarchs spoke, or prophets wrote, or Jesus and his Apostles proclaimed their message, as they have been since. The moral inculcations and appeals of the

Bible are addressed to men as knowing the difference between right and wrong. Indeed, but for such knowledge on their part, the book might as well have been sent to the brutes as to them.

I write not in the interest of skepticism, but as one who cherishes a profound belief in God and in Christianity as taught by Jesus himself. Moreover, the views which I have expressed have the sanction of eminent men in the orthodox ranks. One such man, the Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Spear, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a Presbyterian of the highest standing, published, a few years since, a book¹ in which this subject is very ably and thoroughly discussed. An extract will best exhibit its spirit and purpose.

"The public school," says Dr. Spear, "by the very terms of both the process and the end, naturally and necessarily involves the element of moral education. The children form a society for the time being, and for that time the school-house is their dwelling-place. In it they spend their school hours, in constant intercourse with their teachers, and subject to their authority. These teachers, if what they should be, are discreet and well-behaved persons, having a good moral character, cleanly in their habits, pure and chaste in their language, and honest and upright in their discipline. It is their province to preserve school order, to subject their scholars to wholesome restraints, to commend and encourage them when they do well, to condemn and rebuke them when they do wrong, to see to it that they accomplish their task; and thus develop in this theatre a set of school virtues in the habits of patience, diligence, industry, steadiness of application, submission to authority, respect for superiors and for the rights of each other, cleanliness of person, good manners, self-control, truthfulness, honesty, and the like, — habits

¹ Religion and the State; or, The Bible and the Public Schools. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

which in kind have their basis and sanction in our moral nature, and which, moreover, are just the habits to fit and dispose them to act well their part in maturer years. These virtues are state virtues, business virtues, and are also in constant demand for the purposes of this life, independently of any considerations that respect the future, and may be powerfully enforced by arguments that relate purely to the interests of time. They are certainly good for this world and good for citizenship, whether there be any hereafter or not.

"Such elementary moral principles," continues Dr. Spear, "have existed in human thought, and to some extent in human practice, wherever man has been found. They attach themselves to his nature and relations. They are not peculiar to Christendom or Christianity, but rather belong to man as man. His depravity has never sunk so low as to involve their total absence. Christianity fosters these virtues, and begets others of a higher grade; but it is a grave mistake to suppose that those who administer Christianity, repeat its precepts, teach its doctrines, and preach its sanctions, whether in the pulpit or out of it, are the only apostles of morality in the world, or that they have any monopoly in this kind of teaching. This is not true, — never has been and never will be true.

"Morality, in the large sense," our author further observes, "is a spontaneous outgrowth of human nature and human relations, notwithstanding the terrible depravity that has infected the race. It is a thing of home, of the street, of the public lecture, of business intercourse, of the state, of the courtroom, of the jury-box, of the school-room, — yea, of the ten thousand influences that operate in the formation of human character, — as really as it is of the ministry or the church. . . . There is a generic morality, whose usefulness no one questions, that comes within

the province of the public school. . . . For the want of a better term, let us call it secular morality. . . . It is certainly the kind of morality which the state is immensely concerned to secure; which makes the orderly, the peaceful, and law-abiding citizen; and which also forms one of the primary objects and great blessings of the public school.

"Secular education," the author goes on to say, "is not religious in the sense of relating to God, or the duties we owe to him, or of affirming or resting upon the authority of the Bible. . . . It omits to consider these dogmas, just as chemistry does not determine mathematical questions," etc. (Pages 58-60.)

The potency of all that I have said and all that I desire to say on the subject before us is in these strong, forcible words of Dr. Spear. Once adopt this view of the subject, and there will be no further obstacle in the way of a complete union of all the friends of education, both in regard to the morality to be taught in the schools and the way of teaching it. It involves no surrender of principle on the part of any one; only the yielding up of prejudices, the removal of misunderstandings, originating in past conflicts and long fostered by a partisan spirit. There is need of an educational symposium of representative men of all shades of religious belief and speculation, — Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Liberal, Jew and Agnostic, — to consider this subject. Sitting down together, and looking into each other's faces with sentiments of mutual esteem; setting aside for the moment all speculative questions, and fixing their thoughts upon the one subject of moral teaching in the schools, they would no doubt be astonished to find themselves in perfect agreement. Upon the abstract question whether the ultimate basis of morality is to be sought in a supernatural revelation, or in the nature of man and the testimony of experience and observation, they would of course

differ widely; but as to morality itself, in its practical relations to the education of the young, they would speak with one voice. Traveling by different roads, they would find that they had arrived at one and the same place, and were all seeking a common end. And the morality which they would all commend as essential to the purity of society and the safety of the republic, and therefore indispensable to good citizenship, would be, in substance, that of the New Testament, which has its grandest illustration in the teaching and example of Jesus, — his example in death as well as in life. What matters it that some of them hold this morality to be binding upon men upon supernatural, and others upon purely natural, grounds, since they heartily agree that it is absolutely binding upon all men, and that there is a crying need that it should be taught in the schools? Does any one doubt the reality of this agreement? Let him remember that the Agnosticism of this day, whatever may be said of that of earlier times, is not seeking to absolve men from moral restraints, but puts a strong emphasis upon ethics. It forms societies for "ethical culture," and on moral grounds has no occasion to shrink from criticism. Even Robert Ingersoll, while denying supernaturalism in every form, is careful to say that he accepts the morality of the Gospels as to him the law of life. Mr. John Fiske speaks for all the scientific skeptics of the time when he says, "The principles of right living are really connected with the constitution of the universe." Is there not here a platform broad enough and strong enough for all the friends of the public schools? Why will they not all plant their feet upon it, and stand shoulder to shoulder as one brotherhood in a common effort to educate the conscience as well as the intellect of the children and youth of the republic, and aid them in laying the foundations of that moral character which is

the primary condition of good citizenship?

The controversy between naturalism and supernaturalism must of course go on. I am by no means blind to its importance. But I insist that our public schools, by consent of parties, should be kept out of this fiery vortex. It is a question not for children, but for grown men. However much, as a Christian, I may long to make all the children of the land familiar with doctrines and beliefs to me most precious, I frankly acknowledge that I have no claim upon the state to assist me in the attainment of this object. As a citizen, I am content to stand, in everything pertaining to religion, upon the same ground with those whose views differ most widely from my own, — even those who think my religion a worthless superstition. I make no demand upon the government save for protection in the “free exercise” of my religion; and what I ask for myself is what I willingly accord to others, whatever form of faith or no-faith it may please them to adopt. Liberty, as thus broadly defined, is the vital breath of free government, the atmosphere most congenial to the growth of true religion. Whoever fears that his religion will not endure this liberty, and therefore seeks to ally it with the state, evidences a suspicion, if not a consciousness, that that religion is fatally weak.

Philosophical disquisitions upon the foundations of morality have no legitimate place in the school-room, as every well-instructed teacher will admit. The precepts and rules by which children and youth must be taught to regulate their conduct are such as will commend themselves at once to their moral consciousness, leaving no room for doubt of their binding force. A very large proportion, if not a majority, of the pupils in our schools come from homes the atmosphere of which is at least conducive to a sound morality, and they in turn will do much to make such an at-

mosphere in the school-room. In not a few neighborhoods, however, the pupils will be of a coarser, ruder mould, imposing upon their teachers a harder task. But even in such cases the well-instructed teacher will find his moral resources ample, without entering the domain of religion. It would be easy, I am sure, if it were worth while, for a conference of men, representing the different shades of opinion upon religious subjects, to agree upon a code of school morals, embodying all that is essential, and offending no honest scruples. Such a code is needed, if at all, rather to insure a good understanding among the supporters of the schools than for use in the schools themselves. Care should be taken not to hamper teachers with rigid rules. Moral instruction, to be effective, must be spontaneous and free, and skillfully adapted to cases as they arise. The best teachers, as a general rule, will have the shortest code of laws, if indeed they have any code at all.

But it is not the object of this paper to prescribe any exact method of teaching morality in the schools. My purpose is fulfilled if I have succeeded in showing that the incapacity of the state for teaching religion does not imply an incapacity for teaching morality as an essential part of the education of the young, and that there is a ground for such teaching on which all true friends of the schools may consistently stand and coöperate. That there is need of such coöperation, that the schools have suffered for lack of it, and that the sectarian and theological contentions which have made it impossible hitherto are to be deeply regretted, few will deny. Is it too much to hope that religious men, without distinction of sect, will ere long abandon as unreasonable the attempt to make the public school an agent for religious propagandism, and unite with their fellow-citizens of every class in an effort to make it as efficient in the field of morals as in that of science?

Oliver Johnson.

A CALL ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

AT YOUGHAL, IRELAND.

"Ay, not at home, then, didst thou say?
And, prithee, hath he gone to court?"
"Nay; he hath sailed but yesterday,
With Edmund Spenser, from this port.

"This Spenser, folk do say, hath writ
Twelve cantos called *The Faerie Queene*:
To seek for one to publish it
They go, — on a long voyage, I ween."

Ah me! I came so far to see
This ruffed and plumed cavalier, —
He whom romance and history,
Alike, to all the world make dear.

Great Shakespeare's friend — the more than peer
Of Philip Sidney, whose bright head,
Crowned with one golden deed, we hear,
Dropped, young, upon an honored bed.

And I had some strange things to tell
Of our new world, where he hath been;
And now they say, — I marked them well, —
They say the Master is not in!

The knaves speak not the truth; I see
Sir Walter at the window there.
That is the hat, the sword, which he
In pictures hath been pleased to wear;

There hangs the very cloak whereon
Elizabeth set foot. (But oh,
Young diplomat, as things have gone,
Pity it is she soiled it so!)

And there — but look! He's lost in smoke.
(That weirdly charmed Virginia weed!)
Make haste! bring anything! his cloak —
They save him with a shower, indeed!

... Ay, lost in smoke! I linger where
He walked his garden. Day is dim,
And death-sweet scents rise to the air
From flowers that gave their breath to him.

There, with its thousand years of tombs,
 The dark church glimmers where he prayed;¹
 Here, with his head unshorn of plumes,
 The tree he planted gave him shade.

His head unshorn of plumes? Even so
 It stained the Tower, when gray with grief.
 O tree he planted, as I go,
 For him I tenderly take a leaf.

I have been dreaming here, they say,
 Of one dead knight, forgot at court;
 And yet he sailed but yesterday,
 With Edmund Spenser, from this port.

Sallie M. B. Piatt.

A LANDLESS FARMER.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

SERENA'S not very tender heart was somewhat touched at last, and she noticed how worn and old her father looked, and wished she had not sold the secretary without speaking to him about it first. She thought it was no time then to say what a good price she had wrung out of the man who had made the purchase, and at any rate her father might insist upon putting the money in his own pocket. She was unusually good-natured all that day, and even went so far as to say that she was glad to see him about the house again. She was a good deal of a coward, as all tyrants and bullies are apt to be; and she began to be a little afraid, when her father's weakness and dependency seemed to have been replaced by a sullen indifference to both her words and actions when she came near, and a look of wounded disapproval when she left him to himself.

The next morning he said that he wanted some one to go over to Mary

Lyddy's with him, and bring the horse home. Somehow, Serena felt a shameful sense of guilt and almost of repentance, as she stood in the kitchen door and watched her father drive away. It seemed as if he might have started of his own accord upon a journey from whence there could be no return. He did not turn his head after the horse had started; he had not even said good-by. There was a small trunk in the back of the wagon, an odd, ancient thing, studded with many nails and covered with moth-devoured leather; one might believe it had attained a great age before starting on this first journey, it looked so unused to travel and so garret-like. Into it, very early in the morning, Mr. Jenkins had packed some of his few personal possessions, and his daughter looked at it again and again with suspicious eyes. "I declare, it's a dreadful thing to get to be old and past our usefulness," she said. "Who would have thought that father would have

¹ St. Mary's Church, one of the most ancient and interesting, from an historical point of view,

among Irish churches, almost adjoins the house known as Sir Walter Raleigh's, at Youghal.

turned against me so, just for selling an old, out-o'-fashion chist o' drawers, after the way I've tended and nursed him, and mended him up and waited upon him by inches? Well, it's the way of the world!" And after these reflections, the rattling wagon and plodding horse and the stern, upright figure of the aggrieved old man having passed out of sight over the brow of a hill which rose beyond the house, she turned back into the kitchen again. "Father used to be a dreadful easy-going man," she said to herself, later. "I wonder how long he and Mary Lyddy will hitch their horses together. But I 'most wish I had n't let the secr'tary go without consulting him. I suppose 'twas his right. I'll let him stay a spell over to the Mills, and he'll be sure to get over his huff, and be homesick and wore out with Mary Lyddy's ramshackle ways, and I'll go over, just's if nothing had happened, and fetch him home."

Harlow's Mills was an unattractive village, which had grown up suddenly, a few years before, around some small manufactories. Mrs. Bryan's husband had been a very successful, industrious man, and it had been thought a most lucky thing for her when he had fallen in love with her pretty face, without waiting to see what sort of character lay behind it. He had done well in his business, and kept everything straight at home as long as he had lived; but when he died of fever, at the prime of his life, he had saved only a small property, and his inefficient wife was left to fight her way alone. She surrendered ignominiously, and had been tugged along the path of life by her friends and relatives, who grudged even their sympathy more and more. "When you've lugged folks one mile, you like to see 'em try to go the next themselves,—not sit right down in the road," Serena Nudd had said more than once, and not without reason. Poor Mary Lydia had sheltered her laziness behind various

chronic illnesses, which had excused her from active participation in the world's affairs; though when anything was going forward in which she cared, for any reason, to join, it had often been noticed that she would step forward with the best. A funeral had such attractions for her that nothing short of her own death-bed would divert her attention or keep her at home. She had vast reserves of strength and will, but she passed most of her time in an unstrung, complaining state. Her house was forlorn, and her boys had grown used to her feeble protests and appeals, and rarely took much notice of what she said except to escape from the whining and scolding as soon as they could. There was a good deal in her life which was pitiable, but still more for which one might blame her; and it was her comfortless house, with its dreary, shaded, unfruitful bit of land, to which the once busy old farmer had fled for refuge. The maple-trees that Henry Bryan had planted had grown too luxuriantly in that damp place, and the grass underneath was all in coarse tufts, mixed with a rank growth of plantain leaves, beside a fine nursery of young burdocks which that summer had started up unheeded in a corner.

Mr. Jenkins felt more and more saddened and disturbed all the way, and the drive to the Mills seemed very long and hot. He had little to say to his companion, though he sometimes commented upon the different fields and pastures that skirted the roads. One neighbor's potatoes and another's corn looked strong and flourishing; he took note of them with wistfulness. "I'm done,—I'm done," he said once or twice, half to himself. He stopped, at last, at his daughter's door, and while his companion took the little trunk down from the wagon, he went in search of the mistress of the house. There was a strong odor of camphor in the

darkened, close front room, and a voice asked feebly who was there.

"I've come to stop with you for a spell," answered the old man. "I have been laid up, and not good for much of anything; and Sereny, she carried too many guns for me, and I thought perhaps you might like to have comp'ny." There was a pathetic attempt at joking which would have touched the heart of a stone, and Mary Lyddy was quick to catch at this advantage over her sister, and rose slowly from her couch. The old man's eyes were blinded at coming into this darkness from the glare of sunlight without, and he could not see a yard before him. He already felt homesick, and would have given anything if he had not brought the trunk, which was just now set down on one end, heavily, in the entry just behind him.

"I'm real pleased to see you, though I wish you had come last week, when I could have enjoyed you more. I don't know when I have been so well in health as I was last week, but to-day I am so troubled with neurology in my head that I can hardly live. I do' know what there is for dinner. I told the boys they must pick up a lunch somehow or other, for I could n't go near a stove; the heat of it would kill me. We will get along somehow, though," she added, more cheerfully, suddenly mindful of the man from the farm, and anxious that he should not carry back anything but a good report of her father's reception. "I declare, it does me good to see you;" and she came forward, and gave her guest, unwelcome as he had been the moment before, a most affectionate kiss. For all that, when Washington Tufts had driven away down the street, to do some errands at the stores for Sereny before he went home, Mr. Jenkins watched him sadly from the door, and felt as if he had burnt his ships behind him.

But his daughter was very cheerful

all that day, and it seemed to him in the evening as if he had done the right thing. He would not look upon it as a permanent change, by any means; but what could be more likely than that, not being quite fit for work, he should come to pay a visit to his younger daughter? He imagined that everybody would wonder at his being there, and apologized for it elaborately to every one who came in. He received a good deal of attention for a time, being well known in his county and much respected; and he had long talks with Mrs. Bryan, who dearly liked conversation, and together they recalled people and events of years before, and the housewifely virtues of Mrs. Jenkins, who had been a busy and helpful soul, of better sense and deeper affections than either of her daughters. The farmer was fond of saying "in your mother's day," when he spoke to his children; indeed, the later years of his life had been a sad contrast to the earlier, though he had not felt the change and loss half so keenly until the last few months, when he could no longer spend an almost untired strength and energy in the ceaseless round and routine of his work. Serena Nudd was not over-fond of hearing her mother's day referred to, and resented the implied superiority to her own; but during the first of the visit Mary Lyddy and her father talked about the good woman to their hearts' content, and Mr. Jenkins said that it seemed more homelike than the old place itself ever did nowadays. Serena's child was not a pleasant boy, and he tired and fretted his grandfather in a miserable way. The young Bryans kept their wrong-doings and laziness pretty well out of the old man's sight, and their mother forbore to harangue and scold them in his hearing.

The novelty and mild excitement of the visit appeared to act like a tonic upon Mrs. Bryan for a time, but at length her nature began to assert itself,

and her guest at the same time began to be restless and uneasy in his new quarters. He made short excursions about the town, and read the newspaper with unusual care; but he was not used to seeing a daily paper, and it was more reading than he really liked to undertake. One of the neighbors sent it to him every day, with great kindness; but though he was in many ways well treated, it seemed to him more and more that he could not bear any longer to be away from home. He could not help thinking and worrying about the farm work; he did not trust Aaron Nudd's judgment about the management of things, and he watched the street every day anxiously, in the hope of seeing Serena approach in quest of him. He even lamented his impatience, and took her part against himself. But as the days went by, and she did not appear, his heart failed him; for he had not thought they would have found it so easy to get on without him. Shut up in the hot and noisy little village, and seeing every day so many people whom he did not know, he longed for the farmhouse where he had spent all his life, and he was homesick for the wide outlook over the fields and woodlands, and felt strangely lost and alone and old.

Mary Lyddy became querulous and tiresome; it would have made a difference to her if she had had hopes of gain, and her father did not take long to discover that he was a burden to her as well as to Serena. Mrs. Bryan had handed him the bill for town taxes, and he had looked at her with a grieved surprise. "I have n't got the money to pay it, if that's what you mean," he said at length. "I'm kept on short commons, I tell you. Serena was dreadful put out, one day, because the dealer that takes the butter called and paid his month's account, and I wanted part of it to pay the minister; she said Aaron had seen to his and mine together, and went grumping round the kitchen the rest o'

the morning. I told her 't was the first week since I was out o' my time that I had been without a dollar in my pocket. Aaron cut considerable of a piece o' pine growth this last winter, but I never could find out what become of the money. One time he had n't got settled up, and the next time he begun to squeal about its taking every cent he could rake and scrape to keep the farm above water. He flung at me about my doctor's bills once or twice; miser'ble farmer he is, any way. I've got a little money they don't know about in the North Bank, and I'll get you some of it quick's I get a chance to send: but I've nobody but Aaron, and I never want to say nothing to him about it. I thought I might get into a straiter place than any I've been in, and I've been holding on to it. 'Tain't much, but it'll do to bury me, if they can't find the means."

"There, don't, father! You make my blood run cold," said Mary Lyddy fretfully. "I'm sure you can't doubt but what we shall do what's proper for you, dead or alive. I felt 't was a mistake all the time that you should n't ha' kept things in your own hands; but Serena talked all of us over at the time, and — well, you should have thought more about it before you did it, that's all I've got to say. I shall have to get rid of this place, 'less the boys get to earning something pretty soon, for it's more 'n I can afford to keep. I'm worse off than before I owned it, having nobody to help along. Everything would have gone well if poor Henry had only lived;" and she began to cry as if she meant to give a good deal of time to tears, and her father took his hat and walked drearily away. It was his best hat, and he often wished for the old one, which he had left hanging on its nail at the farmhouse.

He hoped that he might see somebody from home, and looked at the wagons and teams as they passed him; until presently somebody hailed him with

a cheerful "Well, uncle, you 've been and given haying the slip, this year." When the old man turned, he found with delight that it was Ezra Allen, and declared that he was glad to see him. It seemed as if he hadn't seen any of the folks for a month; it had been the longest week he had ever spent in his life. "Get in, won't ye?" said the nephew, affectionately. "Why can't ye ride over to Jack Townsend's with me? I want to see him about doing a lot of ironing for my running work. I've got three or four wagons where I can't go no further with them; and Estes is sick, and won't be able to work at blacksmithing for some weeks. I want to take hold of these things right away. I'm about through with what little haying I do. Been a good hay year so far, has n't it?"

"I don't know much about it," sorrowfully confessed the old farmer, climbing quickly into the wagon.

"Seems to me you are as quick as an eel to what you was a month ago," said Ezra. "You look about as well as ever you did; good for ten years yet, uncle Jerry," and he started the horse at a good pace. There never was a more contented pair of relatives: the younger man had wished for just this chance to hear the particulars of the visit, and the elder one was only too glad to fall in with a sympathetic companion, who had always been kind to him, and who seemed now to have belonged to his better days.

"How d' ye like it over here?" inquired Ezra, turning round with a beaming smile to take a good look at his uncle.

"Well, fairly," answered Mr. Jenkins, without enthusiasm. "But old folks is better off at home, seems to me. Mary Lyddy does the best she knows how; but the girls don't neither of 'em take after their mother, somehow or 'nother; I don't know why it is. Sereny kept me feeling like a toad under a har-

row, and seems as if I was in the way, and sort of under-foot to both houses. I done just as they wanted me 'long in the winter, and give the reins into their own hands; but they don't like me none the better for it, nor so well, far's I can see, and I don't know what to do. I had n't been accustomed to sickness, and when I was so afflicted in the cold weather, and got down so low, I thought I'd got about through with things. You know I'd been ailing and doctoring some months before I had the worst spell come on. They never treated me so clever as they did the time when I was give over, and old Dr. Banks said there wa'n't no help for me. But I've come up considerable, more 'n ever I expected, and I've had times of feeling just like myself, of late; and I see how the land lays, and between you and me, Ezry, I wish it was different. I've had my day, though, and I don't want to stand in the way of nobody else's chance."

"Where's Parker? Do you get any news from him?" asked Ezra, giving the horse a flick with his whip, putting it quickly in its socket, and taking a firm hold of the reins. He knew that his uncle was fond of a good horse, and he was very proud of this new one, and wished it to be noticed and praised.

"Don't hurry the beast," said the old man; "we've got time enough, and it kind of jars me, to what it used, to ride fast. When I'm after a likely creatur', such as this, that can show a good pace, I'm satisfied. As for Parker, I ain't heard from him for hard on to eight months. He was n't prompt about writing, and I've been wanting the girls to set to work and find out about him. Serena goes into a dreadful frame o' mind if I much as mention his name, and Mary Lyddy's always going to do it the next day. My eyesight's failed dreadfully; it's better 'n it was, but none too good. I did scratch a few lines twice or three times, and

send them to the last place I knew him to be in, and I directed once to the post-master; but he has made no answer yet, so I keep a-hopin'. Parker had his faults, and perhaps I indulged him more than was good for him, but he was more like his mother'n any of 'em. He and Sereny never got along. I don't s'pose she means it, but she's got a dreadful nagging way. I did let him have a good deal o' money, and I don't know but it was foolish. Parker's got a quick temper, same's his mother had, but it ain't Sereny's kind. She gnaws and picks all day long about a thing she don't like; but Parker'll knock ye down with one hand, and pick ye right up again with the other. They're always warnin' me that he was onsteady, and a disgrace to his folks; but I have known many a man that has had his fling, and settled down and been useful afterwards. Parker's got good natural ability, and I guess he'll make his way yet if he gets the right chance."

"I never could bear Aaron Nudd, if I must say it," growled Ezra. "He was distressin' himself the other day into Henry Wallis's, about being afraid all the time Parker might turn up,— poor, wandering vagabone, he called him. I'd knocked him down, if I'd heard him. I mean to see if I can find where Parker is. There ain't a cousin I've got that I ever set so much by, spite of his leanin' in wrong directions. We've always been chums, 'spite of his being so much younger,— you know it, don't ye, uncle Jerry? And I've always stood up for him; I'm going to see if he can't have his rights, if you *did* sign that paper."

The old man's voice faltered as he tried to speak. "I do' know where I could ask him to, if I did send for him to come home now," he said. "If I know anything about a hoss, this one is the best you ever drove, Ezry. Where did you pick her up? Not round here, I'll make a guess," and the conversa-

tion steered bravely out into this most congenial subject to both travelers.

At ten o'clock that very morning Susan Allen, Ezra's wife, was bending over her ironing-board and bumping away with her flat-iron, when somebody suddenly came outside the window, and laid his arms on the sill and looked in. At first he seemed to be a stranger, and Susan was chilled from head to foot with fear; but she stared and stared again at the smiling face before she spoke, and finally she clapped her hands, and said, "I'll give up if it ain't,— Parker Jenkins! I want to know if that's you?" and this question of his identity having been decided, the young man strolled round to the door, and came in as if he had never been away.

"How's all the folks?" he asked. "Where's Ezra? I looked in at the shop first, but there was nobody there."

"We didn't know but you was dead," said Susan, who was much excited. "Your father has been dreadful distressed about you. I do think you ought to have wrote him, Parker. But you can make up with him easy enough; he'll be glad enough to see you."

The visitor had looked very solemn as he listened to the first mention of his father's name, but his expression quickly changed to a look of wild astonishment. "Do you mean to tell me father is n't dead?" he said, rising to his feet.

"Dead, no!" answered Susan. "He had a long spell of sickness, beginning in the fall of the year, and we all supposed he was breaking up; and along in the first of the winter he had a very bad time, when we give him up for certain, and there was two days and a night when they thought he might be taken away any minute; but he pulled through" —

Parker had seated himself again, and did not seem to be listening to this ac-

count. He had put his head on his arm down upon the ironing-board, and was crying like a child. Susan felt as if this were a somewhat theatrical performance, and a little unnecessary. She was vaguely reminded of his being addicted to drink, and of the story of the Prodigal Son; and then she noticed how broad his shoulders had grown, and that his coat was made of a beautiful piece of cloth, and that he was quite citified in his appearance.

"Don't take on so," she begged him nervously, after a few minutes, for it made her very ill at ease.

And the unexpected guest lifted his head presently, and wiped his eyes with a handsome, bright-colored silk handkerchief. "I never had anything come over me so in my life," he said, beginning to laugh in the midst of his tears. "I must go right up to the house and see him. Serena wrote me along in the winter that they'd give him up, and he would n't be alive when I got the letter. They did n't expect him to get through the afternoon. I never heard any more from her, and I've mourned him as dead. I wrote on to Ezra to tell me the particulars; for after finding Serena did n't write again, I got mad with her, and then I got mad with Ezra because he did n't write, and I thought you were all banded together to kick me over."

"He never got the letter," said Susan. "I hope to die if he ever did, Parker. The last letter that ever come inside this house from you was one Ezra got, saying you were going out into the mining country. You know you ain't much of a hand to write, nor Ezra neither; but of course he would have answered such a letter as that, and told you your father was living. I don't know but he'll see him this morning. The old gentleman went over to stop with Mary Lyddy for a while."

Parker had been standing by the door for the last few minutes, as if he were impatient to be off; but he came back

wonderingly into the room again, and Susan, after prefacing her remarks with "Well, I may's well tell you first as last," embarked upon a minute explanation of the state of affairs.

The young man seemed at last to be able to listen to no more. He threw off his coat, and sat by the window in his shirt sleeves, and when he had kept quiet as long as was possible he indulged in some very strong language, and expressed feelings toward his sister Serena and Aaron Nudd that would have startled them a good deal if they had been within hearing. He was outraged at their conniving to get all the property into their own hands in his absence, and at first he threatened them with such terrors of the law that Susan began to shake in her shoes, and became as afraid of his anger as if she had been only a mole burrowing in the mountain side, which had started an avalanche downward on its path of destruction. It was a solemn scene when Parker Jenkins met his sister, later in the afternoon; but by that time Susan had become so used to excitements of this kind — her own explanations and the accompanying comments having been repeated after Ezra's return — that she had a feeling of envy when she saw her husband and his cousin marching away toward the farmhouse. "I don't know now what it was fetched me here," Parker was saying. "I made up my mind forty times that I never would set foot inside town limits again; but I wanted to be sure everything was right and proper in the burying lot, and it seemed as if you would set some things straight that I could n't understand, any way I looked at 'em, and I wanted to let folks see I had n't quite run to seed."

Serena's face was a picture of defenseless misery when she first caught sight of her brother. She had had a long, hard morning's work already, and

she felt guilty and on the losing side. Parker had passed through his unreasoning storm of rage, and had sailed into smoother but very deep waters of contempt. He said very little beyond remarking that, not having heard anything after her last letter, he had supposed that his father was dead. He announced in the course of conversation that he had done well, on the whole, and that he did not think he should return to Colorado at present.

Serena was pale and crimson by turns, and tried her best to be affectionate and conciliatory. She ventured at last to speak of her father, and to say that somebody should go over to the Mills and bring him home that very afternoon. "We'll have supper late, and he'll be here by that time. You'll find him a good deal changed, but it's nothing to what he was in the winter," she said, fearfully.

Parker fixed his eyes on her, and presently gave a contemptuous little laugh. Ezra's excitement reached its topmost pitch.

"Serena!" said the returned wanderer, "I should think you'd be ashamed to come near decent folks. I've no right to boast, and I've been a confounded fool, I'll own, but I never set to work to cheat folks, or to sneak, or to lose folks' respect, so that I could have one more dirty dollar tucked away in the bank. As far as I can find out, you have cheated me and Mary Lyddy out of our rights, and you have treated your poor old father anything but Christian. As for Aaron Nudd, I won't have anything to say to such cattle. The writings you got from father won't stand one minute in the eye of the law, but your false pretenses and your tricks will, and if either of you make any trouble I'll just fix you so you'll wish you'd held your peace. I may have shown signs of being a scapegrace, and being gone hook and sinker; but I'm older than I was when I went off, and though I don't make no boasts, as I say,

I don't mean my folks shall ever be ashamed of me. I'm going over myself to fetch father home, and afterward I'm going to stay here, and you can do as you see fit."

It was only three or four days after this that, late on a Sunday afternoon, Parker and Ezra Allen stood on the little bridge over the brook. Parker was fashionably dressed. He had attracted a good deal more attention than the minister, that day, for he had accompanied his father to church, and had received congratulations on his return from all his acquaintances. Old Mr. Jenkins was so happy that he smiled continually, and glanced round proudly at his son when he should have been listening to the sermon. It seemed to him a greater proof of the providence of God than had ever before been vouchsafed him, and he appeared to have taken, as everybody said, a new lease of life.

"Done well, out there among the mines, you said?" inquired Ezra, somewhat indifferently, though he was eager to ask a few questions before any other neighbor should join them.

"First rate," responded Parker; "though I have n't made the fortunes some do. Trouble is, you either lose all you've got, or else you have luck, and then get picked off with a bullet from behind a bush. We struck a good vein in a claim I had shares in, and some fellows were out there from New York wanting to buy a good mining property, and—well, I'll tell you all about it some day; but the end of it was, I sold out to them for twenty-five thousand dollars. I think they chuckled over it lively, and thought they'd made an awful good thing out of me; but I said to myself that a bird in the hand's worth two in the bush. You see they had n't been taking out much of any ore each side of us. I had some thoughts of going into business with a fellow I know in New York. We come on East together

but I don't know what I shall do. It seems pleasant at the old place, and father he holds on to me. I don't take much to farming, but I've thought a good many times what a chance there is to raise cranberries up here in the swamp. I've got forty notions. I'll wait a while before I settle down anywhere. I can afford to."

"Aaron Nudd told Asa Parsons yesterday that he guessed he should go over to Harlow's Mills quick's the crops were in, and take a place in the boxing room at the shoe factory they've been urging him to fill," said Ezra, with a wise smile.

"I'd just as soon he would, for my part," said Parker. "They're both soft-spoken and meaching as any two you ever saw, and Sereny makes excuses about things from morning to night, worse than poor Mary Lyddy ever thought of. I don't know, but I never did seem to have a right sort o' feelin' for the girls. But it pleases me to death to see how satisfied the old gentleman is. It kind of makes me feel bad, Ezra. I guess I shall steady down for good; but I've seen something of hard times and raking round, for a fellow of my age. I ain't one to talk religious, but I'm going to look after father; he does set everything by me, don't he? And a more homesick man I never saw than he was, sitting in the front door over there to Mary Lyddy's. He's got quite a notion, since I spoke of it, of setting out a lot of cranberries. I pointed out to him how well the land lay for it, and the springs watered it just right. I've seen a good deal of 'em down towards the Cape. I was there some time, you know, when I first cleared out from home. But there, I'm a roving fellow by nature. I shan't make any plans yet a while."

"There was an awful sight of water come down out of the swamp this last spring," said Ezra, turning to look at the brook. "I've always heard cran-

berries was an uncertain crop, and don't you go throwing away your means till you know what you're about. But you stick to the old gentleman, Parker; if ever I pitied a man in my life, it was him, this summer."

It was soon observed how Mr. Jerry Jenkins had improved in health and spirits since his son's return. He resumed his place in society, and entered upon such duties as fell to his share with pleased alacrity. He was complimented on his recovery, and though some grumbling people, who always chose to be on the off side, spoke with pity of the Nudds, and expressed a sympathy for Aaron's having undertaken the farm only to be ousted, other people thought of them with scorn. However, worldly prosperity is one of the surest titles to respect, and after it was known that Aaron had bought an interest in one of the shoe-manufacturing companies at Harlow's Mills he was looked up to as much as he deserved, at any rate, and possibly more. Some people who knew him held him up as an example of its being worth while to save and be thrifty; but Ezra Allen and others of his way of thinking could not use hard enough language to suit themselves, whenever his name was mentioned. Serena was much more popular in the village than her sister. She dressed conspicuously, as she thought became her station, and she took an active part in church matters, being very efficient in the sewing society and the social relations of the parish. She assented emphatically to all the doctrines, and insisted upon the respectability of the Christian virtues; but it must be owned that she practiced very few of them which related to the well-being and comfort of other people. She and Aaron and their boy drove out to the farm occasionally, in a shiny top-buggy, to see her father, and such visits were outwardly successful and harmonious.

At the farm itself life went on smoothly. Mr. Jenkins had been troubled at first with many fears, when he found that Serena was really going to depart early in the fall, after her brother's return, and he could not forbear some expressions of wonder at her sudden change of feeling in regard to farming. She constantly said that she had never liked it, that it was a dog's life for any woman to do the housework on a large farm; and her father only replied that her tune had changed a good deal within a year. He took a long breath as he saw her go away in a heavily laden wagon, which preceded the team in which her household goods were being moved to the Mills. She had waited until the last minute, as if she feared that some treasures might be abstracted from the load. "She's about stripped the house," said Mr. Jenkins, with a chuckle, as he came back into the kitchen; "but we'll get along somehow, Parker. I've done the best I could by her, I know that!"

Parker chuckled in his turn. "She's an awful grabber," said he. "I'm hanged if I did n't catch her down cellar this morning fishing into the pork barrel; she did n't hear me coming, and she was started, and let a piece drop, and it sent the brine all up into her face and eyes."

"It can't be possible that new barrel is so low as that a'ready," said the old man. "I guess she had made a good haul before you come. Well, I'm glad, I'm sure. I should n't want any child o' mine to be without pork. And there *was* times Sereny was right down clever and pleasant spoken. I don't blame her for wanting to be where there is more going forrard, if she takes a notion to it."

As for Parker Jenkins, he settled down on the old farm, as many another New Englishman has done, after two or three voyages at sea, or long journeys in quest of wealth to California or Texas or the Western country. He looked upon himself as being much more a man

of the world than his neighbors, and his consideration for his old father was most delightful. The housekeeping went on well enough under the auspices of a cousin, a good, sensible woman, who was set adrift just in good time for these two unprotected men by the death of her own father, who had been for some years dependent on her care. It was soon known, however, that the chief reason of young Jenkins's contentment with so quiet a life was his attraction toward a pretty daughter of his neighbor, Asa Parsons, who was only too ready to smile upon so pleasant and good-looking a person, while her father and mother were mindful of his wealth.

So we leave the old farmer, no longer feeling cast off and desolate, to live out the rest of his days. He forgot even the worst of his sorrows in that unhappy winter and summer. It seemed as if most of them had been fanciful and connected with his illness. Serena was apt to be reminded oftener and oftener, as he grew older, of how impossible he found it to get on comfortably without his old secretary, and she came to regret deeply that her love for gain had allowed her to part with it, when the craze for old furniture reached Harlow's Mills in its most unreasoning form, and a piece of furniture that could be called centennial was a credit to its owner.

The old man often said that his illness had broken him down; and that he had never been the same man since. Those of his neighbors who had known his sorrows, and the pain which had been harder to bear than the long sickness itself, were glad that this blessed Indian summer had come to him to warm him through and through, and smile upon him in the late autumn of his life's year.

Heaven only knows the story of the lives that the gray old New England farmhouses have sheltered and hidden away from curious eyes as best they might. Stranger dramas than have

ever been written belong to the dull-looking, quiet homes, that have seen generation after generation live and die. On the well-worn boards of these provincial theatres the great plays of life,

the comedies and tragedies, with their lovers and conspirators and clowns; their Juliets and Ophelias, Shylocks and King Lears, are acted over and over and over again.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF TWO FAMOUS SONGS.

EXCURSIONS into Ballad-Land are not now regarded as altogether literary trifling. We have found out that, as proverbs embody a nation's practical experience, songs express audibly its heart and its imagination. When Addison devoted two numbers of the *Spectator* — 70 and 74 — to an old song, he did it with an air of patronage, and was evidently afraid the plaything might tumble his ruffles; but editors are now literary radicals, and a popular song is as likely to catch their ear as an historical essay, or the sections of a new law. Without being inclined to indorse altogether the hackneyed aspiration about law-makers and song-makers, it is undeniable that learned men have made songs which, in their widespread and enduring influence, have moulded national character and national events.

When the Rev. John Skinner wrote *Tullochgorum*, had he any idea that this one song would link his name with that of Burns and Auld Lang Syne, in perennial honor and affection? Yet Robert Chambers says, "Certainly, no song has taken a deeper hold on the affections of the people, or attained a wider celebrity. It is sung at our social gatherings, printed in every 'collection,' and there are few Scotch people who cannot quote some of its sparkling, pithy lines." For instance, when speaking of the tunes of other countries, what Scotchman will not answer, —

"I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them."

Burns called *Tullochgorum* "the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw;" and as a social song it stands to-day with Auld Lang Syne. But unlike Auld Lang Syne, the words will not, except in rare cases, recall the name of the man who wrote them. The memory of Burns is inseparable from his works, but very few have heard of the Rev. John Skinner. He was born in 1721, at Balfour, Aberdeenshire, where his father was school-master, and he very early gave indications of great ability. At twelve years of age he was a fine Latin scholar, and at thirteen competed successfully for one of the most valuable bursaries in Marischal College. When scarcely out of his minority he was happily married, and in charge of a small Episcopalian congregation at Longside, in his native county. This was his only church: in it he ministered for sixty-five years, and before old age compelled him to sever the tie he had the unusual experience of serving under a bishop who was in an ecclesiastical sense his father, but in a natural sense his son.

Soon after receiving his preferment there came that "news from Moidart" which roused the clans in every glen and misty island: —

"Ships o' war hae just come in
And landed Royal Charlie."

John Skinner's whole heart was with the Stuart rising, and after the fatal field of Culloden he suffered severely. The Episcopalians, being almost universally Jacobites, were subjected to very

cruel oppressions, and the clergy were special objects of resentment. Their houses were plundered, their churches destroyed, and their lives in constant danger. In 1746 a law was passed making it illegal for them to officiate to more than four persons, beside the members of their own household; and two years later they were forbidden even "to exercise the function of a chaplain in any family." The penalty for infringing these enactments was imprisonment for the first offense, and exile from Britain for the second. Mr. Skinner evaded the law in its letter for several years; his little congregation gathered around his cottage, and he read the services of the church to them through an open window. But he was finally apprehended in the discharge of this duty and suffered a six months' imprisonment.

Yet, though he loved the creed of his adoption, he had not an atom of bigotry in his nature. One day, while passing a Dissenting chapel, a psalm was being sung, and he reverently lifted his hat and walked on uncovered. The friend who was with him said in amazement, "John Skinner! Don't you know those people are anti-burghers?" "Ah!" he replied; "but they are singing to the glory of God, and I respect and love any of my fellow creatures who are so engaged."

At that time the rural population were not only bigoted, they were also very ignorant. On one occasion, when a farmer was spending an evening with Mr. Skinner, the conversation turned upon the motion of the earth.

"It's the sun gaes roun' the earth, and the earth ne'er gaes oot o' the pairt," said the farmer; "forbye, doesna the Scriptures say the Lord commanded the sun to stan' still?"

"Just so," replied the minister: "it is very true that the sun was commanded to stand still; and there he stands *still*, for he never was commanded to take the

road again," — a mode of reasoning far more satisfactory to the man than the most accurate scientific demonstration would have been.

Though Mr. Skinner's salary was never more than forty pounds a year, and his manse but a thatched cottage, he was a man of eminence, both as a scholar and a theologian. He assisted Dr. Gleig, who had then the management of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in the preparation of many articles for that work; and he wrote an elaborate *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, besides many polemical papers and tracts; but it is the song of *Tullochgorum* that keeps the very memory of these things alive.

Tullochgorum had a kindly, pleasant origin. There was a meeting of clergymen at Ellon, a small village in Aberdeenshire; and several of them were entertained by a lady named Montgomery. After dinner an eager political dispute arose. There were men there who still drank "the health of the King over the water;" and the Whig clergy, who clung to the House of Hanover, did not have much brotherly affection for them. The argument waxed hotter and hotter, and Mrs. Montgomery, to put an end to it, asked Mr. Skinner for a song; expressing her surprise that he had never written words for the fine old reel of *Tullochgorum*.

"It's aften ye hae written a sang to pleasure ye're ain lasses, Mr. Skinner; noo, then, ye'll just gie me ane to the reel o' *Tullochgorum*." The request was almost immediately gratified, and the first verse of the song aptly recalls the circumstances of the composition. It was published in the *Scot's Magazine* in 1776, some time after its production. Burns was then a lad of seventeen years old, and likely enough saw it immediately afterwards; for it took the popular heart by storm, and was speedily scattered over the whole land in those penny broadsheets which constituted the popular literature of the day.

TULLOCHGORUM.

COME gie 's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
 And lay your disputes all aside,
 What signifies 't for folks to chide
 For what was done before them :
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Whig and Tory all agree
 To drop their Whig-mig-morum ;
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O' Tullochgorum 's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sump that keeps a spite,
 In conscience I abhor him :
 For blythe and cheerie we 'll be a',
 Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
 Blythe and cheerie we 'll be a',
 And mak' a happy quorum ;
 For blythe and cheerie we 'll be a'
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance till we be like to fa'
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
 For half a hunder score o' them ;
 They 're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
 Dowf and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum ;
 They 're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
 They canna' please a Scottish taste
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly worms their minds oppress
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
 And sullen sots themsells distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum :
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Sour and sulky shall we sit
 Like old philosophorum !
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 Nor ever try to shake a fit,
 To th' Reel o' Tullochgorum ?

May choicest blessings aye attend
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that 's good watch o'er him ;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' them ;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
 And may he never want a groat
 That 's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the sullen, frumpish fool,
 That loves to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him ;
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, wae's me for him ;
 May dool and sorrow be his chance
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
 Wha e'er he be that winna dance
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

When Burns paid his visit to the North in 1787, he met Bishop Skinner, the bard's son, in Aberdeen. During the conversation Burns asked the bishop, "Didna your father write also The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn?" "Yes," was the reply. "Oh! an' I had the loun that did it," Burns continued, in a rapture of praise, "only to tell him how I love his truly Scottish muse!" When he subsequently remarked that he had been at Gordon Castle and Peterhead, the bishop said, "Then you were within four Scot's miles of Tullochgorum's dwelling." Burns was very much disappointed at not having known this, and Mr. Skinner was equally sorry to have missed seeing the famous plowman poet. But he at once wrote to Burns, and proposed a correspondence; the epistle being in verse, which recalls Burns's own style:—

"Wae's my auld heart, I wasna wi' you,
 Tho' worth your while, I couldna gie you,
 But sin' I hadna hap to see you
 Whan ye was North
 I'm bauld to send my service to you
 Hyne o'er the Forth."

The closing verses of this letter are dignified by a fine touch of devotion, well becoming the message of an old poet to a young one:—

"An hour or sae, by hook or crook,
 And maybe twa, some orra ook
 That I can spare from holy book,
 For that 's my hobby,
 I'll slip awa' to some bye neuk
 And crack wi' Robbie.

"Sae canty ploughman, fare ye weel,
 Lord bless you lang wi' hae and heil,
 And keep you aye the honest chiel
 That ye hae been ;
 Syne lift you to a better biel
 When this is dane."

A strong attachment and an interesting correspondence followed, and in a letter dated October 25, 1787, Skinner says, "While I was young I dabbled a good deal in these things, but on getting the black gown I gave it pretty much over, till my daughters grew up, who, being all tolerably good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favorite tunes, and so extorted those effusions which have made a public appearance beyond my expectations; at the same time that I hope there is nothing to be found in them unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected."

Skinner looked forward to a long and honored career for his peasant-poet friend, and had written to him thus:—

"But thanks to praise, ye're i' your prime,
And may chant on, this lang, lang time,
For, let me tell you, 't war a crime
To haud your tongue;
Wi' sic a knack's ye hae at rhyme,
And ye sae young."

Yet Burns had been lying eleven years in Dumfries churchyard when Skinner died. They were "a noble twain" in their warm and disinterested affection, and Burns bears this honorable testimony to his friend: "He is one of the worthiest of mankind." It is this fact which illumines the whole life of the simple parish priest. The district in which he lived was one of the most desolate in Scotland: a great moor, unbroken by tree, or shrub, or house. But there was always light and warmth and welcome in the minister's cottage. "What a consolation have I!" the good man used to say: "my taper never burns in vain; for should it fail to cheer myself and family, it seldom fails to cheer and guide some solitary traveler;" and indeed he could not go to rest with comfort while there was the chance of any human creature crossing the lonely moor.

Undoubtedly, John Skinner was a happy man, in spite of his poverty, for it is of himself he writes in the Stipend-

less Parson and the Old Man's Song; the latter, in spite of its odd metre, a worthy companion to "John Anderson, my jo, John." The following three stanzas are from it:—

"We began in the world wi' naething, O,
And we 've jogg'd on, and toil'd for the ae
thing, O;
We made use of what we had,
And our thankful hearts were glad,
When we got the bit meat and the claithing, O.

"What tho' we cannot boast of our guineas, O,
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O;
And these, I am certain, are
More desirable by far
Than a bag full of poor yellow steinies, O.

"And when we leave this poor habitation, O,
We'll depart with a good commendation, O;
We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
To a better house than this,
To make room for the next generation, O."

His wife, however, went first. They had lived together in a rare felicity for fifty-eight years, and Skinner was nearly eighty when she left him. But he bore the loss with characteristic serenity and hopefulness, and when Ferguson of Pitfour wrote to ask "what he could do to make him comfortable" answered, —

"Now in my eightieth year, my thread near spun,
My race through poverty and labor run,
Wishing to be by all my flock beloved,
And for long service by my Judge approved,
Death at my door, and heaven in my eye,
From rich or great, what comfort now need I?"

Seven years after this event, his son, Bishop of Aberdeen, pressed him to come and spend his last days with him; and he accepted this invitation with a frank pleasure, writing thus: "I cordially embrace your proposal, and am making preparations to be with you, God willing, next week. . . . I wish much to see once more my children's grandchildren, and peace upon Israel."

Then he resigned the flock he had lovingly tended for nearly sixty-five years, and removed to Aberdeen. On the twelfth day afterwards, being then eighty-six years old, he fell asleep, without a struggle or a sigh, in the arms of his beloved son.

Just about the time that Skinner

wrote the song of Tullochgorum, the University of Aberdeen took a most unusual step. It sought out a priest of the Church of Rome, and voluntarily conferred on him the degree of LL. D. This man, selected from the papal ranks by a Presbyterian body as worthy of honor, was Alexander Geddes; and he was the first Roman Catholic on whom it had been bestowed by this seat of learning since the Reformation. The honor — for such it was undoubtedly regarded — was not given in recognition of any special or splendid literary or theological attainments, but simply for a catholicity so broad and grand and genial that even the stern, narrow, covenanting spirit of that day acknowledged and admired it. Loyal to the Church of Rome and her traditions, he had the kindest feeling towards all men, no matter by what religious name they were known; and he not only held pleasant social intercourse with Protestant ministers, but not seldom had been present at their worship. This conduct did not commend itself to his superiors. He was ordered to renounce all heretics, or resign his charge. He gave up his charge, though he remained in full allegiance to his order. It was to mark its sympathy with the priest in this crisis of his life that the University of Aberdeen gave him a degree. But in other respects the man was well worthy of it. He was a fine Hebrew, Greek, and Latin scholar, and had also an intimate and practical knowledge of French, German, Spanish, and Low Dutch; while in biblical history his attainments were wide and far-reaching. There was probably another reason why the Senatus of Aberdeen espoused his cause: he was a Scotsman, and a Scot of that part of the country from which the great northern university draws most of its students.

Dr. Geddes was born in Banffshire, and he inherited his singularly broad religious sympathies; for although his father and mother were Catholics, they

sent him to a school where the Shorter Catechism was a text-book, Reasons, and Reasons Annexed included; and also permitted him to read the Protestant version of the Scriptures. He studied subsequently at the Roman Catholic school of Sculan, which was situated in such a deep and dismal glen that the sun was not visible there for many months in the year. "Pray be so kind," Geddes wrote to a friend, "as to make particular inquiries after the health of the sun; fail not to present my compliments, and tell him I still hope some day to renew my personal acquaintance with him."

In his twenty-seventh year he became chaplain to the Earl of Traquair. He was handsome, polished, and clever, and a young relative of the earl's fell deeply in love with the fascinating priest. Her love was ardently returned, but his vows and his honor alike forbade the affection, and after a bitter struggle with himself he bade farewell to love and Traquair, and, hiding himself among the libraries of Paris, strove to forget, amid abstruse learning, one fair, haunting face.

After many years he returned to Scotland, and built up a noble church, but his utter want of sectarian policy again brought on him the censure of his bishop; and as he persistently refused to believe that all stones would be rejected save those fashioned by Rome, he was again suspended. Then the Earl of Traquair, remembering the noble conduct of the young priest years before, became his warm friend, and procured him the office of priest to the Austrian embassy. The duties of this position were so light that he began at once a task which he had long contemplated, — a translation of the Bible for English Catholics. When the first volume appeared, Protestants and Catholics alike condemned it; not for any inaccuracy, but for the author's own critical remarks, he having raised the same doubts and questions that in more re-

cent times are associated with Bishop Colenso's name. In the second volume he was no more prudent, and the work was a financial failure; but so thoroughly was the man loved and respected that the clergy of the time — Protestant and Catholic alike — contributed a sum of money sufficient to free him from pecuniary annoyance and obligation.

He died in 1802, and biographical notices of that date speak highly of his polemical and theological works, and say that, in addition, he wrote "some indifferent songs." Posterity has reversed this judgment. His learned writings are forgotten, his translation of the Bible is a curiosity, and the "indifferent" poems are the link between Dr. Geddes and all future lovers of Scotch song. Indeed, if he had written nothing but that most touching of all Jacobite songs, "Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame," he would never be forgotten.

The Pretender was of course "the lad we daurna name," and Lewie Gordon was the third son of the Duke of Gordon. In the rising of 1745, the head of the house remained faithful to the house of Hanover; but young Louis

went with the clans, and after Culloden had to flee the country. All the Gordons sympathized with them, and his sister, the Countess of Aberdeen, a very beautiful woman, stopped the Duke of Cumberland on the highway to reproach him with his brutality. "Who are you?" he asked, bluntly enough. She lifted her head defiantly, and answered not, I am Countess of Aberdeen, but "I am the sister of Lord Louis Gordon."

The exquisite words were set to a fine old air, once sung in the Roman church as a Sanctus, and which may yet be found in Whittaker's Church Music as a hymn harmonized for four voices. But never did words and music fit each other more perfectly; almost any lover of Scotch song and Scotch music would declare that they must have come from one and the same inspiration. Perhaps it was so, because in this case the musician's lyre was the musician's heart, and from the sorrow and disappointment of life came the touching little song, —

"Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name;
Though his back be at the wa',
Here 's to him that's far awa'."

Amelia Barr.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON.

A BALE-FIRE kindled in the night,
By night a blaze, by day a cloud,
With flame and smoke all England woke, —
It climbed so high, it roared so loud.

While over Massachusetts' pines
Uprose a white and steadfast star;
And many a night it hung unwatched, —
It shone so still, it seemed so far.

But Light is Fire, and Fire is Light;
And mariners are glad for these, —
The torch that flares along the coast,
The star that beams above the seas.

Montgomery Schuyler.

BRIDGET'S STORY.

WELL, miss, you see the trouble is, Ellen gets a bit religious now an' then, an' spends more time prayin' than may be the Lord requires of a woman as 'as a big family to see to. She's a nice woman tho', an' 'as a good 'ead to 'er, steadier nor 'er 'usband's. 'E's stylish-like, an' 'e'd be pleased if she'd go with finer sort o' company nor she do. She just laughs at 'im, an' says, "Oh, bah, John, you'll never catch me a-runnin' after my betters. Them as was good enough for us when we was yoong is good enough now we is old."

"'E'd like me," says she, "to be dressed in satin from Monday to Saturday, let alone Sunday; an' 'ow would the washin' an' the bakin' fare then?"

I think mysel' Ellen had the rights of it. She's just a common, nice body, an' what 'ould be the use o' 'er trickin' 'ersel' out like a gran' leddy. It's only people in this country as try to make themself's look yoong, an' finer nor their condition. I think it's ridic'lous for owld women to fix themself's out like yoong wenches. I like to see the quality dress up, but it's not allays the gran'-est as go the gayest. I remember, in England, the first time the Queen coom to Chatsworth after she was married. The Duke 'ad an eye on the Queen when she was yoong, an' she coom there; an' for five or six weeks before, all the gentry was givin' the owld women round about new petticoats an' new shoes, so 's they should look nice for the Queen to see. I 'ad a sister in service at Chatsworth, an' so we went over there from where we lived in Lancashire. I'm Irish born, you know, but we'd lived in Lancashire since I wur a little child, an' folks say as I spake nayther like the Irish nor the English. I'm just 'alf an' 'alf, a kind of a mixed creatur' at best. I know the Lancashire di-log, but I don't

spake it often; my father never liked to hear it in the 'ouse, for he wur an educated man. Well, we took a spring cart an' drove to Chatsworth, the night before the Queen coom, an' we lodged in a public 'ouse, the whole on us in one room, all but my father, as 'ad a friend in the town, an owld man, who took 'im 'ome to 'is 'ouse.

The next day we went to the park, an' they ranged us along to see the sight, with the smaller children in front. An' when the Queen coom, why, she 'ad on just a black silk gown, with never a flounce nor a tuck on it, — not so much as a tuck. She wore mud boots, too, laced up at the side, an' 'er 'air brought down on 'er forehead, an' then brushed back plain, an' twisted behind 'er 'ead; not a fashionable knob, nayther, — nothing but a little twist. She coom along, an' behind was the nurse with the Queen's child, carryin' it out so in 'er arms; an' the Queen spoke to the woman, an' she coom close to where we was stan'in', so 's I put out my 'and an' touched the child's dress, as was long, an' soft, an' white. She 'eld it down so 's we could all see it, an' then another maid took it an' carried it off to show to the people in another part o' the park.

Then two men took the gran' cushions out o' the Queen's carriage, an' lifted all the little lads an' wenches into the carriage. Eh, but they throwed themself's back an' sat down, afore they were lifted out the other side. They went streamin' in an' out, an' I was among 'em. I have sat in the Queen's carriage!

Aw well, — it's a long road from the Queen at Chatsworth to Ellen McKiernan an' 'er man up 'ere, but now my lines are cast among such as the McKiernans.

Mr. McKiernan is a bit yoonger nor she, an' 'e's like a man yoonger nor

'e is, an' that, I think, 'elps to make a little trouble between 'em, off an' on. Then Tom, the eldest boy, is 'is father's idol; but when the lad took to bad ways, drinkin', idlin' nights, an' gamblin', Ellen did not like it, an' fussed about it, while the father, as ought to ha' known better, said, —

"Whisht, let the lad alone. Yoong men must 'ave their fling. I was just like 'im at 'is age."

"The more shame to you!" cried Ellen, "for tellin' on it afore the childer, an' spakin' light o' the laws of God 'n' man."

So she turned to Tom, an' says she, "Tom, I worked in the mill day-times, an' I worked in the 'ouse nights, when I was the mother of seven small childer; an' you, as 'as nothin' but a man's part to do in this world, 'ill never know 'ow 'ard a woman's lot can be. I never shirked my work, for I wanted to give you schoolin', an' 'ave you larn a good trade. I kept you at school till you was fourteen, when all yer mates went in the mill at twelve year old, an' yoonger; an' now you're twenty, you've larned the machinist's trade, you can do for yersel', an' I won't put up with your coomin' 'ome late nights, makin' a row, bringin' drink an' bad company in the 'ouse, an' tachin' bad ways to your brothers an' sisters. If you cannot coom peaceable, an' in due season, you must go somewheres else to board."

She spoke up pretty fierce, but she had n't no more thought the lad 'ould go away nor she 'ad that the man in the moon 'ould coom down to live wid her. But the father said as if the boy went 'e 'd go too; an' then she wur mad, an' says she, —

"Ye 'd better be off wid ye, John McKiernan, than stoppin' at 'ome, up-howlidin' the boy in bad ways. A man o' your age! Ye 'd better be on your knees a-sayin' your prayers."

Then the father an' son marched off, 'oldin' up their 'eads like soldiers; an'

they both stopped out late that night, an' coom 'ome a-roarin' an' singin'. John McKiernan is quite a pote; 'e makes little rhymes, an' puts the words in their places so 's the verses coom out right; an' when 'e coom into the kitchen, a-racketin' an' a-knockin' over the chairs in the dark, 'e was singin' away verses about Ellen 'ersel', as 'e 'd made up. She 'eared 'im, but she spake never a word, only bolted 'er bedroom door fast; while 'e begins to sing, When I was a Bachelor, an owld Irish song, as I 'ave 'eared my father sing when I was a bit of a girl. There's not manny folk as know it now. I can say it in Irish an' English both. 'E shouted out in the dead o' night, the most aggeravatinn' of all the verses: —

"I fancied the mopsey,
Her fortune 'as deceived me,
It makes me cry an' often sigh,
The shirt I cannot wear it.

"When I rise in the morning,
I go to my labor,
I never do coom 'ome,
Till duskes cooms on fairly.

"I find me cabin dirty,
An' me bed, it's in bad order,
Me wife is cabin hearing,
An' me baby always bawlin'."

That was n't a pleasin' song for Ellen to 'ear, an' it wur n't true, nayther; for she 's not a mopsey, but a clean, decent body, as keeps a nice 'ouse, an' does n't run round to the neighbors no more'n is reasonable for a live woman, as does n't expect to wrap 'ersel' up in a sheet, an' keep as distant from folks as a ghost.

When 'e 'ad finished the verses, an' was just beginnin' again When I was a Bachelor, McKiernan tries the bedroom door, an' finds it locked on 'im. So then 'e swears, an' Ellen spakes for the first time, an' calls through the key-hole, —

"I've got the childer in 'ere, an' I've spent the night a-prayin' for you. You an' Tom may go up to the attic;

an' my counsel is for you to get on yer knees yersel'."

Then there was more row, an' at the last Mr. McKiernan an' 'is son both posted off; an' the Lord knows where they passed the night.

In the mornin' the father coom an' fetched 'is clothes an' the lad's, an' they both took board together nigh to the mill, where Mr. McKiernan is a spinner.

Ellen took it pretty lofty at first.

"It's well they 're away," said she. "The owld man was daft about the lad, an' I'll not deny 'e 's a 'andsome, well-lookin' boy; but if there 'd 'a' been a robbery or a murder in the street, an' Tom 'ad been arrested on us, we could not have accounted for 'im, for 'alf the time we did not know where 'e was. As for the man, we 've lived together two an' twenty year, an' now, if 'e 's minded to go away, I'll niver go after 'im, nor ask 'im to coom back, — no, not so much as walk by Mrs. Flinn's 'ouse, where 'e boards. I counseled 'im in good ways, an' the ways o' the church, an' I'll not make any lamentation because 'e 's gone. It's every day such things 'appen, a man leaves 'is woman. Lettin' alone is the best treatment for 'em."

For all 'er talk, I often seed 'er eyes was red, an' she went to church steadier 'n ever, an' she 'ad the childer an' 'ersel' a prayin' a good bit o' the time.

There was another in trouble, too, an' that was little Rosie Roberts, a pretty girl, with yellow 'air as looks like a dandelion. She'd set 'er 'eart on Tom McKiernan, but 'er folks was always agin it. They was pretty 'igh-toned people. The mother kep' a store, an' the father was on the train. They looked 'igh for Rosie, an' the mother watched 'er like a cat. They was Protestants too, an' the difference of religion made troubles both sides. For my part, I think as we all worships the same God, — still, I confess as what he 'as

ordained he 'as ordained, an' it 'll stan' forever; an' them as does n't go to mass misses a blessing, sure, as they might 'ave; for the mass is a holy thing as 'ull do anybody good, an' not Catholics alone.

I'm not goin' to say as it 's well for Protestants an' Catholics to wed, but I always liked Rosie, an' when I see 'ow 'er 'eart was set on Tom, I was such a great fool as I thought the religion 'ould not make so much 'arm, for she wur not one to argue, an' I wished Tom 'ould behave himsel' an' marry 'er, an' be a good man to 'er, for I does like to see young folks 'appy.

But oh, when Tom was out o' 'is mother's eye, it seemed as if 'e would go to the devil straight, for Mr. McKiernan could no more manage the lad nor a three-year old child could fly a six-foot kite. The boy went from bad to worse, an' Mr. Roberts forbade 'im the 'ouse entirely, an' Rosie's eyes was redder 'n Ellen's.

I coomed by Mr. Roberts' one night, an' I seed Rosie hangin' over the gate, talkin' with Tom, outside. There was a bright moon, an' I seed the sad look was gone from 'er bonny face, which was all dimples an' smiles. But as I was a-staring at 'er, out coom Mr. Roberts, like a turkey gobbler rushin' at a red rag, an' dragged Rosie in, swearin' as she should not go to shame right out of 'er father's door. Tom started after, but Rosie cried out for 'im to go away; an' Missis Roberts an' a lot more women coom out, a-talkin' an' yellin', an' they got the girl in, an' shut the door, an' left Tom outside fightin' wid Rosie's brother.

I coom away then, for I spied the policeman a-coomin' up the street; an' that's a sight as 'as a won'erful power to put a stop to an old woman's curiosity.

I went into Missis Roberts's store the next day, an' Rosie was there, with 'er little sister in 'er lap, — a baby as is

fretful, an' always wants summun to be settin' under 'er. Rosie looked very pale, but 'er mother looked black. The super of the Sunday-school was there, a sayin', —

"Missis Roberts, I'm very sorry as Rosie should ha' set gossip goin' about 'er."

Then Missis Roberts rose up to 'er feet an' flung out 'er 'and at the girl, an' says, "There, Rosie! do ye 'ear that? Perhaps you'll mind what your mother says after this, an' not wait till the stones in the streets is a hollain' out my very words, an' cryin' shame on ye."

"Oh," said the super, tryin' then to quiet the mother down, "I've no manner o' doubt Rosie 'll be a good girl after this."

'E spoke to the baby, an' 'e said as 'e 'd like to buy some tape, an' so 'e got away; but Rosie said never a word to 'im, only grew whiter 'n' whiter, an' let 'er 'ands fall down at 'er side, so 's the baby 'ad to 'old 'er own little back up.

While the super was buyin' the tape, I said to Rosie, —

"'Ad you been walkin' with Tom, last night?"

"Yes," said she; "we 'd walked from the grocer's. I only met 'im by chance."

"But you like 'im," said I, "an' 'e 's a wild lad."

"We never 'ad no love talk," said she; an' then, in a minute more, she spake again: "I'll never stay 'ere to be talked about."

Then the mother coom back to us, an' I went out o' the store.

Sure enough, the girl runned away, an' then there was more talk than ever about 'er.

Ellen coom out in the middle of the day to tell me, though she was doin' a bleach, an' 'ad not so much as a shawl about 'er. She'd just run out in 'er figger. She cried, an' said as 'ow Tom

was good enough for any girl in the place: an' one minute she vowed 'e was too good for a girl as 'ould do such a shameful thing as run away from 'ome, an' next she 'd say that Rosie was a sweet innocent thing, an' she 'oped she'd see 'er Tom's wife yet, an' it was only people's goin' back an' forth an' tellin' things as 'ad ever made any trouble. She was just distraught, an' she said whatever coom into 'er silly 'ead; so at last it coom out that when Tom 'ad 'eared as Rosie was gone 'e 'ad quit work, an' was on a spree then.

"An' I've not seen 'im," cried 'is mother; "I only 'ear about 'im on the street, — my own eldest born!"

I met Tom a day or two after on the street, an' I went up to 'im, an' laid a 'and on 'is arm. I looked 'im steady in the eye, an' 'e reddened a bit, an' 'is mouth trembled like a baby's.

"Tom," said I, "what's the use of a fine lad like you goin' to the bad, when 'e might just as easy go to the good, an' make 'is friends all 'appy?"

"It's not many friends I 'as," said the young fellow. "You know, Bridget, I'd never 'a' done 'arm to Rosie; but she runs away, when she 'ears 'er name mentioned with mine, as if I was the plague."

"Oh," said I, "you think you'd never 'a' done 'er 'arm; but it's little lads know what they'll coom to do as keeps bad company, an' takes no counsel but their own wild wishes. She runned to save 'ersel', — a wise little body! Go after 'er, Tom, bring 'er 'ome to be your mother's daughter, an' make up your mind once for all to be a decent, steady man."

I don't know what got into me to speak them words, but when 'e 'eared me, first 'e grew white, an' then 'e grew red.

"You're a wise woman, too," said he, an' 'e walked away, an' the next day they telled me 'e 'ad gone from the town.

The Robertses soon 'eared from Rosie, 'ow she 'ad got a good place with a rich family in Fall River; so they thought it best to leave 'er there. But where Tom was we did not know.

Well, Ellen took it 'ard, an' she seemed to feel the father's bein' away more, now Tom was clean gone; an' yet the man did not coom back. She 'd stan' at 'er door at night, an' strain 'er eyes lookin' towards the mill, where McKiernan worked, but she never see 'im coomin' towards 'er. Eh, but women is queer creatur's, cryin' an' scoldin' an' sputterin', yet lovin' all the while.

She fell sick, bein' so worried, an' one night I stayed wid 'er. I was dozin' in the kitchen, when I 'eared a great crash; I runned into the other room, an' there Ellen lay on the floor, wid 'er eyes wide starin' open, an' 'er limbs stretched out on the boards, an' in one 'and she 'ad a lock o' 'er own 'air, as she 'd pulled out.

"Oh," cried I, "'ow long 'ave you been there?"

"Whisht, whisht!" says she. "Do ye 'ear the music?"

"Music!" says I. "Are ye mad?"

"Oh," says she, "it's gran' music; an' do ye see the fine yoong ladies; as is makin' it? There they is, all stan'in' round against the wall. Look at 'em, dressed in white, an' with bells on their fingers!"

She was so wild, I was scared, an' I humored 'er a bit, an' said as I 'eared 'em an' seed 'em, an' coaxed 'er the while back to bed.

She laid 'er 'ead down on the pillow, an' fetched a great sigh. "Ah," says she, "they're just vanishin', vanishin', an' the music's a-fadin' away."

Then she wrung 'er 'ands an' fell a-cryin', an' I 'ad plenty o' work that night to do, caring for 'er. But she mended fearful 'at after, an' in a day or two she was quite well.

Then she went to the priest, an' telled 'im all 'er trouble: 'ow Mr. McKiernan

'ad been a good 'usband an' very agreeable to 'er for twenty-two years, an' 'ow 'ard she thought it as 'e should leave 'er now; an' she towld 'im all about Tom, too.

Father Kent treated 'er very kind, an' says 'e, —

"I cannot 'elp ye about Tom. Yoong men will 'ave their fling; an' any way, 'e's beyond my reach. Ye can do nought but pray for 'im, as was always a mother's work, from the time of the Blessed Virgin. As for your 'usband, I'll see to 'im."

Ellen coomed 'ome wid a lighter 'eart, an' waited, wid 'er little ones around 'er, for the coomin' o' the man.

Father Kent went twice to the mill to see Mr. McKiernan, an' the second time the man got mad, an' spake up saucy, an' said queer things to the priest.

"I don't doubt, Father Kent," says 'e, "as you're a scholard an' a gentleman, an' I knows you're a priest, but you need n't coom meddlin' with me."

Then Father Kent stamped 'is foot, an' says 'e,

"You've 'eared what I 'ad to say, McKiernan. Go ye 'ome to your wife, an' don't force me to coom again about this business."

An' that night Mr. McKiernan went 'ome. Ellen telled me all about it. She wur stan'in' at the table cuttin' out a dress for a neighbor; for she's very 'andy at such things, an' willin' to do little jobs o' that sort for anybody. It was about nine in the evenin', an' as she stood with 'er back to the door in stalked Mr. McKiernan, lookin' as sour as a boy as 'as been licked. Ellen's 'eart give a jump, but she never said nothin', nor turned round, only caught a side glance of 'im as 'e went past 'er.

'E sat down in a chair, an' 'e kicked off first one shoe, an' then another; an' all the while 'er scissors wur goin' faster than ever. When 'e 'd sat still about five minutes, up 'e got, an' stamped away to 'is room. Then Ellen turned,

an' threw up 'er arms wid a great swoop, an' says she, 'alf aloud, —

"Lord save us, see the ghost!" An' the little childer began to titter at that.

"Shut up," says she, "laughin' at your dad."

But little Peter, he giggled on, an' the father growled from the other room; so Ellen caught up the boy, an' rocked 'im, an' hugged 'im, an' got 'im quiet. She was that glad 'er 'usband 'ad coom 'ome, I think, she did not care 'ow mad an' glum 'e acted.

When Mr. McKiernan came out for 'is breakfast, the next morning, Ellen flew to the table, an' began movin' some dishes.

"I'll clear off Peter's things," said she.

"Oh," said Mr. McKiernan, "ye like to 'ear yersel' talk;" an' 'e shoveled in 'is meat, an' said no more, till she asked 'im, timid-like, should she send 'is dinner to the mill.

"Are n't ye the 'ousekeeper?" says 'e, sharp again. "Ye like to 'ear yersel' talk;" an' off 'e went to 'is work.

That afternoon I was goin' by, an' Ellen called me to coom in.

"I must go 'ome an' feed my cat," said I.

She laughed. "Hoot wi' yer cat," says she. "I hunted 'er off o' my chickens the other day. Coom in; it's summat better worth 'earin' nor a cat's meowin', as I 'ave to tell ye."

So I stopped in, an' she made me laugh till my sides ache, a-mimickin' all Mr. McKiernan's gran' ways an' sour looks. But she stopped in 'er laughin' an' cried a bit, sayin', —

"I'm the wretchedest mother in the town," says she; "an' Father Kent said 'e could not 'elp me about Tom."

So wantin' to cheer 'er, I says, —

"Mr. McKiernan only shows 'is good sense in coomin' 'ome, Ellen. There's not a woman I knows as keeps a cheerfuller kitchen."

"It 'ould not ha' been cheerful long,"

says she, "if 'e 'ad not coom, for I'm near out o' money."

"Well, 'e is coom," says I. "An' now you must keep 'im. What did you send 'im for 'is dinner?"

"Beefsteak," says she, catchin' up little Peter, as 'ad been pullin' at 'er knee, an' suckin' at a lump o' sugar.

"That 's right," says I. "Now you must ha' summat good for 'is supper."

"Yes," says she. "What do ye think on?"

"Scollops," says I.

"What 's them?" says she, takin' 'old of Peter's 'ands, an' swingin' 'im down to the floor, an' then bringin' 'im up again on 'er knees, an' 'e a-laughin' till 'e almost choked.

"A kind o' fish," says I. "I'll be bound Mr. McKiernan 'ull like 'em. Send Katie down to the market for 'em. They 'll be about thirty cents a quart."

So she said she would; an' I seed she felt quite 'appy, so I picked up my shawl an' the pail of milk I was takin' 'ome, an' trudged on to my cellar an' my cat.

The next day was Sunday, an' as I was coomin' 'ome from church, when I got opposite Mr. McKiernan's 'ouse, Ellen, as was stan'in' in the door, not 'avin' took off 'er bonnet, called to me.

"Just stop to dinner, Bridget!" says she.

"Nay, nay," says I. "A family likes to 'ave its Sunday dinner to theirsels."

Her face clouded, but Mr. McKiernan, as was smokin' in the yard, says, —

"Coom in, Bridget; there's always a seat for you at my table."

So seein' 'im so cordial, I went in; an' Ellen, I thought, was glad not to be left much alone wid 'im. I sat there till about three, when 'e marches up to 'is wife an' speaks very pleasant, an' says, "Just make me a cup o' tea, Ellen;" an' up she jumps, with smiles all over 'er face, to do it. Then I thought they was gettin' friendly, an' I coomed away.

But she bade me to coom in the very next night, for she said she 'ad to ask 'im for money, an' she felt she 'd be bolder to do it if I was by. So Monday evening I was there before duskes. They was always a family as provided well, the way I like to see folks do,—'alf a barrel o' flour, an' 'alf a keg o' butter, an' a whole ham at a time; but while Mr. McKiernan was off, Ellen 'ad been put to it to keep things up, an' 'ad run low in every way.

After we 'ad 'ad a good supper, she picked up Jimmy, one o' the little boys; an' while Peter hung on 'er knees, she poked 'er fingers careless-like into the 'oles in Jimmy's shoes, till 'e squealed out as she tickled 'im, an' says he,—

"Mammy, I want some new shoes."

"Eh," says I; "let 's see the shoes ye've got on."

Then the little fellow twisted round in 'is mother's lap, an' stuck out 'is two feet to me.

"They're awful bad," says the boy. An' Mr. McKiernan spoke up from the table, where 'e sat readin' an owld paper:

"Why don't you get 'im some shoes, Ellen?"

'E spoke gently, an' Ellen laughed, an' says she,—

"I never knew shoes to coom walkin' into a 'ouse without feet in 'em, or feet goin' after 'em."

"An' money, too," says I.

"Don't ye 'ave no paper, now?" says Mr. McKiernan, takin' no notice of what we 'd been a-sayin'.

"No," says Ellen. "There wa'n't nobody to read it, an' I stopped it."

"Well," says 'e, risin' up, "I'll go an' give an order for one to be left every night, after this."

"That'll be good," says Ellen, bent on pleasin' 'im, "for I did miss 'earin' you talk about the news."

Then she played some more with Jimmy's shoes; an' says 'e again, like a little parrot,—

"Mammy, I want some shoes."

"Ah," says the mother, "I 'd give you some, quick, if I 'ad the money; but fifty cents won't buy ye shoes, now you've growed so big."

Mr. McKiernan 'ad got on 'is coat by this time, an' says 'e, in a lofty way,—

"Give me your fifty cents, Ellen, an' I'll give you a ten-dollar bill for it."

Ye may be sure, she was n't no great time makin' that change; an' 'e went out o' the 'ouse, an' she clapped on 'er bonnet an' shawl, an' started off 'ersel' for the shoes.

They coomed back together, talkin' an' carryin' parcels like a couple of young sweet'earts, an' I just laughed at 'em. As we all stood round, with the childer 'angin' on our legs, the door burst open, an' in coom Tom an' Rosie.

"Holloa!" cried Tom; an' Ellen fetched a screech, an' rushed at the lad as if she 'd smother 'im; but Rosie stood apart, with a shy look in 'er eyes an' a blush on 'er cheek, till Tom left 'is mother, an' took the girl's 'and, an' said, like a man,—

"I went after 'er, an' one day, as she was washin' dishes, I coom softly into the kitchen; an' when she looked up she saw me, an' she cried out, an' let the cup fall as she was 'oldin', an' it broke, an' out coom the missus to know what was the matter; an' I telled 'em both together as I 'd made up my mind to be a steady fellow, an' I 'd coom to marry Rosie; an' Rosie, she made believe as she did n't care about me, till the missus laughed, an' bade 'er speak the truth; an' then"—

"Now, Tom, you need n't say no more," said Rosie; an' Mr. McKiernan marched up to 'er, an' says, very courteous-like,—

"I'll make ye kindly welcome to be my son's wife."

"Eh, but she's that already!" cried Tom. "We was married a week ago."

Everybody screamed but Ellen, who just throwed 'er arms round the girl's neck an' hugged 'er 'ard.

L. C. Wyman.

LIFE IN OLD SIENA.

IN many of the more ancient Italian cities, and most of all in Rome, we are continually irritated by contrasts. We pass in a moment from all that is noble in what is old to all that is trivial in what is new, making incessant effort to attune ourselves to our surroundings. The worst of it is we are often attacked by a painful suspicion that the occasional involuntary relief we experience, on releasing our attention from the great demands of antiquity upon it, is a sign that we ourselves may partake of the cheapness and gaudiness of modern times: we feel shrunken, disheartened, humiliated; one life seems but a trivial thing beside these forms which have watched the passing of thousands of generations; we are like butterflies beating against a tomb. Whether one gathers the wild flowers in the clefts of the Coliseum, or lies gazing at the Alps from the amphitheatre at Verona, or sees the relics of a greater city unearthed beneath the feet of the living at Bologna, melancholy—passive and tender, indeed, but still melancholy—is and must be the predominant tone of feeling. So it is in Venice, in Pisa, in Ravenna, in a hundred other places; and it has its charm. I know of only one city in Italy where, instead of being placed in antagonism to the past, one seems assimilated with it. The reason of this I find to be the entire harmony of the surroundings, which altogether exclude the idea of newness, while they yet make no painful suggestions of decay. Not only do the buildings preserve the old traditions in great measure, but even the ancient inhabitants of Siena do not seem entirely to have passed away. They appear to have undergone a perpetual metempsychosis, which has preserved much of the old trick of thought and speech and gesture, and they are not in the least

out of harmony with the old palaces they inhabit. If they are obliged to construct new habitations, they do it in the antique fashion so far as possible, and manage these “restorations” with a reverent touch, in which there is no trace of personal vanity. Therefore, at Siena one is content and tranquil as well as awed and interested. Is there a subtle flattery in these old buildings which open their doors to us, as if we were not unworthy of their fame, instead of relegating us to some newly built hotel in the “strangers’ quarter”? Certainly, as we sit on a balcony overlooking the Piazza del Campo on the day of the great races, when all the ancient bravery of battle array comes forth,—the *carroccio*, the men full clad in armor, the mediæval costumes of the pages, the gayly-caparisoned horses, the tapestried windows,—it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we are in and of the nineteenth century.

Nor does the past seem far away or strange to the Sienese of the present day. However tame and monotonous may be the actual life in so small a city, Siena never forgets the dignity and activity which has once been hers. From the thirteenth century onwards, nothing has faded out of her memory. Even in the middle of this century, at the time when Florence became the capital of Italy, and delegations from all parts of the country were hastening thither, it was difficult, says Mr. Trollope, to persuade the Sienese that they would be well received; and when the reason was finally arrived at, it was found to be a fear that the Florentines still bore them a grudge on account of the disastrous defeat of the Florentine army at Monte Aperto, in 1260!

This battle is indeed an epoch in Siena’s history; for the great victory over

the Guelph party allowed the city a period of repose, in which it grew and prospered, and which was its golden age. Familiar as the story is, I never return to Siena without feeling a fresh interest in it. As I pass through the Piazza Tolomei, I seem to see the elders of the city and the populace assembled there on that September morning, when the haughty message is received from the besieging army spread out on the plains below: "Make breaches in your walls, so that we can enter at our will." I hear Bandinelli's wily insinuations that it might be better to comply with the demand; and then the indignant retort of Provenzano Salvani, whose indomitable firmness overcomes hesitation, and makes treachery slink away. A dictator for the time being is chosen, and the great banker Salimbeni promptly offers a loan of 18,000 florins, to quicken the zeal of the German mercenaries by double pay. The new dictator, Bonaguida Lucari, now comes forward and addresses the people: "It seems to me fitting at this juncture that we should devote our persons and our wealth, our city and our district, with all that we have, to the Virgin Mary." He bares his head and his feet, and lays aside his robes, and in his tunic, with a rope around his neck and the keys of the city in his hand, he heads a procession of the citizens, all barefoot like himself, to the cathedral. The venerable archbishop meets him at the threshold, and embraces him with tears. There is weeping and embracing throughout the great building, with the reconciliation and oblivion of long-existing feuds, as Bonaguida advances to the high altar, and, kneeling before the statue of the Virgin, solemnly dedicates the city and its inhabitants to the "most pitiful mother, the counselor and helper of the distressed." But there was work as well as prayer. All night the city was astir; "old men, women, and children aided in preparing armor;" and at day-

break the long procession filed out of Porta Pispini (then San Vienne), with the great battle-car in the midst. Not an able-bodied man was left in Siena that day. Those who could not fight crowded to the Duomo to pray, while from time to time the sentinels on the Marescotti¹ tower gave notice of the varying fortunes of the battle: "Pray for our army, for it seems to waver;" and again, "Now it is the enemy that is in flight;" until towards sunset comes the joyful notice from the trumpeter, "sounding from his tower the signal of victory," that the Florentine standards are prostrate, and their forces in confusion. Through the same gate, the next day, came back the conquering army, preceded by the messenger who had brought the insolent summons riding on an ass, with his face towards the ass's tail, and his hands bound behind him; the proud banner of Florence trailing in the dust. Again to the Duomo, this time with psalms of thanksgiving; and it was ordered that "every citizen over sixteen years old should offer a wax candle at the cathedral on Assumption Day," and that to the inscription "Sena Vetus" on the coins should be added, "Civitas Virginis."

An uncle of Dante, Brunetto Bellincioni, was in the Guelphic army, and it is not impossible, as a recent writer remarks, that from his lips the poet may, when a child, have heard the story of that woful day. Wandering, in later years, by the little stream, whose banks were thickly sown with the bones of his kindred, his wrath burned hot against Siena, and imbibed every mention of her race in his great poem.

Now began a period of prosperity and luxury unequaled in Siena's earlier or later annals. This was the time of the "Brigata Godereccia," or twelve young gentlemen, who undertook "to do things that would make the world wouder;" they succeeded so well that

¹ Now Palazzo Saraceni.

they have been a laughing-stock ever since. They spent all their money in less than two years, by means of feasting, and throwing the dishes of gold and silver out of the windows after every banquet. But there were many nobler uses of this prosperity: money was freely lavished on art and architecture; the building of the Duomo was continued on a greatly enlarged scale, and its bewilderingly rich façade was begun. The population of the city had increased to two hundred thousand at the time when the plague broke out, in 1348, and brought desolation and almost ruin to the city. Some historians say that it carried off nine tenths of the people; others, that only fifteen thousand were left alive. From this blow Siena never entirely recovered. The broken arches of the unfinished *facciata* of the Duomo bear witness still to the calamity. The cathedral no longer needed to be of such vast proportions for the diminished congregation. But the spirit of the Sienese was not broken. Wars and sieges were still before them, and to a period of luxury succeeded one of stern and almost savage temper, in which even the amusements of the people partook of the barbarian quality of the times. The favorite *giuoco delle pugna*, or boxing game, was often prohibited by the authorities, and again permitted by popular desire. On the last Sunday of the Carnival, two great tents were erected in the Piazza del Campo, and whoever was disposed to take part in the game repaired thither. The contestants were under the direction of two captains, and marched to combat to the sound of trumpets and amid a crowd of excited spectators. The effects of the fray are thus described by Sermini, in one of his *novelle*: "There are at least two hundred, who, for a month to come, will not be able to earn their bread, by reason of their hurts. This one has a hand

lamed, another an arm, another his jaw broken, or his shoulder dislocated, or his ribs fractured; here is a fellow quite used up and half dead. This one has lost his cloak, and that one his jacket, and another his cap, and they will have to wait long enough for new ones. 'Where is your brother?' 'He has been assisted home.' 'And are not you going too?' 'No; I must stay here for the present, though I know very well that I can't eat my supper to-night, on account of my smashed jaws.' 'And I can hardly speak, my ribs are so doubled up.' 'Ah, but I have two teeth less for to-day's fight.' 'And your neighbor, who was carried home, — how is he?' 'To-morrow we shall see, but I fear we shall have to bury him. By reason of this fight, six or more fellows will be dead before Easter. But you know how it is: if some die, others are always being born. However, for my part, I think that the lookers-on have the best of it.'"

From novelists such as Sermini, Sozzini, Bargagli, and Illicini, we get most curious pictures of the manners and customs of the olden time in Siena. Many of their works have been lately republished; and modern writers, like Falletti-Fossati, Carpellini, Banchi, and Acquarone, are indefatigable in their efforts to restore the *couleur locale* to Siena's history. By the help of these books, old and new, we can understand pretty well what were the ways of daily life in Siena four hundred years ago.

We will suppose a stranger to have arrived at Siena towards the close of the fourteenth century. Having been detained on the way thither, he has not reached the top of the long ascent till after sunset, and he finds the city gates closed.¹ He must therefore be content with a lodging for himself and his horses and servants at a humble *osteria* outside the walls. His repose will not

¹ Some of the gates of Siena are even now shut at sunset, and it consequently once happened to

the writer to have to make a long *détour* in order to enter the city after a country walk.

be untroubled, for all night long trains of mules will be arriving, laden with grain, stuffs, skins, and all manner of merchandise, and their drivers will be carousing in the courtyard. He will be quite ready to join the miscellaneous procession, when, at daybreak, the great bell from the tower of the Palazzo Pubblico announces that night is past, and that the citizens may issue from their houses. Slowly the heavy gates creak open, and through the narrow entrance pours the crowd of men and beasts, pushing, struggling, held back by the *gabellieri* until the tedious search for contraband articles and the payment of duties on lawful ones have taken place; these *gabellieri* being in their turn under the surveillance of men in the secret service of the municipality. Once inside the city gates, and toiling up the steep, narrow streets, the traveler sees the workmen hastening to their tasks, with hooded heads and enveloped in long cloaks; for the autumn mornings are frosty on the hill-top, and the chill of night still lingers in the streets. The chief movement is towards the Piazza del Campo, in the centre of the city, where, all around the outer edge of the great shell-like cavity, booths are being erected, and the venders of fish, flesh, straw, fruit, stuffs, and every imaginable article of commerce are spreading forth their wares. The centre of the shell is reserved for the sellers of earthen vessels. Vociferous bargaining with early housewives has already begun, and oxen, horses, cocks, mules, pigs, and sheep lend their voices to this *matinée*. The gay dresses of the peasants and the white head-cloths of the city servants add picturesqueness to the scene.

It is now seven o'clock, and the bell from the Mangia tower begins to sound again. This time it summons the city officials to their posts; and they come striding through the crowd with their red tunics and black or crimson hoods. They are hurrying along at a rather un-

dignified pace, in order to reach the palazzo before the bell shall have stopped ringing, lest they should incur a fine for tardiness. Seated in their high-backed chairs behind a broad table, surrounded by their secretaries and messengers, they present a much more imposing appearance. All sorts of taxes must be received by them, and it is also their duty to preserve or dispose of all sequestered property, especially weapons found on persons not allowed to carry them, to register the names of criminals, and to pay bounties to those who have procured any benefit to the city, such as the killing of a wolf or the building of a cistern. Other officers, each escorted by two soldiers in full armor, may be seen departing on their rounds to inspect all the shops and discover any false weights or smuggled goods. Suddenly a trumpet sounds; the babel of voices is hushed, and all eyes are turned towards the *banditore*, or herald, who advances from one of the dark streets on horseback. It would seem a sacrilege to call this gorgeous creature a town-crier; he is clad in red and white, and boasts a silver trumpet and a silken banner. As he is the only medium of public or official news, it well becomes all citizens to pay attention to him, until, with a parting flourish on his instrument, he dismisses his audience and disappears.

Our traveler by this time is glad to quit the noisy piazza, and seek the inn, whither his servants have preceded him. The landlord of the Three Kings has been only informed that a "*pezzo grosso*" (man of consideration) is coming, and the hotel is full of the good-natured bustle in which Italian courtesy shows itself. Here, in the best room, he will get some good old Chianti wine and a dish of tripe, or of fish from the Arbia; and the landlord will promise him a *lasca* from Lake Thrasymene for his dinner, if the Illustrissimo will honor his poor dwelling, or will whisper, care-

fully looking to see that no strangers are listening, that he has a fine shoulder of mutton in the cupboard. But this is a dead secret, for sheep's and pigs' flesh is not allowed to be sold within the city or suburbs; and if the vender were discovered, he would be obliged not only to pay a heavy fine, but to stand a whole day in the piazza, with the meat hung round his neck, a butt for the ridicule of all the street *gamins*.

Going out for a walk after breakfast, the *Illustrissimo* would find the streets full of the higher classes of the people: riders of gay horses careering through the streets (innocent now, as then, of sidewalkers), crying "*Salva! Salva!*" to the pedestrians in their way; damsels on their high saddles, and pious dames on foot, returning from mass at their parish churches. The nobles were not, as in these days, distinguishable by being the worst dressed men in the crowd; on the contrary, they were known from the burghers by their black hats with golden cords and white plumes. They had an advantage over the other sex as to street costumes: they could display all their bravery abroad, while strict sumptuary laws relegated the elegant toilets of women to the house. The men's attire, of richest silk and velvet, sparkled with precious stones, and their horses were not infrequently shod with silver. But women of respectability were forbidden to appear out-of-doors in garments of luxury. No stuffs with woven or embroidered designs of flowers, fruits, animals, or arabesques were allowed. The girdle, from the earliest times one of the most costly portions of the dress, must no longer be "*a veder più che la persona*;" it must not be worth more than four florins, and even then must be *entirely concealed*. For did not those stern and bejeweled law-makers surely know that deft fingers, if allowed to display their handiwork, would make a thing of beauty out of the commonest and least ex-

pensive materials? A dark-colored mantle, ample enough to hide the figure, must also envelop the whole person from head to foot. But even these laws were not so stringent as those of Florence at the same period, which regulated the minutest details of female costume, even to jewelry; while the Siennese dame might display, in holding her mantle about her chin with one hand, and managing her train with the other, as many rings and bracelets as she chose. However, the dark eyes and brilliant complexions of the Siennese beauties doubtless shone all the more brightly in the setting of their dull mantles; and veils were not only not enjoined, but strictly forbidden, as tending to favor secrecy and unlawful designs. A lady of quality never went out on foot without being attended by two men-servants, one preceding and the other following her, while her maid walked, at a respectful distance, by her side; and there might also be a page to relieve her of the fatigue of holding up her long train. Thus attended, and deeply versed as any Turveydrop in the laws of deportment, "*vera incessu patuit dea*." She well knew that her step must not betoken pride, embarrassment, or frivolity; that her glance must evince, or at least affect, simplicity and honesty. As to natural, free exercise on foot in the open air, it was, and is in great measure to this day, a thing unknown to Italian women. The impossibility of young unmarried women going out alone early induces the habit of remaining in the house, which eventually makes it irksome to do more than creep to mass at a neighboring church.

But we will suppose our traveler to have gazed his fill at these unknown damsels and squires, for the bells of the churches are ringing for noon, and all Siena dines at this hour. Let us hope that mine host of the Three Kings has fulfilled his promises, and given the stranger occasion to think well of the

Sieneſe *cuisine*. At all events, he will have plenty of talk to ſeaſon his repaſt, for the landlord will look in to ſee that his diſtinguiſhed gueſt is well ſerved, and to get the lateſt foreign news from him, in return for which he will detail all that is going on in the city. It is a pity that the *Illuſtriſſimo* had not come a couple of months earlier, to ſee the race for the *palio*. "It was quite wonderful this year," ſays the hoſt; "and our diſtrict, of the Bull, won the prize." And then follows a long deſcription of the ſplendors of that great occaſion, which I will not inflict upon my readers, who may have ſeen, or may ſee, that moſt beautiful and fascinating of all public feſtivals ſtill kept upon Aſſumption Day, in the ſame manner as it was four hundred years ago. Beſides, my wiſh is ſimply to deſcribe an ordinary day's routine.

After his *ſieſta*, the *Illuſtriſſimo* will think it time to pay viſits to ſuch acquaintances as he may have in the city. He will find the crowd in the ſtreets even greater than in the morning. It is the hour of amuſement and relaxation. Here a group has gathered around an *improviſatore*; or a *cantaſtorie* is droning out his long ballads in a monotonous recitative. Politicians are "diſcreetly" diſcuſſing public affairs about the ſhop doors; young girls are being ſafely conveyed by lynx-eyed mammas, and young men are intently ſtudyng the pretty faces as they paſs, and perhaps getting a chance to whiſper "Bella!" into ſome ear. It is not mere idle curioſity on their part, for all men between the ages of twenty-eight and fifty muſt marry, or be ineligible for any public office. The text of this curious law, which was promulgated in 1405, runs thus: "The city of Siena being deficient in population, and the wiſh of the citizens being that ſaid city ſhould proſper, it is provided and ordered that every citizen between the ages of twenty-eight and fifty years ſhall be bound and obliged to

take a wife within a year from the day when the preſent provision goes into effect. And whoever is of contrary mind and neglects to obey cannot and ſhall not hold any public office until he takes a wife; the penalty for any ſuch perſon who accepts office being one hundred pounds in Sieneſe money, and removal from ſaid office; and it ſhall be lawful to bring accusations, and the fourth part of ſaid penalty ſhall go to the accuſer, another fourth part to the official who tries the caſe, and the half to the Commune of Siena. And the preſent provision does not include thoſe who can give a legitimate reaſon for being excuſed on account of infirmity."

Following the ſtranger to the houſe of his friend, we find him received with the uſual ceremonious and complimentary Southern welcome. In thoſe old days, when viſitors were rare and fortunes larger than at preſent, it could not be permitted that even an unexpected gueſt ſhould remain at an inn. He is at once invited to paſs the remainder of his ſtay in Siena under his friend's hoſpitable roof, with many reproaches for not having ſooner made known his preſence. Of courſe he endeavors to excuſe himſelf. *Ma, che!* ſervants are quickly diſpatched to the Three Kings for the ſtranger's *impedimenta*; and they are bidden to make haſte, for the ſun is ſetting, and the firſt curfew has already begun to ring. The city gates are closed, the ſhops are ſhutting, and the night watchmen are putting on their armor and gathering at headquarters. An hour later the ſecond curfew ſounds, and whoever has to go through the ſtreets at this late hour muſt carry with him a wax candle, of a ſize regulated by law. Haſty good-nights are exchanged between the few paſſers-by, all quickening their ſteps to reach their homes before the third and laſt curfew ſhall ſtrike; for then all the people *muſt* be within their houſes, or pay the penalty of citation for their diſ-

obedience. Thus two hours after sunset, by half past seven on this October evening, the streets are silent save for the watchman's tread, and dark except for the twinkling ray from some lamp before a shrine. Even now, with the blaze of gaslight, the open shops, and the busy crowd, there are steep, narrow lanes and flights of steps, where shadows lurk in the recesses and doorways; and the Via del Coltellaccio — the Street of the Ugly Knife — has an ominous sound.

But the citizens of Siena were not, as it would at first appear, deprived of all social pleasures after nightfall. Those bridges thrown from the upper story of one house to that of another, over streets and passages, of which one still sees many in all Italian cities, were not intended solely for the support of the high buildings against winds and earthquakes, or for escape in case of assault. They served also a pleasanter purpose as a means of communication during the hours when it was forbidden to go into the streets; and a whole neighborhood could thus assemble, and protract their festivities to as late an hour as they pleased. The Illustrissimo Signore, says his friend, has arrived at an opportune moment. To-night there is to be a *conversazione* in the house of the Piccolomini, and all the *élite* of Siena will be there. Those who live at too great a distance to avail themselves of the bridges will come early, and pass the night in the Piccolomini Palace, or in the houses of friends. He will be delighted to show his friend the beauty and fashion of Siena, of which he can have seen but little out-of-doors. And truly, the stranger owns himself dazzled, as, after threading narrow passages and steep staircases and dizzy bridges, he emerges into a brilliantly lighted gallery, full of liveried servants, and is conducted to the vast *salon*, already peopled with gorgeously appareled guests. For this is the hour of the Sienese woman's triumph and revenge. While in the morn-

ing her lord's dress outshone her own, now she eclipses his. The Sienese ladies, says an old chronicler, "diligently sought out the finest and very best materials;" they loved embroidery and pearls and gold and precious stones so well, and wore them in such profusion, that the richest toilet that ever made a husband of to-day repine would seem tame and ordinary in comparison. The toilet of a *gran signora*, in any part of Italy, was fuller of mysteries than that of the Empress Josephine. There were all sorts of washes, and unguents, and powders, and tresses of golden thread to be inwoven with the hair. Alessandro Piccolomini, in his curious little satire, "*Della bella creanza delle donne*," tells us that there was not a woman in Siena who did not make use of these aids to beauty. He puts into the mouth of his Raffaella this receipt for a *cosa rarissima* for the complexion, which is not much worse than some veritable Venetian or Florentine ones which have come down to us: "I take a pair of pigeons and bone them; then I put some Venetian turpentine, lily blossoms, fresh eggs, apples, sea-crabs, pounded pearls, and camphor inside the pigeons, and leave them to simmer in a glass bottle by a slow fire. Then I take musk and amber and more pearls and silver; and having pulverized them, I put them in a cloth, and tie it over the mouth of the bottle, so that the liquid will run out through it, after which it must stand a few days." But of these things the Illustrissimo is supposed to be profoundly unconscious. The result which is before him enchains his eyes. He sees brilliant complexions, in which red and white are skillfully, if not naturally, mingled, melting dark eyes and heavy eyebrows, abundant hair carelessly gathered into a gold or silver net, and a diadem on the brow. The dress fits closely to the bust, with *bouffant* sleeves, and the girdle is now exposed in all its splendor. The buttons of the dress are of wrought gold,

and necklace, bracelets, and rings sparkle with diamonds and rubies, while the foot, in its high-heeled, painted slipper, peeps out from the short front of the trained skirt. Complicated forms and extravagant ornamentation had already taken the place of the simple and noble styles of the thirteenth century. Any book of ancient costumes will show this gradual depravation of taste in dress,

which — shall we dare to say it? — has not yet had its *risorgimento*.

Where can we better leave our traveler than in the company of these noble cavaliers and dames, gazing at the frescoes of Signorelli and Gozzoli, listening to sweet voices accompanied by spinet or guitar, or dancing in stately fashion till long after midnight has tolled from the Mangia tower?

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

MR. WASHINGTON ADAMS IN ENGLAND.

I.

ONE bright September day I was on my way from London to — in — shire, where I expected to ramble for half a week among the farmsteads and cottages, unknowing and unknown, and then to visit a gentleman of the county, whom I had not seen since he parted from me at my own door, leaving pleasant memories behind him. I was alone in the railway carriage, and was as nearly in a state of perfect happiness as a man could be who was away from home and from those who make it home, and the desire of whose life was not only unattained but unattempted. The air was soft; the gray-blue sky was lightly clouded; the morning beamed with a mellow brightness that was like the smile of a happy woman. Sitting in the middle back seat, leaning at mine ease in mine inn, swift-moving, silent, secluded, luxurious, I looked alternately through one window and another upon that beautiful human scenery of England which was such a never-ending, ever-varying source of delight to me that its only shadow was the regret which it now and then awakened that a certain steeple-crowned gentleman had not stayed at home and minded his business, instead of seeking that “freedom to

worship God,” which, having obtained, he immediately proceeded to deny to others.

My reveries did not attain the dignity of thought; and I was as nearly in the state of sweet-doing-nothing as is possible to a man of English blood and American birth in the nineteenth century. The speed of the train was diminished by almost insensible gradation, until we stopped at one of the minor way-stations, where I saw half a dozen persons waiting: a clergyman, manifestly, not only from the cut and color of his coat, and his hat, and his white tie in the morning, but most of all from his very clerical but cheerful countenance; a hard-featured commercial traveler or two; a lean, pale, spinster-looking gentlewoman, with a maid of dangerous freshness of lip and roundness of waist, carrying her bag; and a farmer, not big and burly, but rather under-sized, with a gnarled and almost knotted visage. All these were evidently going short distances, and they disappeared into other carriages; when, just as the train was about moving, my open door was darkened by a porter who had in his hand a small portmanteau, on which I at once saw, among others and relics of others, two labels that interested me, — Boston and Roma. “Step quick, sir,

please," said the porter; and the passenger was in his seat, with his portmanteau at his feet, before I recognized him. "Why, Humphreys, is it you? How came you here?" "In a fly," he answered, with a smile, partly at his old joke, partly of pleasant recognition. After a grasp of the hand, which was somewhat closer than it would have been if we had met in Broadway or in Beacon Street, we fell into the quick inquiring and replying chat of compatriots who meet unexpectedly in a strange country.

Mansfield Humphreys, whose first name was William, but who was always called by his second, that of his mother's family, was a New England man, who spent a great part of his time in New York. His people were of well-settled respectability in the interior of Massachusetts: his father, a judge, an Episcopalian when Episcopals were rare in the Old Commonwealth, an unflinching Federalist in the waning days of federalism; his mother, the daughter of a Congregational minister. They were one of those numerous New England families who, having lived sparingly in the past on fewer hundreds a year than many of them now have thousands, had yet been known through generations for their culture, their fine breeding, and their character. Whether all the men were brave we know not; and if all the women were not virtuous, that too was never known; but they were of that order of New England folk among whom the doing of a shabby thing was almost social death, and for generations they had held their heads high with modest dignity; so that in the times when representatives were chosen because they were thought to be worthy of consideration, and the fittest men to speak and act for their fellow-citizens, the Humphreys sat again and again in the General Court of Massachusetts. He was a Harvard man, and a lawyer by profession; but he had appeared little

in the courts, and was chiefly employed as counsel for railway companies, in one or two of which he was a shareholder. In the civil war, after standing uncertain for a while (for he was no abolitionist), he became a very pronounced Unionist; not because he went with the multitude, but chiefly, I suspect, because of his resentment of the political domineering and social arrogance of the South. He did not go into the army; for although he was very young at the time, he thought he could do more service out of the field than in it. "I've no military instincts," he said; "if I were to put on a uniform, I should only feel as if I was going to a *bal costumé* in a character that did n't suit me. I hardly know one end of a gun from the other; I never in my life fired even a revolver; and in battle I should count only as one man, either to shoot or to be shot at; but of such perhaps if I stayed at home I might count for quite half a dozen." Wherefore he stayed; and he did count for many half dozens by his energy and skill in affairs, and his indomitable spirit in the darkest days of the Union. He was very versatile; and one unexpected manifestation of a special talent brought us into close communion. In a series of amateur dramatic performances, got up for the purpose of combining social entertainment with the raising of funds for the equipment of a regiment, I had acted as a sort of stage manager, and he had been general business manager and treasurer; on the defection of one of the principal amateur artists, and the despair of the company at finding a *remplaçant*, he, to the surprise of all, declared that he would take the vacant *rôle* himself. To the still greater surprise of all, this sober lawyer and then nascent railway manager displayed a marked histrionic ability. Although he was a fine-looking fellow, he had a face and a figure that were not impressively individual, and when he appeared upon the stage he was dressed

and made up with such skill that, if his name had not been known, his nearest friends would not have recognized him. He played with an entire unconsciousness of self, and with such a dry, pungent humor that his speeches told like rifle-bullets on his audience. His success did not turn his head. After the war was over he could not be induced to repeat his theatrical performances. He subsided again into his business, and grew quietly rich; and in the mature man who looked after stocks and legislatures no one, except a few who remembered the young fellow of fifteen years before, would have supposed there was an amateur actor of the first quality.

This was the man who dropped by my side, out of the clouds into a railway carriage. As we chatted the train stopped again, and there entered our compartment a tall, fine-looking man, with dark eyes and hair, aquiline features, and military-looking moustache and whiskers in which a little gray was gleaming. He looked strong and alert, notwithstanding a pale face and a rather slender figure. Taking off his hat, after bidding us good-morning, he put it in the rack above his head, and substituted for it a little black silk smoking-cap. Then he took up a railway novel and began to read. Soon, turning to Humphreys, who was on the opposite seat, he said, "I beg your pahdon, but would you kindly tell me if this is a fast train? I forgot to inquire."

"With pleasure," said Humphreys; "but I don't know, myself. I'm quite a stranger here, — an American."

If instead of this answer in Humphreys' sweet, rich voice he had received a snub, he could not have shown more astonishment in the change of the expression of his face. His eye rested a moment on Humphreys, and with "Ah, thanks," he slowly went back to his book. After reading a while, with an uneasy hitch or two of his elbows, he suddenly

turned to Humphreys again, saying, "I beg your pahdon, but you said you were an American. You were n't jokin'?"

"Not at all;" and after a glance at me, with an affirmative glance in reply, "My friend here and I are both Americans, — Yankees. I've been here before, but I believe this is his first visit to England."

"Indeed! That's very surprisin'. Will you pahdon a stranger for saying so, but (I've never been in America) you're not at all the sort of person that we take Americans to be, and generally find 'em, if you'll excuse me for sayin' so. Indeed, I know I'm takin' a liberty; but I was so much surprised that — that — I'm sure — I hope you'll pahdon me."

It is impossible to exaggerate the manly courtesy and deference of his manner as he spoke, looking frankly and modestly from his hazel eyes, and the little hesitation in his speech rather lent it grace and charm.

"Pray don't apologize," said Humphreys, "but let me ask in turn, What sort of creature do you expect an American to be, — black, with woolly hair, or copper-colored, with a scalp-lock and a tomahawk in hand?"

He laughed gently, and replied, "Not exactly that; at least except in some cases. But the few Americans that I've seen could be told for American across a theatre: their faces, their figures, their carriage, the cut of their clothes, all told it; and if one were blind they could be known by their voices, and, if you'll pahdon me, by the very queer language they used, which was English merely because it was n't anything else. I know I've no right to presume on these criticisms to you; but you seemed to invite it, after kindly passin' over my first intrusion."

"Pray be at ease on that score. We're very glad, I'm sure, of a little enlightenment in regard to those very queer people, 'the Americans,' who you seem

to think are all as like as Rosalind's half pence. But now pardon me for saying, in my turn, that if you were to come to Boston you would be taken, by most of my friends, at least in your evening dress, for a Yankee, except by those whose quick ears detected some slight John Bullish inflections in your voice, or whose quick eyes discovered some kindred and equally slight peculiarities of manner."

"I taken for a Yankee!" and he looked blank, and even slightly aghast.

It was the nearest approach to unpleasantness that our fellow-traveler had yet been guilty of; but it was so honest and simple, so plainly without thought of offense, and so earnest, that Humphreys and I enjoyed it, and laughed; at which he blushed like a girl, and then laughed himself, with gleaming teeth and mobile lips.

"Why," said Humphreys, "are you not English?"

"What a question! To be sure I am."

"English for many generations?"

"For more than I know. My people were here when William the Conqueror came over."

"So were mine; so were my friend's; so were those of most of our friends at home. Did you ever think of that?"

"Ah—yes. Just so; quite so, quite so. That's an old story. But has n't there been some admixture—ah, some interminglin', or—ah somethin'? Else how could we tell an American the moment we look at him,—the very moment, don't you see? You find 'em in Paris and all over the Continent, and you can tell 'em as you pass 'em in the street."

"Hardly, it would seem; for here's a case this morning, perhaps two," with a glance at me, who kept silence, "in which it seems the sure tests failed."

"Ah, yes,—'m; just so; quite so, quite so. You're right there. Bless my soul! I never was so astonished in my

life as when you coolly told me you were an American."

"Coolly?"

"I beg your pahdon;" and again he blushed. "I meant no offense."

"Not more than I did, I'm sure, when I said that you might be taken for a Yankee."

I saw by his eye that he winced again, internally; but he said nothing.

"Of course," said Humphreys, in an easy, off-hand manner, "we can always tell an Englishman by his face and his figure, and his dress and his speech."

"Ah, just so; I should think so," with a little involuntary drawing of himself up.

"Oh, yes; we all know an Englishman by his being red-faced and bull-necked and clumsy, with coat and trousers of a furious check, and a waistcoat of a different suit, and a lot of chains and rings, and his saying Hengland for England and calling a hen an N. We can't mistake them." And as Humphreys told this off, there was a good-natured smile upon his lip and a twinkle in his eye that made it impossible for our carriage companion to take offense at what he himself had provoked. But he rejoined quickly and rather sharply, dropping his voice,—

"I beg your pahdon, I beg your pahdon; you said that you'd been here before. Did you ever happen to be in the company of an English gentleman?"

"This morning, at least, I hope and believe," said Humphreys, bowing and looking him very steadily in the eye.

There was a slight pause, and then the Englishman said, "I ask your pahdon, I ask your pahdon; I see I was wrong. But it's all so very odd, so very strange. The truth is that—you see that, as I told you, I've never been in America, and the few Americans I've seen I've met by chance, and did n't know who or what they were,—and that, by the way, is n't an easy thing to find out about Americans; and so—

well, I suppose," with a pleasant smile and a very sweet and simple courtesy, — "I suppose I have n't happened to fall in with an American gentleman until this morning."

"A Roland for my Oliver," said Humphreys, with a frank smile; "but let us leave compliments and fencing, and talk a little plain common sense. What do you mean by an American?"

"Oh, a man born in America, to be sure, — a man from the States."

"That's a definition that would quickly land you on very queer and heterogeneous shores. For it would include some millions of negroes, some hundreds of thousands of Indians, to say nothing of a great number of sons of Irishmen and Germans, whose brothers and sisters, as well as whose parents, were born in Ireland or in Germany. Now all these people are almost as completely separated from each other, and from us Yankees, and from Virginians and South Carolinians, as if they or their parents had remained at home. The time will come when they — the whites among them at least — will all be blended into one people; but many generations must pass away before that is brought about. Meantime, they are all citizens of the United States, just as all your Irishmen and Scotchmen and East Indianmen are British subjects. But although they are thus one people politically, and are scattered over half a continent that has no distinctive name, and thus for convenience' sake are called Americans because there is no other way of designating them, they are in no sense one people, like the English people, or the Irish, or the Scotch, or the French, or like the Germans and the Italians, who have been distinctive races or peoples from prehistoric times, but only recently have become politically nations."

"Ah, I see; just so, just so. But what has that to do with my taking you and your friend, as a matter of course,

for Englishmen, and my being taken for — for — a Yankee?"

"Well, this: Are you not apt to forget that New England and Virginia (and Virginia historically means all the South) were settled by Englishmen, who went over there in large numbers two centuries and a half ago, — Englishmen who were, so to speak, the most English of their kind, typical representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race as it had been developed in England during one thousand years; the men who had beheaded Charles I. because he was a faithless tyrant, and who made the Commonwealth? Don't you forget that these men and their descendants, through a century and a half (with no important admixture), settled and built up the country, and framed a society and a system of government which, omitting only the elements of monarchy and aristocracy, was thoroughly English in its spirit, in its laws, and in its habits and customs — which indeed could not have been other than thoroughly English, because *they* were English; and that American society as they thus made it was subjected to no considerable external influences until about fifty years ago? It is within that time, within the memory of men yet living and acting, that the emigration from other countries than England began. Fifty years ago the people of New England and Virginia (excluding the slaves) were probably the most thoroughly English people in the world."

The Englishman raised his eyebrows, and looked inquiringly.

"Because," Humphreys continued, in reply to the look, "there was less admixture of any foreign element among them than there was in England itself. You might then travel through New England in its length and breadth, and not encounter, in your journey, half a dozen names that were not English. Do you suppose that the blood, the nature, of these men was changed because,

in contending for their rights as Englishmen, they had severed their political connection with the mother country? Did the absence of monarchy affect their race, or change their race traits? Were Cromwell's Ironsides any less Englishmen than Goring's troopers? Were Englishmen any less English under the Commonwealth than they had been before under Charles I., or than they became afterwards under Charles II.?"

"I suppose not. I never thought of that. But they were in England."

"And you suppose that that made them Englishmen? I thought, on the contrary, that Britain became England because Englishmen lived there, possessed the country, and ruled it."

"Very true. Just so; quite so, quite so."

"Well, if a large body of Englishmen went to another country, and possessed it and ruled it, would they therefore cease to be Englishmen?"

"N-n-no; I can't see exactly how they would. But they might change, you know, in time, and by intermixture with other people, — natives of the new country, the aborigines, you know; and that would modify their language and their customs, and so gradually make them a different people."

"So it might, in a long period of time. But what are two centuries in the life of a race, and above all a race so scrupulously averse to social intermixture as the English race is when it colonizes? Aborigines! Why, the Englishmen that came from Jutland into Britain did n't sweep it so clean of the British tribes as the Englishmen who came from Old England to America swept their part of the country clean of Americans. Yes" (in answer to a look of surprise at the word), "Americans; for you've only to turn back less than a hundred years in English literature to find the word 'American' applied (and rightly) only to the tribes for whose miserable remnants you have now to go to the

Rocky Mountains, two thousand miles from Boston, — farther than from London to St. Petersburg. And then these Englishmen clung with singular tenacity to every element of their English birthright, its laws, its language; and chiefly to its English Bible, which has been thus far the most indestructible of all the bonds of union between scattered men of English race, even the most godless of them. But we're getting into deep waters for a railway chat, and I'm almost lecturing you."

"No, no; do go on. I suppose I knew all this before; but I never saw it before quite in this light."

"Well, however it all may be that I've just been telling you, at the risk of being trite and commonplace, is it not reasonable, in judging a country in which a new government and a new society have been established, to judge it by those who have been longest under the influences of the country, physical, political, and social? Must not they be the best examples of what that new country, as you call it, and that new government and society have produced?"

"Ah! 'm! seems so; can't say but they are."

"How could it be otherwise? Now the most thoroughly English-seeming men that you will find in America are New England men and Virginians whose families have been in New England and Virginia for two hundred years. I remember a man on shipboard whom not one of those whom you call Britishers" —

"We?"

"Surely you, or nobody. It is a word never heard in the United States, absolutely unknown except as a quizzical quotation of what you must pardon me for calling British blundering."

"Well, well!" said our railway friend, a little testily. "There would seem to be no end to our blunderin'. You mean, I suppose, your English shipmates."

"Some were English, yes; but some

were Scotch, some Irish, and there was a handsome Welshman, with a sweet English wife. But they were all British subjects, as they might all have been citizens of the United States, might they not?"

"I'm afraid you're an American Socrates, and are gettin' me into a corner with your questions; but I suppose that I must admit that they might."

"And in that case would they have ceased to be English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh?"

"To be sure they would."

"How is that? Would the government under which they chose to live change their identity, their race, and make them other than they were born?"

"N-n-no. At least, I can't say just now how it would. But aren't you puttin' rather too fine a point on it, as we say in England?"

"And as we say in New England. I think not. But be that as it may, this motley crowd of four races undertook to label some dozen or twenty of their fellow passengers as foreigners, because they were born in America,—men of as unmitigated English blood as could be found between the Humber and the Channel. But this one man to whom I alluded they positively refused to accept as an American, even upon the assurance of his countrymen insisting upon it, in a hooting sort of way, that he was English. And so he was,—as English as King Alfred; but, as I happened to know, he was from the interior of New England, where his father's family and his mother's had lived for more than two hundred years."

"A singular exception, I suppose. There must always be such exceptions, you know."

"Pardon me, rather as *you* know; just such exceptions as you found my friend here and myself." And as Humphreys smiled, his good-natured colloquist smiled, too, and said,—

"You have me there. But you see,

I'm no fair match for you. You have thought on this subject, and I have n't."

"And therefore you have undertaken to decide it; for yourself, at least."

"Come, come! This is getting to be a little too much. I did n't expect that when I asked a simple question I should be sat down upon in this awful way;" saying this in the pleasantest tone and with perfect good-nature, and yet evidently feeling a little nettled at Humphreys' close pursuit.

"Is n't the truth of the matter that you—I mean you in the Old Home here—have done the sitting down yourselves for so long that you don't quite like any change in the fashion?"

There was a silence of a few moments, broken only by the half-musical hum with which a fast English railway train pursues its swift but gentle course; and I, looking out of the window, as we passed, upon a viaduct, over a pretty road, saw a great van toiling along just under us, and a humble foot-passenger resting himself on a bench under an old oak opposite a little inn, at the door of which stood a stout, red-faced woman, probably the wife of the publican. I had hardly had this glimpse, and we were whisking again through sprout-fields and meadows, when the Englishman resumed the conversation, saying, "Perhaps, perhaps. The truth is that perhaps we have been a little hard upon you, from Mrs. Trollope down."

"Ay," answered Humphreys; "you all begin with Mrs. Trollope's damnable book. And yet Mrs. Trollope was right."

"Right! And *you* say that?"

"I. So far as I have the means of knowing, Mrs. Trollope was quite correct in all her descriptions."

"Quite so," I said, putting in my little oar for the first time, as the Englishman turned to me with an astonished and inquiring eye.

"And yet you called her book damnable."

"And so it was," said Humphreys; "professing as it did to give a picture of the domestic manners of the Americans, and taken, as it was, to be a correct representation of society in the United States. It was written in a pleasing and picturesque style, — for Mrs. Trollope's style was better than her son Anthony's; and that book has leavened, or rather soured and doughed, British opinion and tinged British feeling in regard to the Americans to this day."

"Correct, and yet damnable; pleasing and picturesque, and yet souring and doughing! Matters, I must say, are becoming rather complicated; 'mixed' I believe it's called in America."

"Do you know," said Humphreys, sharply, "anything of the geography of the United States, and did you ever hear of Botany Bay?"

"Oh, yes," replied our companion, blandly brightening; "I'm pretty well up there. I know, of course, that the States lie south of Canada, and north of the island of Nassau; and I know all about your big rivers and lakes, and your immense prairies, and the Rocky Mountains, and California, and all that sort of thing. But what has that to do with Botany Bay?"

"Do you know how far New Orleans and Cincinnati are from Boston and Philadelphia?"

"New Orleans? That's where the British troops lost a battle. Washington defeated us there, didn't he? You see I'm determined to be fair. Quite at the South, isn't it? And Cincinnati, — one of your Western towns, is n't it, near Chicago? I suppose they must both be pretty well away from Boston; some two or three hundred miles or so."

"And do you know when Mrs. Trollope wrote her book?"

"I can answer that question of my American catechism, too," he replied. "I know it's not a new book, — twenty

or thirty years old; and since that time, I know," he continued, with a courtesy which I thought rather severely tried by Humphreys' sharp fire of questions, "the Americans have made great advances, — very great advances, indeed," bowing to both of us.

"My stars and garters! nothing of the sort," rejoined Humphreys, like a steel-trap. "If you mean that we've grown richer, and bigger, and stronger, very well; that's true enough. But if you mean that we've made great advances in morality, in social refinement, and particularly in domestic manners, to use Mrs. Trollope's very good phrase, permit me to assure you, you're quite wrong. This was before my memory: I'm not praising the doings of the days when I was a boy. I spare you the quotation" —

"*Sese puero*," murmured our friend.

— "but if you will look into the books of some British travelers who preceded Mrs. Trollope a generation or so, you will find that they present a picture of morals and manners in the United States much more admirable than could be composed from the columns of our own newspapers at the present day."

"You have been deteriorating, then, you mean to say?"

"Looking at the surface of our society without discrimination, it must be admitted that the deterioration has been great in those respects."

"I'm sorry to hear it; and to tell you the truth, I think something of the same sort has been going on in England. To what do you attribute it?"

"Several causes; but chiefly, our great and sudden increase in wealth, the war, and — largely, European influence."

"Whew!" — a soft whistle of surprise.

"Not such European influence as would be likely to be under your personal cognizance, or to occur to you in your estimate of social forces. But let

me go on as I began. The deterioration in morals is so certain and so well known that no one thinks of disputing it. To look through a file of one of our leading newspapers for the last fifteen years is to be led to the conclusion that personal honesty has become the rarest of virtues in the United States, except public probity, which seems no longer to exist. The very ruins of it have disappeared. Our state legislatures, instead of being composed of men to whom their constituents looked up, are now composed of men upon whom their constituents look down, — not second rate, nor even third rate, but fourth and fifth rate men, sordid in morals and vulgar in manners, who do politics as a business, for the mere purpose of filling their own pockets. No one thinks of disputing this more than the presence of the blood-sucking insects of summer. Congress itself is openly declared by our own journals to be, because it is known to be, the most corrupt body in civilized Christendom. Within the last fifteen years we have seen men occupying the highest, the two very highest, positions in the government of the United States, who were not only purchasable, but who had been purchased, and at a very small price. I know what I say, and mean it" (in answer to a look of surprise). "The cabinets, during the same period, have been so rotten with corruption that the presence in them of two or three men of integrity could not save them. Worse even than this, judges are openly called Mr. This-one's judge, or Mr. That-one's; their owner being generally the controlling stockholder and manager of some great corporation, which coins wealth for him and his satellites by schemes of gigantic extortion. I know something of this by personal observation. There was a time when the bench of the United States was not inferior in probity, and hardly in learning or ability, to that of Great Britain. As to manners, did you see that social sketch in Punch ticketed

"In Mid-Atlantic," in which a bishop or a dean, who has plainly been engaged in an upper-deck fair-day chat with an American mother, turns to her son, a lad in knickerbockers, and looking with benign reproof upon him says, 'My young friend, when I was of your age it was not thought decorous for young people to mingle in the conversations of their elders, unless they were requested to do so.' And young Hopeful replies, 'That must have been eighty years ago, and we've changed all that now.' The cut is hardly an exaggeration; but here are my friend and myself, who are little more than half the age attributed to your bishop, and who can tell you that in our boyhood that point of breeding was not only taught and insisted on, but punctiliously observed among all respectable New England folk. And who, at that time, among such people, even not in our boyhood, would have ventured to come up to two persons engaged in conversation, and break directly in upon them with another topic, at his pleasure, or for his interest, as now is done constantly? Deterioration of manners indeed!"

"But these are comparatively trifling matters, mere surface marks, — not peculiar to America, you may be sure. Boys are saucier in England than they used to be; and here rude men thrust themselves upon you now with a freedom that certainly shows the world is movin'; but as to which way, they and you might have a different opinion."

"Surface marks! So are the bubbles on a stream; but they float with its current, and the foul air that fills them comes from the bottom. Let me tell you, *ex cathedra*, what I know, but merely as every observing man who has the means of knowing knows: that the manners and the manner, as well as the morals, of America — let us say of Boston and Philadelphia, for example, and the surrounding country — were of a much finer type in the days of

our fathers than they are in ours. Behavior is common now in splendid drawing-rooms, filled with every attainable object of luxury and of taste, which then would not have been tolerated in modest parlors of people who lived frugally and worked hard for their moderate incomes. Among them, young people did not lounge and loll about and talk slang in the presence of their elders and of ladies."

"Come, come! Are n't you playin' the middle-aged cynic? That's not at all peculiar to America. The very same change has been remarked upon here."

"And therefore," remarked Humphreys, with a little smile, "Americans have been becoming *unlike* Englishmen? Strange, that among people so unlike, the social changes should have been the same within the same period of time!"

"H'm! Democratic tendencies; influence of democracy in both countries; lack of deference for authority in both countries."

"Perhaps. But among the changes in manners in England have n't you observed the incoming of a certain mildness and gentleness of tone, a considerate charity for weakness and misfortune, and for the feelings of inferiors? Are personal defects and failings, and the ridicule that Juvenal tells us is inherent in poverty, now openly made the butts of the more fortunate so much as they used to be, say, even when Miss Austen wrote her novels?"

"No, they're not. In that respect I must say there has been a marked improvement. I suppose the same has taken place with you."

"No."

"No?"

"Not at all: simply because it was not needed. I don't know how it was at the South; but among New England people of decent breeding in colonial days, and in the early years of the republic, any reflection upon personal de-

fects or misfortune, any assumption of superiority because of mere money prosperity, was regarded as the most offensive form of ill-manners; so much so that among such people it may be said to have been almost unknown. And this social trait may be taken as typical of the tone and the manners of New England society at the time we are speaking of."

"Very admirable, if — pahdon me — you're sure you're correct; and quite destructive to a suggestion I was about to make, — that the Americans, whose manners and mental tone and habits you seem to think should be taken as characteristic, are not real Americans, products of your soil, but Europeanized Americans."

"Now," said Humphreys, smartly, "if you use that phrase and take that position, I shall — to adopt an expression of the elegant Miss Harriet Byron's — 'rear up.' The Americans of whom I am speaking are, true enough, not products of the soil; — in the name of Christopher Columbus 'how could they be? — but they were those who had been free from European influence, not only from their birth, but for generations, — people who had never been in Europe, and whose forefathers had never been there from the time when they first went to America, two hundred and fifty years ago. *They* were the people who, Lord Lovelace said, in Queen Anne's time, had, with their colonial and republican simplicity of life, the manners of courtiers, and wondered (ignorant as he was) where they could have got their manners. He reminds me of another more distinguished peer, or man who became a peer, — Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Once, at his own table, when there was a discussion as to some matter of taste as to which an American, there present, ventured to express an opinion adverse to that prevalent in England, and to refer to the standard in his own country, Bulwer said, turning

pointedly to him, 'We're not accustomed to look to America for opinions on matters of good taste,' — a speech which would have been regarded as very rude in America, even in the rural districts of New England; above all, to a guest at one's own table."

"Rather rough, I must confess. But you mustn't judge all English gentlemen by that; for, with all his fine talk, I'm inclined to think that Bulwer was somethin' of a sham."

"I'm not surprised to hear you say so; and I don't judge all English gentlemen by such a speech, — only some of them; but unfortunately they are they whose voices are most frequently heard by Americans."

"Ah, yes; just so, just so; just as the American voices that we most frequently hear are pitched in a tone not quite so agreeable as — those I've heard this morning. Pardon me for being a little personal."

"With all my heart, so far as your intention goes; but as to the fact, I don't know that your apology much helps the matter. For, excuse me for saying that your very apology shows either that you speak in ignorance, or that you pick out what is antipathetic to you, and label that, and that only, as American. Your countrymen, even the intelligent and kindly intentioned, are so stung with a craze after something peculiarly American from America that they refuse to accept anything as American that is not extravagant and grotesque. Even in literature they accept as American only that which is as strange and really as foreign to the taste and habits of the most thoroughbred Americans as it is to them."

"Bret Harte?"

"Verily: I should say so. The personages in Bret Harte's brilliant sketches are just as strange, and in the same way strange, to decent people in Boston and Philadelphia as they are to people in London and in Oxford; and they

interest the one exactly as they do the other, and for the same reasons: and they had no peculiarly American character."

"That's an astonishing criticism."

"None but that given them by their scenes being laid in a part of America three thousand five hundred miles from Boston, farther in distance than from New York to London, and thrice as far in time. Any writer of Bret Harte's talent, whose mother tongue was English, would — must — have made them just as American as he did. And besides, the men he wrote about were no more American than British. Half the early Californian mining population were of British birth, — English or Scotch, with a few Irish."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure, if you don't pin me down to tens in a row of figures. Don't you remember in the letter of the Fifth Avenue belle to her California lover,

"And how I went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee"?

And don't you remember that she herself was old Follinsbee's daughter? Mr. McGee and Mr. Follinsbee were typical men, in whom your interest was as great as ours, and for whom your responsibility was much greater. But to turn back to Bulwer, and his pretty speech: he deserved, I hope you'll think, to have the truth told him, — that among Americans of the best breeding his earlier novels were condemned, although they were read."

"Ah, yes; for their immorality, I suppose. I've always heard that in such matters you were of a most exemplary particularity; although you seem, in those also" (with a sly smile) "to have made some progress."

"Less on that account than for their bad taste and their low social tone. Men of my age can remember hearing Bulwer spoken of in our boyhood, by our elders, as essentially vulgar, a snob, — a gilded snob, but none the less

a snob. Is not that true?" turning to me.

"Yes," I answered; "but he improved in this respect astonishingly. There is hardly a more remarkable phenomenon in literature than Bulwer's moral growth. You would hardly believe that the same soul and the same breeding were in the man who wrote *Pelham* and *The Caxtons*."

"But after all," urged Humphreys, "was n't this the result rather of an intellectual perception of moral beauty than of a regenerate condition? Had he in him, the man who wrote *Pelham*, the capacity of ever becoming, at heart, a gentleman?"

"I'm afraid you're right," said our friend; "but have n't we taken rather a flyer? What has all this to do with Mrs. Trollope, and New Orleans, and Cincinnatus, and Botany Bay?"

"This," answered Humphreys, with a mild conclusive fall of his voice; "the people who thus condemned Bulwer, just as you condemn him, on the score of taste and true good breeding, were the very Americans whose domestic manners Mrs. Trollope's book misrepresented."

"Beg pahdon, I thought you said her book was true."

"So it was. It did not caricature, — or very little. What it did was to present to the ignorant and prejudiced people of England a carefully made, but lively and graphic, series of sketches of society, which were about as fair representations of the domestic manners of such Americans I ever met under a roof as a series of like sketches of the society of Botany Bay at that time would have been of any English people that you are likely to know anything about."

"I don't quite understand. Pray explain."

"Mrs. Trollope published her book not twenty or thirty years ago, but fifty. She entered the America which she

professed to describe, not at Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, but at New Orleans; and going up the Mississippi a thousand miles, — yes" (in answer to a look of astonished inquiry), "one thousand miles, and more, — she established herself as the keeper of a sort of big milliner's shop, or bazaar, at Cincinnati. Now Cincinnati is not two or three hundred miles from Boston or Philadelphia, but almost a thousand; and it's not near Chicago, but three hundred miles from it; and when she was there Chicago did n't exist. Cincinnati was then not only its thousand miles from Boston and Philadelphia, but as socially remote from any of the centres of civilization in which the domestic manners of the Americans could be properly studied as Botany Bay was from London and Oxford."

Doubt, astonishment, and interest were strongly expressed in the face of our fellow-traveler; and he said, in a low apologetic tone, "But Botany Bay was a penal colony."

"Of course," said Humphreys, "I don't mean to compare the two places in that respect. They had no such likeness, even at that time. I specified Botany Bay only for the sake of using a name that would bring to your mind vividly a very remote colony of Englishmen cut off from intercourse with established English society, surrounded by a wild country, and composed chiefly of people whom circumstances had made pioneers on the remotest confines of civilization. You in England have to reach your colonies of that sort by sea; we, so vast is the territory of the United States, reach ours by land. The country around Cincinnati then, within a few miles, was covered by the primeval forest, through which people who must travel passed, upon tracks rather than roads, on horseback or in vehicles of the rudest and most primitive construction. It was then the far West, and not only physically distant, but a great deal far-

ther removed from the long-established and slowly-developed social centres of America than any place in the world is now from any other place, except the interior of Russia, Siberia, and Southern Africa. My father had to go to Ohio, at that time, or later, on some professional business connected with a land claim. He used to tell the story of it years afterward; and child as I was, I shall never forget his description of his experiences: how he was two weeks in getting there, creeping across the State of New York in a canal boat, traveling through Ohio on horseback, with saddle bags, his papers in one and his few toilet articles in another, and his scanty wardrobe in a leathern valise strapped behind his saddle — I've got it yet: — his description of the queer, uncouth people that he met, the privations he endured: how one day, when he had ridden from morning almost till night without coming upon anything like an inn, he stopped at a house that seemed to consist of two or three rooms, and asked for something to eat; and how the mistress of the establishment, who was the only person visible, set before him a coarse earthen dish, in which were some slices of cold boiled pork surrounded by dirty congealed fat, some half-sodden cakes of Indian corn, and a jug of whisky; and how the repulsiveness of the viands and of all the surroundings, including the slatternly woman, so affected him that, fatigued and famished as he was, he could not eat. For it's apropos of our subject for me to say, after some acquaintance with society in England and on the Continent, that he was one of the daintiest and most fastidious of men, although his father had reared his family with difficulty upon a slender income. I remember that in his story this woman spoke of her husband as the Judge, or rather the Jedge."

"Yes, he was a justice of the peace."

"Judge!"

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"A justice of the peace! Pahdon my repeatin' your words."

"You are surprised: naturally. Your justices of the peace are county gentlemen and clergymen. With us a justice of the peace is the very lowest in consideration of all official dignities, simply because it is the least profitable."

"This is very strange, — a justice of the peace holdin' his office for profit!"

"Yes; that is one of the differences between the two countries. And you may set this down as an axiom of general application: that everything in America is done, every position is sought, with a single eye to pecuniary profit."

"And have you no gentlemen of leisure and character who might hold such an important position?"

"Very few; and they don't want official position. Why should they? It would bring them no distinction, no honor among men of their own condition in life, and would subject them to experiences from which they would shrink. We have some men of wealth who, to become senator, with a chance for the presidency or a first-rate foreign mission, will spend a moderate fortune."

"Bless my soul! How, pray?"

"In bribery: bribing caucus managers, bribing legislators, bribing even political parties; and so establishing what in our politics are called claims. But we are wandering. It was in such society as she found in these then remote and uncivilized regions, and others little differing from them, that Mrs. Trollope drew her pictures, and labeled them Domestic Manners of the Americans. She has at the end of her book a few pages of kind approval of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Why, I can remember how our friend used to listen to my father's descriptions of his Western travel as they would now if a man had returned from Patagonia or Japan; quite ignorant that pictures of that strange life were accepted by the world of Europe as faithful descriptions

of *their* manners and customs. The great difficulty with you here upon this subject is that to you America — you don't know exactly what the name means — is simply America, all one and the same; and that Americans are simply Americans, all alike. At the present day they are becoming more and more alike, under the shaping material and moral forces which have been developed during the last twenty years; but before that limit of time the unlikeness was greater than you seem to be able to imagine."

"Quite so, I should say, from what you tell me of the effect of the strangeness upon yourselves."

"Strangeness, indeed! Let me tell you a little characteristic story of old New England domestic manners, which you may compare with your recollections of Mrs. Trollope's book. My friend here will assure you of its literal truth; for he knows it. In 1789, when Washington was traveling slowly through New England, receiving and paying visits, he called at a house in Connecticut, the master of which although one of the leading men in his neighborhood, a scholar, and one who lived comfortably, never saw one thousand dollars in money (that's two hundred pounds, you know) in a year in all his life. Washington, when he departed, was conducted to the door by his host and hostess, accompanied by their daughter, a young girl just in her 'teens. She of course did not presume to say good-by to General Washington; but as she opened the door for him and stood modestly aside that he might pass out, the great ex-commander in chief of the ragged Continental army, looking down upon her from his six feet two of stature and from his Olympian top of grandeur, laid his hand with state-like kindness upon her head, saying,

¹ It is only by the use of a superfluous *o* that I can indicate the prolonged vowel sound in this word, which is one of the very few and slight differences in pronunciation between English and New England or New York men of similar breed-

'Thank you, my little lady; I wish you a better office.' 'Yes, sir,' she replied, doing reverence with a gentle curtsy, 'to let you in.'"

"By George! worthy of a duchess! Only half of 'em would n't be up to it. 'T would take Waldegrave to say that."

"I sha'n't say it was n't; but I know it is merely a somewhat salient and striking example of New England manners until within the last forty years or so; and among people who were without servants that opened their doors for them on any occasion."

"Most extrawd'nary condition of society!"

"Extraordinary to you, but quite natural to us at that time: the union of culture and character and fine manners with the absence even of moderate wealth was quite as common in New England as their union with wealth is here. Now the great mistake that you all make, in your uneasy search after 'the American' and the American thing, is that you don't look for them among those who have made America what it is (or what it was till within the last few years), and who are the product of generations of American breeding, but among" —

Here the train slowed, and our fellow-traveler, interrupting Humphreys hurriedly, said, "This has been very interestin' to me; but now I'm afraid I must say good-mornin'. Can't I have the pleasure of seein' you again, and your friend? See; this is my address," taking out his card, and writing a word or two on it in pencil. "If you're in my country, do look me up. Almost any one 'll tell you where I live; and I 'll be delighted to see you, gentlemen, both of you, and make you as comfortable as I can. Give you some good shoootin', too, as you 'll come after the 1st."¹

ing. The dropping of the *g* from the syllable *ing* is not universal among men of this class in England, but it is very common; much more common than in the class just below them.

We exchanged cards, and parted pleasantly.

"Hi!" said Humphreys (showing me the card, on which appeared in plain, bold script, every letter of which proclaimed Strongitharm — EARL OF TOPPINGHAM, and in pencil *The Priory, Toppington*), "I've a letter to him in my pocket from Dr. Tooptoe, his old tutor at Oxford, who says he's one of the best fellows in the world, but too independent; that is, from old Dr. Tooptoe's point of view. You may think it queer that he asked two strangers, that he chanced upon in a railway carriage, to his house. With us, we should never venture on such a step; but here a man like him can do almost anything in reason without risk, — not only because of his rank, but because he's a tip-top man among his peers. And then we're Americans. If we were John Bulls, catch him at it! Besides, Americans are always interesting subjects of study, and objects to be exhibited."

"You know something of him, then. He seems, indeed a thorough good fellow, with charming manners."

"Only in a general way, and from what Dr. Tooptoe told me. Just think of it! that man took a double first class; and to do that at Oxford an earl must work like any other man; besides, he counts for something in the House of Lords. And yet his ignorance! New Orleans was to him a place where the British troops were defeated, and by Washington! and the States lie to the north of the island of Nassau!"

"Well, well, what occasion has he had to know more? If he had, he could learn it all, pretty well, in an hour's smart reading."

"All the more! Why the deuce, then, does n't he read, and waste an hour upon such a country as the United States, and where so many of his kindred are? Confound him! he thinks much of himself, as well he may, because his forefathers were at Toppington when Wil-

liam came over. So was mine, or very near by; and until the time of Henry VIII. they were both in very much the same rank of life. Then his ancestor was knighted, and soon got the Priory out of Cromwell, and then a peerage out of the king; and they went on marrying money and rising in rank, till since Walpole's time they've been earls."

"You'll go, of course, — with your letter and his invitation, too?"

"H'm, I am not so sure of that. Where are you going now?"

"After knocking about a few days, as I told you, I shall go to Boreham Hall. Sir Charles has asked me there to spend two or three days."

"Boreham Hall! You'll find it dreadfully dull there."

"Why? Sir Charles was pleasant enough when he was in New York."

"He was well enough ten years ago; good-natured, and a gentleman, and all that. But he has married, since, a brewer's daughter, who brought him fifty thousand pounds, and who is as tame as a sheep, and bleats just like one; and he's settled down into a mere squire, and has grown burly and squirish. But that'll do very well. You're sure to go to Lord Toppingham's. All these people know each other, and all about each other; that's one comfort of their society. Boreham Hall is only a few miles from Toppington Priory, — just a pleasant ride, or walk; and you're sure to go if you will. It suits me well."

"How?"

"Why, you see these people are so beset with their craze after their real Americans that I've a notion to give my Lord Toppingham an opportunity of seeing one. In your few days of knocking about, I can find Washington Adams, who's over here I believe, and who's just the sort of man for the purpose. I'll send Dr. Tooptoe's letter to Toppington Priory, inclosed in one saying I'm prevented from coming myself for the present, but that I shall take the

liberty of introducing a friend, a real American. Yes," with a brightening eye, "by Jove, I'll do it!"

"Rather a cool proceeding, under the circumstances."

"Oh, it'll do, — under the circumstances, as you say, — especially if you're there at the time. I know my man. So when you're going to the Priory just drop me a line at B——, and it'll be all right."

"But who is Washington Adams?"

"Don't you know Washington Adams, the Honorable Washington J. Adams, Wash Jack Adams, as they call him? Why, he's the Member of Assembly from your own district."

"Quite likely; but I don't know him."

"That argues yourself unknown, as I once heard an editor say to him, with a sober face; — and to see him expand and beam with credulous vanity! He's the son of old Phelim McAdam, who ran two gin-mills in Mackerelville, and who, instead of dying in the odor of drunkenness, as you'd suppose, hardly ever was drunk in his life; he might have been a drunker and a better man; he made some money by his gin-mills, set up respectability, and joined the republican party."

"An Irishman in New York join the republican party!"

"Irishman yourself! as he would have said. Mr. Phelim McAdam was an American born. Never was such a flagrant example of Americanism. Thus it was," in answer to my look of wonder: "Phelim McAdam was the son of an Irish emigrant. He came near being born in no country, but under the British flag; for his mother was expecting his appearance on the voyage, as she approached the shores of the home of the free and the land of the brave. But the lady lagged, or the good ship hastened, and Phelim first saw the light of freedom dimmed by filtering through the dirty panes of the upper windows

of a Mackerelville tenement house, and bloomed upon the world a true-born American, whatever that may be. His gin-mills brought him some money, as I said before, and he married the daughter of a Division Street pawn-broker, who came out of — the Lord knows where! — but who was sharp and smart and ambitious; and at her instigation he cut his Irish connection, moved up town, dropped the Mc from his name and signed himself 'P. Adam,' to which the lady, who erelong set up a visiting card, quietly added an *s*. And so, in ten or fifteen years, — you know fifteen years is the beginning of all things in New York, — no one recognized, in a paragraph mentioning, to the lady's delight, 'P. Adams, Esq., of East Eleventh Street,' the 'McAdam, Phelim, liquors, Essex Street,' of the New York directory."

"You seem strangely well-informed on such a subject."

"You forget that I've been a railway lawyer, and am familiar with the lobby. He bought some shares in one, and, aided by his wife, got upon the Board."

"His wife?"

"She was a handsome hussy, scheming and pushing, and as crafty as Satan; and one winter she went to Albany, where I saw her, and had occasion to find out all about her, — all that was find-out-able. This was long ago; during the civil war. Well, as I was saying, like most of his sort, he was exceedingly American; and oh, it was edifying to hear him, with an upper lip that weighed a pound, talk about 'them low Irish.' Consequent upon his American pride, his son — the only one with which his 'lady' condescended to favor him — was borne away from the font with the name Washington Jackson Adams; which, when he went into politics — as he did soon after reaching his majority — was trimmed, in that elegant style so distinctive of New York politics, into Wash Jack Adams; often it became

Washed Adams; and this, after a certain investigation, the democratic Penny Trumpet converted into Whitewashed Adams,—a name that might have been fastened upon him if he had been important enough to be talked about. Now, he's just the sort of creature that our friends here recognize as a real American; he's decent looking enough,—not at all Irish; took after his mother; and I've a notion of giving some of them a chance to see him. So, good-

by! Don't forget to let me know." This passed as we neared his station. He and his portmanteau disappeared; but just as the train was starting he came rushing back, and looking in said, "You've never seen this Washington Adams?"

"Not I."

"Well, if it should occur to you that you ever did at any time, keep quiet."

"As a pretty widow about her age." And on I went toward Boreham.

Richard Grant White.

HOW THE WOMEN WENT FROM DOVER.¹

1662.

THE tossing spray of Coheco's fall
Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,
As through Dover town, in the chill, gray dawn,
Three women passed, at the cart-tail drawn!

Bared to the waist, for the north wind's grip
And keener sting of the constable's whip,
The blood that followed each hissing blow
Froze as it sprinkled the winter snow.

Priest and ruler, boy and maid
Followed the dismal cavalcade;
And from door and window, open thrown,
Looked and wondered gaffer and crone.

¹ The following is a copy of the warrant issued by Major Waldron, of Dover, in 1662. The Quakers, as was their wont, prophesied against him, and saw, as they supposed, the fulfillment of their prophecy when, many years after, he was killed by the Indians.

To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham, Lynn, Boston, Roxbury, Dedham, and until these vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction.

You, and every one of you, are required, in the King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Colman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs, not exceed-

ing ten stripes a piece on each of them, in each town; and so to convey them from constable to constable, till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril; and this shall be your warrant.

RICHARD WALDRON.

Dated at Dover, December 22, 1662.

This warrant was executed only in Dover and Hampton. At Salisbury the constable refused to obey it. He was sustained by the town's people, who were under the influence of Major Robert Pike, the leading man in the lower valley of the Merrimac, who stood far in advance of his time, as an advocate of religious freedom, and an opponent of ecclesiastical authority. He had the moral courage to address an able and manly letter to the court at Salem, remonstrating against the witchcraft trials.

"God is our witness," the victims cried,
"We suffer for Him who for all men died;
The wrong ye do has been done before,
We bear the stripes that the Master bore!"

"And thou, O Richard Waldron, for whom
We hear the feet of a coming doom,
On thy cruel heart and thy hand of wrong
Vengeance is sure, though it tarry long.

"In the light of the Lord, a flame we see
Climb and kindle a proud roof-tree;
And beneath it an old man lying dead,
With stains of blood on his hoary head."

"Smite, Goodman Hate-Evil!—harder still!"
The magistrate cried, "lay on with a will!
Drive out of their bodies the Father of Lies,
Who through them preaches and prophesies!"

So into the forest they held their way,
By winding river and frost-rimmed bay,
Over wind-swept hills that felt the beat
Of the winter sea at their icy feet.

The Indian hunter, searching his traps,
Peered stealthily through the forest gaps;
And the outlying settler shook his head,—
"They're witches going to jail," he said.

At last a meeting-house came in view;
A blast on his horn the constable blew;
And the boys of Hampton cried up and down,
"The Quakers have come!" to the wondering town.

From barn and woodpile the goodman came;
The goodwife quitted her quilting frame,
With her child at her breast; and, hobbling slow,
The grandam followed to see the show.

Once more the torturing whip was swung,
Once more keen lashes the bare flesh stung.
"Oh, spare! they are bleeding!" a little maid cried,
And covered her face the sight to hide.

A murmur ran round the crowd: "Good folks,"
Quoth the constable, busy counting the strokes,
"No pity to wretches like these is due,
They have beaten the gospel black and blue!"

Then a pallid woman, in wild-eyed fear,
With her wooden noggin of milk drew near.
"Drink, poor hearts!" A rude hand smote
Her draught away from a parching throat.

"Take heed," one whispered, "they'll take your cow
For fines, as they took your horse and plow,
And the bed from under you." "Even so,"
She said. "They are cruel as death I know."

Then on they passed, in the waning day,
Through Seabrook woods, a weariful way;
By great salt meadows and sand-hills bare,
And glimpses of blue sea here and there.

By the meeting-house in Salisbury town,
The sufferers stood, in the red sundown,
Bare for the lash! O pitying Night,
Drop swift thy curtain and hide the sight!

With shame in his eye and wrath on his lip
The Salisbury constable dropped his whip.
"This warrant means murder foul and red;
Cursed is he who serves it," he said.

"Show me the order, and meanwhile strike
A blow at your peril!" said Justice Pike.
Of all the rulers the land possessed,
Wisest and boldest was he and best.

He scoffed at witchcraft; the priest he met
As man meets man; his feet he set
Beyond his dark age, standing upright,
Soul-free, with his face to the morning light.

He read the warrant: "*These convey
From our precincts; at every town on the way
Give each ten lashes.*" "God judge the brute!
I tread his order under my foot!

"Cut loose these poor ones and let them go;
Come what will of it, all men shall know
No warrant is good, though backed by the Crown,
For whipping women in Salisbury town!"

The hearts of the villagers, half released
From creed of terror and rule of priest,
By a primal instinct owned the right
Of human pity in law's despite.

For ruth and chivalry only slept,
His Saxon manhood the yeoman kept;
Quicker or slower, the same blood ran
In the Cavalier and the Puritan.

The Quakers sank on their knees in praise
And thanks. A last, low sunset blaze
Flashed out from under a cloud, and shed
A golden glory on each bowed head.

The tale is one of an evil time,
When souls were fettered and thought was crime,
And heresy's whisper above its breath
Meant shameful scourging and bonds and death!

What marvel, that hunted and sorely tried,
Even woman rebuked and prophesied,
And soft words rarely answered back
The grim persuasion of whip and rack!

If her cry from the whipping-post and jail
Pierced sharp as the Kenite's driven nail,
O woman, at ease in these happier days,
Forbear to judge of thy sister's ways!

How much thy beautiful life may owe
To her faith and courage thou canst not know,
Nor how from the paths of thy calm retreat
She smoothed the thorns with her bleeding feet.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AUTHORSHIP IN AMERICA.

THE United States census, two or three decades ago, in its summary of persons engaged in various occupations included a poet. He lived in Arkansas, if I remember rightly, but may have perished from want, for I have looked in vain for him in later issues of the census reports. I have often thought of him, however, when speculating about the conditions of authorship in America, and have admired the courage with which he made his confession. He was the only poet in America to stand up boldly and be counted. The rest of us

sheltered ourselves in the census behind such evasive titles as journalist, or editor, or professor, or, if especially courageous, literary man. Mr. Carlyle, in his celebrated petition, wrote himself down as a maker of books; but every one feels that Mr. Carlyle's was a case of affected humility and bluntness. If he had had the nerve of the man from Arkansas, he would have subscribed himself a genius, or a man that turns the world upside down.

There is unquestionably a reluctance on the part of all of us, whether poets,

or American humorists, or men of general genius, — for since I am not going to sign this paper, I am as bold as Snug the joiner, — there is a reluctance, I say, on our part to be classified. A guild of authors could exist only as a mutual burial society; though there would seem to be many interests which authors might combine to defend or resist, as a matter of fact there is, I believe, but one literary club in the country which makes the authorship of books a condition of membership, and this Authors' Club has been derided for its arrogance, as if it were another instance of the three tailors of Tooley Street. When any movement is to be made which affects the whole body of literary men, what member has the boldness to marshal his fellows into any phalanx of remonstrants or petitioners? Even in the matter of international copyright, the views of authors have been reached only by individual solicitation from publishing houses or trade journals.

The truth is that this individuality of authors, which seems to some to spring from jealousy or a suspicious habit of mind, is an essential characteristic of their vocation, and a necessary result from the material conditions of their profession. There can be an association of artists, with the object to maintain a school of painters, or to conduct an exhibition of paintings; there can be an historical society to collect materials for history, to discuss and criticise historical writings, and to print papers; but there cannot be anything more than a social basis for an authors' league, because the individual interests of every author are vastly greater to him than the combined interests of all authors, but chiefly because there exists for him already a complement organization which no voluntary association with other authors could supply. An author with his manuscript is an incomplete figure; a hundred authors associated are only a hundred times more incomplete, and the

various authors' unions and publication societies which have attempted to disprove this have invariably proved it.

The devices of authors to get along without publishers have succeeded only so far as authors have abandoned their legitimate function and become publishers, and such successes have merely registered a loss to authorship and a gain to publishing. It would seem a waste of time to demonstrate that in the organization of modern society the author needs a publisher as much as the publisher needs an author, and that each supplies the other's defects; but while most would concede this without dispute, there are frequent attitudes taken by one or the other of these two classes which practically deny the proposition. The publisher, for example, is often spoken of as if he were the author's natural enemy; and I have heard people make the preposterous remark that the publisher grows rich, while the authors for whom he publishes continue to be poor. Of course he does; if he is faithful to the interests of the authors, he must, or what would be the meaning of the rule of three? A publisher with his hundred books ought to be better off for money than each of a hundred authors with one book. Even if it should be capable of proof that he was better off than the hundred authors combined, one would be obliged next to prove that authorship was a trade, of which the prime purpose was to make money.

On the other hand, publishers sometimes speak of my authors very much as they would speak of my employees, or regard every desire of an author to understand his accounts as a breach of confidence, or think and speak of his work as a mere arrangement of words, or imagine that his literary reputation has been made solely by the publisher's advertisement. There is plenty of room for misunderstanding between a publisher and an author, but the fact remains that the interests of the two are identi-

cal; that in the long run any injury or injustice to the one affects equally the other; that neither party to the contract can safely ignore the other; that, in fine, literature and the publishing business are spirit and body.

The publisher, in the last analysis, is neither printer nor bookseller, but advertiser. It is his business to make the author known. He may take a book from the author after it has been printed and bound, and he may never sell a single copy directly to a reader; but the one function which he cannot rid himself of is that of making the book known to the world,—of publishing it. But to publish a book with intelligence one must know something about the book, and a great deal about the public; he must know the various avenues by which the public eye and ear are to be reached, and he must possess that power of organization and executive ability which will bring the author face to face with a great number of persons scattered all over the land. When one adds to this that the publisher, in the highest development, includes the manufacturer and the merchant, it is easily seen how much may go to the success of a publishing house. When a business like that of publishing becomes thus highly organized, it is also highly sensitive to all manner of influences; and the more complex it becomes, the more perfectly is it able to correspond to the needs of the author.

It is one of the commonplaces of historical philosophy that the literature of a people is the highest expression of its character and genius. But what is a book? In one aspect, it is a bundle of sheets of paper, stamped with little characters, sewed together, put between covers of pasteboard dressed in cloth. It can be used to build block houses with, as a missile, to raise the seat at the piano, to set off a cabinet of shelves; but for all these purposes a block of wood or a bit of stamped leather would be

more serviceable. Then it is a power, a spirit, a friend, something altogether imponderable and immeasurable. Now it is in this double property of the material and the immaterial that we are constantly compelled to consider books when we legislate about them or determine their conditions. Into the making and selling of them go an infinite variety of industries and organizations and a network of social order; the fortunes of books are constantly subject to influences which extend from a machine to a solitary scholar, and in the decisions made with regard to them there is necessitated an equilibrium of the two natures involved in them.

A few years ago an effort was made by some persons to change the *ad valorem* duty on imported books to a specific duty, of a certain rate per pound, and great was the derision at such a mechanical test; yet it was not more arbitrary than the test of price, and much more convenient and desirable for the purposes of impost. By a comparison of fair typical cases, it was found that a measurement of books by weight would yield, at twenty-five cents a pound, just about the same revenue as the existing tariff of twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem*, if that duty were honestly collected; and every one knows that where a specific duty is practicable it cannot be evaded, as an *ad valorem* duty can be.

I speak of this only as illustrating in an extreme way the fact that books are capable of being treated not merely as pieces of merchandise, but upon the basis of their most material properties. Indeed, every one who deals in books is constantly confronted by the fact that the price is largely determined by the weight and size of the book, and not by its beauty, the character of its contents, or the money and labor which have been put into it. It is impossible to escape from the most gross conditions, when considering the fortune of books. As articles of commerce, as related to

mechanical industries, they are subject to the laws which govern in commerce and manufacture, and no wise student of literature can ignore these facts when he is inquiring into the influences which affect authorship or reading.

The publisher and manufacturer of books does not call the author into existence, neither does the author make the publisher; but both act upon each other by turns, for both are parts of an intricate order. The publisher is the first to feel the conditions which affect the market for books, but he is very quick to communicate these influences to the author. In a general way, one readily sees that in what are called good times the publisher will encourage the author to produce, and in hard times will discourage him when he brings his manuscript. There are winds and tides in human affairs which are beyond the reach either of individuals or of classes, but there are also movements which are under control; and certainly it is the part of a wise man to forecast the effect of these movements, and to guide them if he can.

An instance occurred lately which illustrates my subject. In the revision of the tariff it was proposed to remove the existing duty upon imported books. The proposition was received favorably both in and out of Congress. Knowledge was to be free, at least English knowledge was, and a relic of barbarism unworthy of an enlightened nation was to be swept away. Many publishers, however, and with them a few authors, united in a remonstrance against the removal of the duty, and Congress finally declined to alter the tariff on this point. This remonstrance was characterized as a piece of selfishness on the part of the publishers, and of timidity or folly on the part of the authors, who were treated with a delicious arrogance by the censors of literature and morals. It was supposed that those persons who had given honorable thought to litera-

ture, and had, indeed, in the homely phrase, made it their business to write books, were quite incapable of understanding a few simple laws of economy and their effect upon literature and authors.

There are always people who imagine themselves about to live in a world which they have prearranged upon a scientific basis. It is indeed base to say that imagination is lacking in America so long as there are theorists who manufacture entire systems of social life upon the foundation of a few simple principles; but theorists in government, in finance, in economy, while they have plenty of room in America, are not the rulers. The tariff, whether it be a weed or a serviceable plant, has very long roots, and there are few people so sanguine as to think that it can be pulled up forcibly, and leave no derangement behind. What, for example, would be the effect were the tariff on books to be removed? That is the question which any reasonable legislator might ask before he voted to remove it, and I think he would be the wisest congressman who took the widest range in his inquiry. It would be easy to show that the mercantile interests involved were pitifully small when compared with the iron or wool interests, but it would be easier to trace the connection between the lower and the higher interests than it would be in the case of those industries.

I think the matter might be stated in a series of propositions; at any rate, by choosing this form I guard myself against the temptation to fly off into generalities, and I make the way plain for any one who has already ranged himself on the other side of the question to demolish my positions. For convenience, I use those which formed the text of the remonstrance made by certain authors; for I am not considering the matter from the publishers' side, except as they have common concern with the authors.

These writers, then, based their objection to a removal of the duty on these grounds :—

First, *that the prosperity of authors is closely connected with the prosperity of publishers, who are their agents in manufacturing, advertising, and selling the books which they write.*

This is a harmless-looking sentence, and as I have already treated the matter in a sufficiently elementary way, I think I need not detain the reader with any expansion of so reasonable a statement, but go on to

Second, *that American books demand American publishers, and whatever seriously checks the business of publishing checks the freedom of writing.*

The latter part of this proposition would appear to be the corollary of that with which the remonstrance led off, but the former part introduces a new member. Is it especially necessary that books written by Americans should be published by Americans? Why not go to the publisher who can give the books the widest circulation, whether in America or England; or why not go to the publisher who can pay the heaviest royalty, whether in America or England? I do not know that such questions would be seriously asked; and yet if it should prove that American authors could gain substantially by employing English publishers for both countries, it would indicate an uneven state of affairs. The relation between author and publisher is natural and organic, not mechanical; they are complementary to each other, as I have before said, and until one has rid himself of all relation to his country he cannot separate himself from so constituent a part of the order in which he lives. It would certainly be an anomalous condition if an author, writing, as he cannot help writing, mainly for readers in his own country, should employ a foreign agent to help him find these readers. I do not believe such a state of affairs will ever be brought

about, because I do not believe that nationality is going to give way to universality; but if it were to be, the first step would be taken when the American publisher had been divorced by his partner.

Third, *that the removal or essential reduction of the existing tariff on books would give the foreign publisher an advantage over the American publisher, by enabling him to occupy the American market with books written and made abroad at a lower rate than they can be made in this country.*

This statement looks to a simple commercial fact. It assumes books to be purely objects of merchandise, subject to the laws which govern merchandise. It assumes that the publisher who can make books cheaper than his neighbor, and at the same time deprive them of no essential value, will hold the market. It assumes that a book is a book, and it almost eliminates the element of authorship. Under these assumptions, it maintains that in the competition American publishers, unless protected by a duty of twenty-five per cent. on English goods, would suffer seriously. The whole proposition is so degrading to ordinary intelligence that it needs close examination. Is it true that a book is a book? A clerical friend of mine, who knows books which are books, went into a bookstore one day, and asked, —

“Have you a copy of Bossuet?”

“No,” was the prompt reply, “but we have Balzac.” That young man knew how to keep store. He missed his customer this time, but he answered by rule, and knew that nine out of ten chance buyers would have taken another French book by an author whose name began with B, if the one they had heard of was not to be had. The truth is that the cultivated few, who buy a book in current literature because they know about the author, do not make the great public that supports bookstores. That is made of people who want something to read, — the latest, freshest, cheapest

book, — and of people who have serious intentions towards classic authors. The very men who have most to do with the distribution of literature — the book-sellers — buy their stock with reference to its saleworthiness, and to the margin of profit between the buying and selling price; and they know that, with the exception of a few books by men of world-wide note and a few that are immediately advertised in an extensive way, a pound of books is a pound of books, and the public at large buys by the pound, and wants its money's worth.

To particularize: There are two great classes of books which are bought and sold as merchandise under the common laws which affect trade. One is a class made up of a few works so individual that the author gives the entire value to the property; the other, of a great multitude of works, where the author's name, when known, scarcely affects the value of the property at all. The former of these classes goes by the name of standard books, and is a very important element in the publishing business. The publisher has no power to add to their number; he cannot, by his dictum, determine that a book shall be standard: the world and time do that for him. He only looks on, and as a servant of the public sees that they are never left in want. Now the element of speculation, which is never absent from new books, need scarcely be present when books which have stood the test of time are concerned. There the problem is a simple one. Can the publisher give a better, more marketable edition of a standard book than his neighbor? Can he bring out a peculiar excellency which will stamp his edition as the most desirable, or can he produce a cheaper book for the size? He has not to create a demand, but to satisfy it. The bookseller is constantly applied to by the publisher to buy from him his Shakespeare, or his Scott, or Thackeray, or Dickens, or Macaulay, or Milton. There are

more than sixty editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress* published in America, at prices ranging from six cents to fifteen dollars.

The latter of the two classes of which I have spoken goes by the name of juvenile books, and it constitutes one of the bulkiest parts of the publishing business. There are many modest persons engaged in the writing of these books, and the proportion of anonymous or pseudonymous titles is larger, it may safely be said, than in any other order of literature. The author's name has comparatively little to do with the fortune of juveniles. Of course, here and there an author's name has a great significance, especially when he has already made his reputation in a higher class of literature, and then his juvenile book gets lifted out of the crowd; but, in the main, the publisher and the bookseller know that the sales are determined by a few simple considerations. They both know that the public will buy the showiest, most attractive books, and those which seem to give the most for the money; that the question of home or foreign production, whether in authorship or manufacture, scarcely weighs a feather with the public; and that pictures and binding determine most confidently the fate of any one book. The publisher keeps in mind also the important fact that the bookseller will buy these goods of the person who will give him the most favorable discount. The great individuality of standard books, the absence of individuality in juvenile books, alike throw the burden of these two great classes upon the publisher, and it is the conditions which he can control that make the books successful or unsuccessful.

Now the practical effect of this state of things is that the English publisher goes to the bookseller with these two classes of books, the standard and the juvenile, and sells them to him at better rates than the American publisher can. It is a fact, and not a theory,

that for the last few years the English books in these two departments have been steadily pushing American ones to the wall, and the more far-sighted American publishers have maintained that the tariff of twenty-five per cent. is the only serious obstacle to a pretty full occupation of the American market; that were this tariff to be removed, or greatly lowered, the English publisher would have an advantage which distance from the market and the cost of freight would not materially lessen.

Can English books, then, be made cheaper than American? Yes. First, because the American manufacturer is already heavily taxed in all the duties laid upon the materials which enter into the production of a book. Second, because, while the American has the advantage in machinery, ninety per cent. of the cost of electrotype plates — the investment of a book — is in hand labor, and hand labor in England is much lower than in America. Third, because the *plant* of book manufacture in England is so extensive, so highly organized, and so wealthy, that, with a great market in addition to their own, English publishers can afford to produce books at a smaller margin of profit on each copy than is possible among manufacturers whose earnings have not yet paid for the newer plant.

But granting all this, one may impatiently ask, Why not buy Shakespeare in an English edition, if it be better and cheaper; and why not buy English books for the young, if they are prettier? The answer, for my purposes, is suggested by the last two propositions in the authors' remonstrance, and so I give them together: —

"Fourth, *that the effect will be to force American publishers into the publication of those copyright books only whose reputation has already been made, or of those which serve professional uses, as reports of courts and school books.* Fifth, *that higher literature will be discouraged,*

and that the greatest volume of current literature, which is in the form of reading for the young, will be guided by foreign authors, instead of by men and women of their own nation."

That is to say, if publishers were to be crowded out of the market in the field of what is known as miscellaneous and juvenile books, from inability to make any profit in them, they would give their attention to those books in the publication of which they are protected. Such protection exists in the case of copyright books, whose reputation has already been made; it exists also in the case of books which are not properly literature, but rather the intellectual tools required by students and professional workers, and can best be made by those who are brought into close connection with the persons who use them. But the contraction of the publishing business means the restriction of experiments in literature, and the pursuit of a conservative policy on the part of publishers toward the beginners in authorship. A broad industrial basis is requisite for successful ventures in newer fields. If the effect of legislation were to cut off from American publishers the manufacture and sale of standard uncopyrighted books, and of juvenile books of home origin, then, so far, such legislation would be a blow at American authorship, not of juvenile books merely, but of all new contributions to literature.

As a specific illustration of this point, it is worth while to note that the rates of payment for copyright on books for the young are notoriously lower than for copyright on books in general literature. The reason is easily stated. The publisher has to give a much larger discount to the dealer than on other books, and the margin of profit is smaller. But why does he have to give larger discounts? Because the competition is closer, owing to the impersonal character of this literature, and to the great tide of English books.

I have been drawn away somewhat from my immediate subject by this study of a special illustration, but I am not sorry if it has served to emphasize the statement that authorship in America is so closely identified with publishing enterprise as to be sensitive to the same influences. The truth is that publishing in America is more nearly allied with professional life than with trade, and it is likely that the relations between publishers and authors will grow closer, and partake more of a partnership character, than heretofore. The publisher has been the author's servant, and he has been the author's employer. I think that a more natural and a more honorable connection is steadily forming. As one indication of an elevation of the business, I have little hesitation in saying that there are more men who have received a collegiate education now engaged in the publishing business in America than there are in the ranks of men of letters.

It is not surprising that this is so. The demands made upon publishers in this country are of a kind to test them severely, and to make the important prizes come within the grasp of those only who are capable of large and comprehensive views. There is a vast territory in which to operate; an innumerable throng of readers; no compact educated class; no distinctive and authoritative organs of opinion or information; a great number of small centres; a scattering, and not a concentration, of forces. All these conditions, taken with the details involved in publishing, the large capital required in proportion to the business done, the speculative nature of the business, and the constant presence of a highly organized foreign competition, working indeed from a distant base, but with the distance yearly lessening under the applications of science, — these conditions, I say, tend to discourage the smaller publishers, and to build up a few great houses. It is a matter of fact that

within ten years past there has been scarcely an addition to the list of publishing houses.

The effect of all this is to throw the initiative of literature more and more into the hands of the publishers. I am speaking, of course, of such literature as can be deliberately planned. In the matter of the highest literature, it can be said that, so far as publishers occupy a middle ground between commercial and professional lines, they have it in their power to perceive the presence of genius, and to give it a chance; to detect the absence of genius and to put obstacles in the way of its encumbering literature. The main province, however, of publishing enterprise is in the field of that great body of literature which has to do with knowledge; and here the higher organization of the publishing business means the greater opportunity for authorship. The publisher who has developed the industrial and distributing part of his business is compelled to do more than select from the works which are offered to him; he must shape the course of his business at its source as well as at its outlet, and invite certain books as well as judge those which come without solicitation.

It is this function of the publisher which may be watched with the liveliest interest. I am inclined to think that it is destined to be largely developed in America, and that the most thoroughly equipped publishing houses are to be great centres of intellectual force; collecting the scattered powers of literature, and redistributing them in ordered form. In this respect more is to be hoped from them than from the universities. Authorship and university life are not nearly so closely connected as authorship and publishing. The effect, indeed, of university life upon authorship is on the whole a repressive one. The university man is undermined by his disposition to perfect his work, and by the air of criticism which prevails about

him. He is too near a few readers and critics, and too remote from the many readers, to work either with freedom, or with the stimulus which great movements of life give to him. The very limitations of a scholastic life are unfavorable to the man of letters. He is constantly tempted, in the routine of that life, to refine indefinitely and to lose the large purposes of literature.

Yet the university might well range itself among the forces which are to stimulate and control letters in America. I can see no good reason why it should not ally itself with publishing houses in the organization of literature. It has funds for the encouragement of students; why should it not have funds for the encouragement of learning? It need not have its bookstore or printing office, nor need it engage in the business of publishing; but it may fairly put its seal upon a translation of Aristotle, or a thoroughly edited and complete series of the writings of Washington.

The close connection which exists between author and publisher compels us to ask what are the author's proprietary rights, by which he is enabled to meet the publisher on even grounds? The copyright laws give him control of his writings for a period of twenty-eight years, with a right to renew for fourteen years at the end of the first period. For forty-two years, then, the author has peculiar property in a book; after that he has no legal right, and however honorable his own publisher may be, both author and publisher are at the mercy of any rogue who may choose to publish a book, the copyright of which has expired. The period of forty-two years is too short for reasonable protection. Books published by an author when he is under thirty are taken away from him just when he most needs the income from them. For example, I published a book when I was twenty-four years old; it continues to bring me in a yearly return. I am already looking

forward to my sixty-sixth year; but when that time comes the investment which I made in my youth will be nearly worthless to me, and I shall be grinding out work when I ought to be engaged only in writing in autograph albums. Besides, it is unreasonable to compel an author to remember when the twenty-eighth birthday of each of his books comes round, with a penalty of losing his property in them if he forgets it. No; a fairer law would be one which gave an author a hundred years' right in his book. The valueless books would be no more valuable if they enjoyed a perpetual copyright; but if a book has vitality enough to last forty-two years it may fairly hope to live a hundred, and after that, if it is still alive, it ought to be everybody's property. I am communist enough for that.

In considering the material conditions of authorship in America, it is impossible to leave out of account the absence of an international copyright. It has a great deal more to do with literature than a tariff on books has; and since, when the tariff was in danger, a few authors came forward and lent a hand to their partners, I think it would be a retort courteous if the publishers were to show a little more diligence in securing such an international copyright as authors have been individually calling for any time these last forty years. Upon the plane of commerce it is clear that the conditions for free trade in literature are much sounder now than they ever have been. In the exchange of literary wares there is a closer approach to even terms. Upon the higher ground of the recognition of rights, it is to be hoped that the nation is prepared to treat its own authors with dignity, even if it be indifferent to the fortunes of foreigners. The assumption in copyright is that the nation has a final proprietorship in its literature; it grants a monopoly for a term as an encouragement and protection to its authors. Very

well; let it take a step in advance by extending that copyright in time to a hundred years, and by extending it in space so as to make it cover English speaking countries. But it cannot do this last without reciprocity, and of all the methods proposed I know of none so simple as the change of the copyright law by which *persons* and not *citizens* may take out copyright, with the condition that prior publication be made in this country; but such priority need be no more than a day.

Yet when I begin to think of international copyright, my mind always flies back to the immensely larger interests involved in national copyright. The American author who secures a hearing in England has first found his audience in this country. The English sometimes please themselves with the complacent notion that American literature exists after it has been indorsed in England. The notion does them no harm, and it amuses us. Perhaps we have sometimes imagined that we have made the reputation of English authors. Really, an author is made out of much the same stuff as his readers. I have suggested that the university may render needed help to authors engaged upon work which promises little pecuniary return, but the system of schools which prevails, with variations upon one common plan, throughout the United States offers a more important aid to authorship in America by supplying readers. It is the absence of a class of readers which has affected the conditions of authorship here; it is the presence of a nation of readers which ought to affect those conditions still more powerfully. The immediate outlook is not especially encouraging. We have, no doubt, a vast body of people who can read, but their reading is largely confined to newspapers. The lever to raise this mass of indifferent readers is to be found in the system which has hitherto formed them. The introduction of a high order of lit-

erature into the common schools is a movement which has begun, and if it be carried forward will have more effect upon authorship in America than all other causes combined. It has not been possible hitherto, because there has been no native literature at the service of the schools. Now, the accumulation of a body of prose and poetry, with its origin in national life, has become a substantial foundation upon which a love of literature may be built. It is difficult for the older readers in America to-day to comprehend the significance of the change which is going on. They drew their literary impulses quite as much from foreign as from native sources. It is not so with the young people of to-day. They find already existing a body of American classics, and unless I misread the signs of the times these books are to have a profound influence in the education of Americans. They are to constitute the humane letters of the common school, and it is impossible to measure the power which they will exert in enlarging and lifting the mental life of the people.

So far as authors are concerned, the effect, as I have said, will be to give them more readers. The gracious lives of the elder American writers will pass into the fortunes of the younger men, not only by the direct influence of their thought and art, but through the indirect service which they have rendered to noble literature. It was theirs to make this literature at home in America, and a familiarity with it is to be one of the great conservative forces in American life. There will always be more room and welcome for authors in America, because these have become permanent guests. After all, when one sums up the conditions of authorship in America to-day, is not the final and comprehensive one to be found in the existence of America itself? I mean an America which stands for a distinct, resolute power in history, having its own organic

life, planted between the great oceans, hospitable to all influences. There are not wanting signs of a conscious life which breathes through literature: the new and ardent devotion to our own history is one sign; the disposition to make fresh examinations of foreign life and ancient literature is another. One

may easily stray away from the material conditions of authorship in any such survey, and my wish has been chiefly to inquire into some of those material conditions; but authorship has a way of trying to catch a breath of the upper air. It has indeed feet of clay, but it lifts a golden head.

MR. EMERSON IN THE LECTURE ROOM.

THE following reminiscences of a course of lectures by Emerson, delivered before the post-graduate class of Harvard University during April and May, 1870, were written in letters to an absent friend. They cannot be considered in any sense as reports of the lectures, but rather as memory-pictures of our New England master and teacher. To those persons who can recall the tones of Emerson's voice and his manner in speaking, such fragments possess an interest apart from the thoughts they contain. Personal memories tinge the sentiments they convey, but they present, at least, a picture painted with reverence and affection.

Boston, April 28, 1870.

DEAR — : I have the happiness of being one of thirty persons who attend a course of lectures by Mr. Emerson, intended for the graduates of Harvard. . . . His general topic is *Notes on the History of the Intellect*, and he began his first lecture with a witty disclaimer against being considered a metaphysician himself, in any ordinary acceptance of that term. He said that Reid, Hamilton, Berkeley, Kant, give us less, with all their systems, than Montaigne, Montesquieu, Diderot, or even Rabelais, with his breadth of humor. "The trouble is," he continued, "men ordinarily take no note of their thoughts. They say one

thing to-day and another thing to-morrow, and forget them all. Our thoughts are our companions and our guides; but sometimes we find ourselves less familiar with these interior friends than with exterior ones. It is the development of mind which makes the science of mind.

"The miracle is the tally of thoughts to things. A new thought is retrospective. It is like fire applied to a train of gunpowder. It lights all that has gone before.

"We are impatient of too much introspection. What the eye sees, and not the eye, is what we chiefly regard. We are broken into sparkles of thought, like the stars in the system of Copernicus. To Be is the great mystery! We are angles; each one makes an angle with Truth. Our thoughts are like facets cut on the jewel of Truth. Intellect is not a gift, but the presence of God."

You will see from these morsels that I attempt nothing like a report in your behalf. Few things disturb Mr. Emerson so much as to see a note-book; so we only have a right to carry away what we can put into the pocket of our memories. He seldom speaks an hour; once he gave us but twenty minutes; indeed, I think half an hour is about the measure of his discourse. He said one day, "The mind is what has and sees and is seen. There is perfect unison between mind and matter; hence the value

of a new word, which is a gift to the world. Plato gave us one of the most valuable words and definitions when he used 'analogy,' and defined it as 'identity of ratios.' No definition of *genius*, however, can equal the word, and Mr. Carlyle's book on Heroism is at once outdone to the gentle mind by the presence of the hero.

"The best study of metaphysics is physics. The subtle relations between things, the discovery that every system is but a part of the one great system, — this is the wonderful lesson the universe teaches us.

"There is no stop; all is pulsation, undulation. The world is framed of atoms, and in every atom we may discern Man.

"Growth and birth and the sexes, — all these words belong also to the mind; for there is assuredly sex in the mind, though not the same. A masculine mind is sometimes found in the woman, and a feminine in the man.

"The mind is a deep, unfathomable cavern. Man is forever a stranger to himself, and what a blessing is he who can help us to a better acquaintance! What a torch is that which can throw one gleam down into the spirit's cavernous depths! We are to each other as our perception is. Perception is power. The first apprehension is the germ from which all science results.

"Thoughts are rare; whoever has one to give, that person is needed. Young people often feel as if they were bursting with them; but when they try to deliver themselves, it is discovered to be all a false alarm. The heavens appear to be sown with countless stars; but when we try to number those we really see, they only amount to a few hundreds. So it is with our thoughts. Herschel computed there were only about one hundred hours in the year when his great forty-foot telescope was of any avail for observations. Our hours of thought are as rare. It is not every undisturbed day

which is fruitful in them. They belong to happy periods.

"Perception is swiftness; they who see first what to do can do it first, except some few inspired idiots, who are full and see much, but cannot be tapped anywhere. Words and definitions are often the result of this swift apprehension. Perception helps expression, which is but partial at best. If we could once but free our thought, we should be liberated into the universe.

"Talent is ever in demand. A man who can do anything well is needed. We utilize talent too much in this age. It goes for nothing if it be not lucrative. A useful talent is wanted twelve hours in the day.

"Bohemianism is the surrender of talent to money. Isocrates said of Protagoras, and that class of philosophers, that they would sell anything but their hope in the immortality of their own souls for four minæ. Talent is everywhere in great repute with us. To say clever things, to be sharp and brilliant, is to be well regarded."

Mr. Emerson seldom announces any subject or subdivision of his general topic, but one afternoon he began by saying, "My subject is Memory. Every machine must be perfect to be in running order. Wheels, cogs, teeth, must all match and hold well together. It is the healthy mind whose memory works perfectly. Memory should shut tight on its subject as the jaws of a bull-dog. It is cement, bitumen, matrix, to the mind, the cohesion which creates knowledge. It is retroactive, working backward as well as forward in an ever-lengthening chain. Akin to the power of creation is the joy of calling back into existence, by the compelling force of will, something which had disappeared from life.

"Tenacity, accessibility or choice, and swiftness are qualities of memory. No memory holds a variety of subjects. We remember according to our affec-

tions. Napoleon could remember the army roll, but said his memory was so poor that an Alexandrine verse was impossible to him. If the army roll were put on one side, and all the great poems of the world on the other, he should choose the army roll. He wrote down everything else which it was important to record; *that* he remembered without an effort.

"Quintilian has said, 'Memory is the measure of mind.' Frederick the Great knew every man in his army and every bottle in his wine-cellar. Boileau, coming to read a poem to Daguesseau, many pages in length, the latter, on Boileau's ceasing to read, immediately repeated the whole after him, saying he had heard it before. Boileau was at first distressed, but soon discovered it to be simply a feat of memory. Dr. Johnson could repeat whole books which he had read but once. This power failed somewhat after he was forty years old.

"The faculty of memory does not appear to grow; there is some wilfulness in it. Horses possess in their wild state a swiftness which is never attained after they are broken; so the sleep of savages and children, which people of culture and care never know again. Such is the undisturbed power of memory in childhood. We never forget what is absorbed in those few first years of existence. The power of vivid remembrance seems to make time very long to children. We hear one who can scarcely speak say to his companion, 'Can't you remember how we used to make mud pies and play in puddles?'—yet perhaps it was to us a very short time before, though seeming years to them. This wild memory belongs both to children and to the childhood of the world. There is an Eastern poem in existence, said to be longer than the Iliad and Odyssey, which exists only in the memories of its people.

"Memory is not only subject to will, but it has a will of its own. It is like

a looking-glass, because it reflects what passes before it; yet, unlike a looking-glass, it retains, and at will reproduces, any figure that is wanted in the very centre of the plate. What the power is by which a subject is often unconsciously retained, through years, uncalled for, and is suddenly produced when needed, no one has ever been able to turn himself inside out quick enough to discover.

"There is a bit of journal, written by an English gentleman after a pleasant visit to a country-house, in which he says, 'I left Lady ——'s house several days ago. I heard many good things there which I have been intending to set down, but have not yet found time. I take a look at them now and then, in my memory, to be sure they are quite safe.'

"Who of us has not known kindred experiences! Memory accelerates life, and lengthens it. How a short period may be made a long one by a diversity of subjects being presented to us which are worth remembering, we all know. So a person of quick perception to behold and memory to secure will be possessed of something of which a slower man, having the same experience, may be altogether unconscious of. What a convenience and resource is memory! To have what is needed always on demand! It was said of a German professor that he was a third university; he carried a whole library in his head.

"This memory is after all so rare that let a man read what everybody else has read, just one year later and he will appear to other people to be a sphinx. The swiftness of memory distinguishes it. To immediately produce the thing wanted,—that is the point. It is no marvel to see anybody perform the feats of Safford with pen and paper. Everybody can do that! But at the age of ten, with a multiplicand of fifteen figures and a multiplier of fifteen figures, to give the result at once, was indeed a marvel, and this ten years before he

came to our university. Nevertheless, memory appears to be no test of the original power of the mind. With a certain ideal class it seems rather to interfere. Wordsworth and Goethe, for instance, could never bring the memory to explain the meaning and connection of certain passages written in their youth. Whatever coherence there was in their own minds with what went before or came after was not easily perceived by others, nor to be explained by themselves. Not unfrequently, however, the connection between thoughts, lost by the author, may be discovered by other imaginative minds brought to bear upon the subject. There is something ideal in memory. What is addressed to the imagination is oftentimes retained, if everything beside be lost. When we discover that a man remembers many things we have not; when we perceive that he does not do this by a knot in his handkerchief, or a bit of worsted, or by any trick, but by some hidden and fine relation between subject and subject, which we cannot discern, then we feel the greatness of the power, and we seem to talk with Jove.

"The memory of beautiful things retards time; music conceals it. Thus the allegory of Siva, when he comes to ask the god to give him one of three princes in marriage for his daughter. As he approaches the oracle he hears sounds of music, which appear to him so beautiful that he delays a while to listen; and while he delays the first strain ceases, and another begins, which he also waits to hear. When at last there is silence he asks the god for one of the three princes. He is assured that it is impossible; for not only the three princes, but all their children and great-grandchildren to the third generation, have already married while he was listening to the music.

"Memory, with most people, consists of a record of what notes are given and when the payment is due; with others,

it is formative and a token of love. We naturally hate all doctored or shallow-thoughted men. Simonides is called the Father of Memory. It is recorded on the tomb of Abelard that he knew all that was knowable. The best office of memory is to forget all that is painful, and remember only our joys. Fate is an artist, and lets us forget what we should forget. Most of us remember only what we have remembered before; but deep thought holds in solution all facts. The best art of memory is to understand things thoroughly. New knowledge always calls upon old knowledge. Memory should enshrine principles instead of traditions."

The serious significance of this lecture was lightened for the public mind by a number of humorous illustrations. Mr. Emerson said that there were various directions as to how memory may be acquired. "I remember reading," he continued, "in an old book called Fullom's Casket of Memory, that it is good to make a gargle, to be taken warm in the morning, to be composed of a concoction of flowers, new milk, and pennyroyal! Dr. Johnson said he could remember the man he had kicked last." Speaking, one day, of imagination, Mr. Emerson quoted Sir Thomas Browne, who said, "The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein as in a portrait, things are not, truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that invisible fabric."

"No one, perhaps, has given us a better exposition of this doctrine than Emanuel Swedenborg. The substance of his teaching is how, out of the shows of things, to obtain reality. Imagination predicts Nature, and leads our thought upward from point to point. To discern the thought beneath the form is its office. The imagination following the steps of a new thought hears it echoed

from pole to pole. The symbol plays a large part in our speech. We could not do without it. Few can either give or receive unrelieved thought in conversation. A symbol or trope lightens it. We remember a happy comparison all our lives. Machiavelli said the papacy was a great stone in the wound of Italy to keep it from healing. Genius shows itself in sprightly suggestion. A good analogy to my thought is far more to me than to find that Plato or Swedenborg agree with it. To find that the elm-tree nods assent to it and that running waters conform to it,—this alone is confirmation.

"Dante's poetry has hands and feet. I went into a painter's studio once, where I found he had modeled the figures of Dante's characters in clay before beginning to paint his picture; and I was half persuaded the poet did the same himself."

All this seems like a wretched prose translation of what Mr. Emerson said. The lectures themselves are poetry and music. Speaking of dreams, he continued, "More than what Plato or any philosopher can or ever shall give us is sometimes unveiled in these unaccountable experiences. No drama in five acts ever written can compare with the drama in fifty acts unfolded to the dirtiest sluggard upon the floor of the watch-house."

"The words Fancy and Imagination are frequently used without discrimination. It is a mistake. Fancy is full of accidental surprises, and amuses the vacant or idle mind. Imagination silences Fancy, which becomes speechless in its presence. Imagination deals with the identity of things. It is real, central, tragic. Sometimes we think it makes all we call Nature."

"My friend Thoreau was full of fanciful suggestions from natural objects: such as 'the tanager setting the woods on fire as he flies through them;' 'the golden-rod waving its yellow banners,

and marching eastward to the Crusade;' 'the dewy cobwebs, handkerchiefs dropped by fairies.' And of Wachusett as seen from Concord he used to say, 'Look at the back of that great whale just under our bows! They have stuck a harpoon in him, and he is plowing his way off across the continent.' I can never see it without that thought coming again to my mind. Imagination gives us the like romantic elements for our life, and feeds us with commanding thoughts."

"Every one would be a poet if his intellectual digestion were perfect."

"The transition from the subject of Imagination to that of Inspiration is easy. No fable of metamorphosis, but a truth, is this which inspiration works in us. Plato has said no man who always understands himself can ever be a poet. There is an essence which passes from an intelligence higher than ourselves, and sways us. We cannot compel it by our will. We throw up our work for it (wishing it may come), to no purpose. When we least hope for it in lyric glances, it shines upon us. Unstable in its course, it fills the agitated soul."

"Wordsworth said he cared little for those poets who understood what they did, like Byron and Scott. He much preferred William Blake. We never know the depth of the notes we accidentally sound. Heat is necessary. We must have heat. Enthusiasm daring ruin for its object."

"Pit-coal, — where to find it! We may have engines which work as perfectly as watches, but they are all nothing if we cannot strike the mine."

"There is contagion in inspiration. It was said of Mirabeau that 'to-morrow was no impostor to him;' all who came near him learned how much the hours meant to him. We love to be magnetized."

"The story of the Pleiades, — by what poet has it not been sung! Every nun in retirement makes the lost Pleiad the

subject of her song. I think there must be a universal chord struck in the idea, which is that of a lost thought. How to obtain thoughts is the question.

"Condensation, concentration, high flights of the soul, — these are some of the means by which thoughts visit us. But there is no continuance, no permanency, in their presence. They are subject to continual ebb and flow; beside, we lose much by the breaking up of hours and by sleep. We are sometimes like the cat's back, breaking out all over in sparkles of thought. Are these moods within control? Where is the Franklin for this fluid? Poetry is full of apostrophe to inspiration, much of it commonplace enough; but Herrick's little poem is worth reading; also the preface written by William Blake to his poems. A certain recognition of this power beyond themselves is often manifested by great men, as when Kepler said he could afford to wait one hundred years for a reader, since God had waited five thousand years for such an astronomer as himself.

"How many sources of inspiration can we count? As many as are our affinities. First, I would say health; second, sleep. Life is in short periods; cut into strips, as it were. We lie down spent; we rise with powers new born. As a third source of inspiration I would choose solitary converse with nature. What student does not know this? The mornings, the deep woods, the yellow autumn-time. There is much in that French motto, 'Il n'y a que le matin.' Thought is clear then; life is new and strong. But to save the hours, to prevent the frightening away of thought! It is a difficult problem. At home I shut myself up, frequently with great detriment to my affairs (being small farmer as well as householder), and must not be interrupted. But the only safe refuge is a country inn or a city hotel. There no one can call you, and the hours flow on in astronomic leisure. Years

ago, I remember, Mr. Carlyle projected a study at the top of his house, subject to no housemaid. Late in life this plan of his was accomplished, and Frederick the Great was the result. Cold is another enemy. George Sand says, somewhere, she never had an idea that the slightest chill could not drive away from her. To some, a fine view, the face of external nature, is a hindrance. William Blake said nature was a disturbance to his work. Sir Joshua Reynolds disliked Richmond, and said his landscape was the human face divine.

"We remember the plainness of Goethe's study. New poetry, too, is inspiration. I mean for the most part old poetry read for the first time; so also with new words. Almost we say, not even friends! a word is best.

"Next, I would put conversation. Good conversation is a wonderful promoter of intellectual activity. We become emulous. If one says better things than we could, or different, we are stimulated in turn. Conversation is the right metaphysical professor. Sincere and happy conversation always doubles our power."

On another day, in approaching the subject of Genius, Mr. Emerson said, "Walter Scott described it as Perseverance, and it has also been described as Attention; but I hold that Genius is Veracity, and with it always the year is one and the emperor present. With Genius there is always youth, and never the obituary eloquence of memory. Who taught Raphael and Correggio to paint? They were taught of God in a dream.

"Shakespeare, Voltaire, Byron, Daniel Webster, and Father Taylor were equally interesting to all classes; for there are two brains in every man of genius. Talent is vice-president and presiding officer, never the king. Truth is sensibility to the laws of the world, and genius is always governed by truth. Genius deals with the elemental, the

roots of things, and takes nothing second hand."

Once, in speaking of common sense, Mr. Emerson said, "It is a power all esteem. It reaps, plows, sows, threshes, sweats. No one would be without it. Bonar said, 'Common sense and genius make the world,' not wit; that is only a side issue. Artists affect sticking to facts. Goethe was full of this. Like Pericles, he needed a helmet to conceal the dreaded infirmity of his head. He had a large air-chamber; but if any of his neighbors caught him creeping into the chamber of the Muses, he would deny it point blank, saying, 'No, no; I was going to the county jail.' Some nations appear more distinguished for this quality than others. I think the English excel; although with them it is apt to degenerate into brutality. The French people perhaps manage it more courteously; yet a republic is a better field for its development. With a monarchy and the small circle of aristocracy come idealism and exemption. In a republic all find use for hands and feet. Napoleon conversing with an officer on a matter of business, the functionary said, 'I can hardly talk with you as I should like about this, for I am not a witty man.' Napoleon answered, 'I do not want your wit. I want the work!' One of the German princes, to whom Mr. Osborne, of England, was sent as minister, being interested in ghostly appearances, assured Mr. Osborne, if he would accompany him at twelve o'clock midnight to the neighboring churchyard, he would show him a ghost. 'If I may take six grenadiers with me, who shall shoot at the apparition when it comes, I will accompany your majesty gladly,' was the reply. The rendezvous did not take place. The Duke of Wellington having a bullet-proof shirt brought him by the inventor, 'Bullet-proof, you say?' asked the duke. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Will you put it on yourself, and allow me to order in six soldiers to shoot at

it?' The man did not press his suit — nor wear it. Lord Palmerston, being asked to serve on the cholera committee in Edinburgh, declined, saying, 'They would do better to obey the laws of health.' Sir Fowell Buxton's book is full of common sense regarding Parliament and the character of speeches there. Many of the rules he lays down would be good for more Parliaments than that of England.

"Common sense was a great characteristic of Dr. Johnson, and his conversation can never be overrated. It will live when much of the Rambler will be forgotten.

"The primal facts of Intellect lie close under the surface of Nature. Sometimes we feel Nature to be a chamber lined with mirrors, wherein we see reflected the disguised man. The analogy between processes of thought and those of the physical world is perfect, thorough. Good work does itself; there is growth in the night.

"The fame of the Mons pear came from the saliency of the trees as well as the excellence of the fruit. The shoots were continually cut off and new graftings made. Saliency of the mind may be encouraged by use. We need saliency. Nothing is more simple than the fact discovered yesterday, nothing more wonderful than the fact to be discovered to-morrow. In the old schools of Italy they would dry up a man to make a grammarian. We will hope that the mended humanity of republics will save us.

"We are inspired by every kind of true vigor. We do not need to meet vigor of our own kind, but misalliance, misassociation, must be shunned. It is of no avail. Genius ill-companioned is no genius; without identity of base, chaos must be forever. We are surprised by occult sympathies. In each form of nature we seem to see ourselves in some distorting glass. Nature is saturated with Deity. The solar architec-

ture, upon which we gaze in wonder, is not so marvelous as the same system in the revolving mind.

"Thoughts run parallel with the creative law; to unveil them, to understand their action from the laws of the world, — this is imagination, this is the poetic gift. Among the laws of the mind are powers and analogies which should be considered. First among them stands Identity; then follow Metamorphosis, Flux" . . . Here Mr. Emerson paused, his sentence still unfinished, while he seemed to search among his papers for its conclusion. After a few moments, finding nothing to advance the subject satisfactorily, he rose, and so ended the lecture of the day.

On another occasion Mr. Emerson renewed this subject. "The detachment and flux of our natures," he said, "are the metres of their strength. Nothing remains; everything is becoming other than it is; this doctrine is the secret of things. Wisdom consists in keeping the soul fluent, resisting petrification. We see this in all things; we are asked why there is a hole in the bottom of the flower-pot! The moment there is fixation, petrification and death ensue. The very word Nature makes us to know this: '*natura*;' becoming about to be born. We are immortal by the force of transits. The law of the world is transition, and our power lies in that. No wonder children delight in masks and plays, — in being other than they are; so do older children; it is the instinct of the universe.

"Pace is yet another power or quality of mind. The swift mind is capable of spiritual sculpture, and can build a statue in the air with every word. The artist values himself on his speed. Saadi says, 'With the budding out of the leaf this work began, and was ended with the falling of the same.' Shakespeare seems to have lived faster than any other man; he appears to have been a thousand years old when he wrote his

first line, and his judgment is as wonderful to us as his pace. Quick wit is always a miracle, but for *l'esprit de l'escalier* we have no respect; everybody has that. Good fortune is only another name for quick perceptions. Improvisation is simply acceleration. We have nothing of value in literature done that way; what is gained in one direction is lost in another. It is thought our pace is injured by civilization; untutored peoples are said to do what they do more rapidly than we. When results are shown to us without the processes by which they were produced, we are lost in wonder. In this way Sir George Beaumont made Wilkie's sudden reputation in London. He went about saying, 'Here's a young man who has just come to London, who went at once to see a picture by Teniers, and then ran home and painted The Village Politicians.'

"Each power, when largely developed, exhausts some other. The Delphian prophetess at her altar is herself a victim. But the pace of Nature is strong! We never hear that she has sprained her foot. We become spent, and fail; she thanks 'God that she breathes very well.'

"We find grown people, with quick perceptions, whose judgment is two years old, — Hercules with a withered arm! This element of Time is a wonderful magician. I once went to a beautiful *fête*, where was a little old man in a gray coat. Presently some one asked him for one of Dolland's great telescopes; and he produced it immediately, no larger at first than a microscope, from his waistcoat pocket. Soon after a lady stepped up, and said she should like a Turkey carpet laid on the lawn, if he had one about him; and the little gray man took that out, too, and presently a marquee was added to the rest. Time, the little gray man, has made, and is making, changes as wonderful upon every one of us. No Turkey carpets nor marquee tents can

be so extraordinary as the processes in chemistry, miraculous to our un instructed eyes.

"Bias is yet another quality or power of the mind to be considered, — power to resist shocks of contending temperaments. Faraday discovered that certain minerals would obey the two poles of the magnet, north and south, while others would only seek those diametrically opposed. Polarity is a universal law; every mind is a magnet, with a new north.

"We soon discern whether a man speaks from himself, or is giving us something at second hand. We see through all his paint; he may as well wash it off at once. He who made the world lets that speak for itself, and does not employ a town-crier. So shall each soul speak for itself as God made it. Opinions are organic. They should be fostered by our studies into a healthy natural growth. We say of a man, 'Where is his home?' There where he is incessantly called.

"Do not fear to push these individualizations to their farthest divergence. Excellence is an inflamed personality. Power fraternizes with power, and wishes you to be not like himself. We acquiesce in what we are. We do not wish conformity or fair words; yea and nay will suffice. God makes but one man of each kind. 'My son will not be like me, and can never fill my place,' said Napoleon, 'but he will fulfill his own destiny.' A human soul is a momentary fixation of power. The tenacity of retention must be in proportion to the idea it represents.

"Everybody can do his best work easiest. While the master works in his own way, and draws on his own power, he cannot be supplanted. Man resents the rule which cripples him. We must do our best in our own way. We do not wish praise; we never forgive over-appreciation. Reserve, pique, — both these can help to stimulate us. Do not

fear to be a monotone! We wish every man to truly please himself; then he will please us."

Mr. Emerson read in connection with this subject a passage from Varnhagen von Ense upon Vicarious Sacrifice. He said it was so fine that it would not be out of place anywhere, and belonged to the philosophy of history.

One day he remarked that he had always considered a course of lectures at Harvard University would be incomplete if a series upon Plato and the Platonists were omitted. "Thought has subsisted for the most part on one root; the Norse mythology, the Vedas, Shakespeare, have served for ages. The history of our venerable Bible, — what heights, what lights, what strength, does this contain! We see how Nature loves to cross her stocks; the invaded by the invader. We see this in the history of the Aryans, of the Pelasgi as invaded by the Ionians, of the East by Alexander, and so on continually. There must be both power and provocation to develop the highest in man.

"The systems of philosophy are few, and repeat each other; there is little that is new. One philosopher unfolds the doctrine of materialism; the next will unfold the same doctrine, but after the fashion of his own mind; another will dispute sense and talk non-sense; the fourth will take a middle ground, until we have Materialism, Idealism, Dogmatism, Skepticism, and few new thoughts.

"When Orientalism in Alexandria found the Platonists, a new school was produced. The sternness of the Greek school, feeling its way forward from argument to argument, met and combined with the beauty of Orientalism. Plotinus, Proclus, Porphyry, and Jamblicus were the apostles of the new philosophy.

"Some truths were then, perhaps, first unveiled: such as, pure power is more felt than anything purely intellectual;

Mind is the source of things, the truth of absolute units; Being, or First Cause, creates to the end of imparting happiness. This philosophy was the consolation of the human race. The principles of Plato were distilled in various schools, and at last went down with the greatness of Rome. Then came, not until the third century of our era, Plotinus. He was the founder of the new Platonism. The wisdom of its method is great and worthy of profound study. Music, Love, Philosophy, were the three powers of which he has left us a beautiful analysis." Mr. Emerson read carefully selected passages from Plotinus, and afterward gave the history of his life so far as it is known; then, taking up an octavo volume translated by Thomas Taylor, of Norwich, which contained the essay of Synesius on Providence, he spoke of its untold value to the world. His audience could understand at least how precious the book was to him. Doubtless many a reader, remembering his words concerning it, has turned its mystic pages; but the readers must be few who have seen the mysterious light shining in them which the poet found.

Of Proclus Mr. Emerson said, "I am always astonished at his strength. He has purple depths which I can never fully sound. What literature should be, he is. Proclus first called attention to Chaldaic oracles. There are hardly men athletic enough to read him. How insignificant and far behind Proclus is what we call Scotch philosophy. It is like comparing Phidias and Uncle Toby.

"For a period of the world's history Plato and the Platonists were almost lost, as it appeared. But the disciples always reappear; thus, curiously, in our age have these doctrines revived. As surely as Wilkinson is the pupil of Swedenborg, and as surely as everything must come round, so here in our time arrives a scholar who sets the Platonists on their legs again, and calls everybody

to hear these sages who wrote fifteen hundred years ago. Thomas Taylor was a man of singular character: a rugged Englishman, without one refreshing stroke of wit, or even of good sense, haughtily believing in his work, he accepted poverty proudly to the end of its accomplishment. He cannot suppress his high contempt for those who are ignorant of Greek philosophy. He equals Gibbon in his pride, and Johnson in his gloom. There is little recorded of his life, but I draw much of my information from Porson. Thomas Taylor says, 'No living author beside myself has devoted himself to Plato.' Elsewhere he speaks of his 'solitary road;' and indeed it was a road no man had traversed for centuries. Niebuhr has a touching reference to him; the name is not given, but it can be no one else. Sydenham also, whom I should hardly quote here but for his strange fate and the interest his early death excites in us.

"Taylor tilts against many notable windmills. Like Coleridge, he thanked God that he knew no French. He calls Christianity a gigantic impiety. Like Winckelmann, he was a man born out of due time. Taylor had no faith in the education of the masses; his whole idea of government was founded on Plato's republic; he eagerly dissuaded the uneducated from reading his books. He received scorn for scorn. Even learned England knew nothing of him, gave him no attention. Hallam had never heard of him, nor Milman, nor, I think, had Macaulay. I met a gentleman who thought he could find out something for me, but the whole result of the inquiry was that Taylor's eldest son was named Proclus. There are very few facts beside. His wife married him suddenly, when she was about to be compelled to marry a rich man in his stead, and for a year or more they subsisted on seven shillings a week, which he made by copying. His labors were immense. Aristotle, Plato, Plotinus, Proclus, Syne-

sus, all exist from his hand, and many other works. He was turned out of a good boarding-place because he wished to sacrifice a bull to Jupiter Olympus in the best parlor. His translation of Synesius will live with Comus, Laodamia, and a few other things of that nature."

The next afternoon Mr. Emerson said his subject was *The Conduct of the Intellect*. "I have arranged," he continued, "with some amplitude the study of the working agents of the mind, that we may become conscious as far as possible how system and power may be reached by persons desirous of true culture. First, we will consider Attention, which is the natural prayer we make to Truth that she will discover herself to us. Attention is perpetual application of the will. Sir Isaac Newton said that what he had accomplished was done by always intending his mind. Goethe said that he believed every child should learn drawing; for it unfolds attention, the highest of our skills and virtues. This power cannot always be called into its fullest force, and it is differently excited in different persons, or in the same persons at different times. When you cannot flog your mind into power in your library, you go to family and friends, where it becomes refreshed. Some men have found the public their school and study. They go to their audience as others go to their closet, and learn there what they should say.

"This brings me again to Bias, that indispensable condition of all true influence. Each makes and should make one reserve in the canon of nature, namely, himself! Not the fact, but what he makes of it, is its value, after all. Be yourself! Don't walk one way and look another. Straining, *tour de force*, will accomplish for the time, but the result is always weariness and waste. You cannot disguise your opinions. This faculty is your lot in life; therefore make the most of it, instead of wishing it something else. Abandon yourself

to your real love and hate! That which burns you can alone set other minds in flame. Labor, drudge, and wrestle for it; profound sincerity is the only basis of character. Beware of the temptation to patronize Providence. Set down a wise man in the centre of a town, and he will create a new consciousness of wealth. He will show the rich their mistakes and poverty, and to the poor he will discover their own resources. He will establish an immovable equality.

"Most books of travel tell us nothing; but take the men born to travel and to see, and we recognize at once that they are inspired for discoverers. The poet sees also, and if he sees only in fragments he paints those with what energy he has.

"The primary quality of Genius is Veracity. 'What he would write, he was before he writ,' said Lord Brooke. Youth and truth should be inseparable. No proselytizing adviser is then needed. I want nothing less Truth. I will wear her garment, rather than array myself in a red rag of any borrowed garniture. I see how grand it is.

"The condition of sanity is to keep down talent and to preserve instinct. Otherwise we find talent substituted for genius, sensuality for art. There is an organic order in every mind, therefore there is natural order in our thought; but bad artists do not foresee the end from the beginning."

Mr. Emerson here spoke of the Classic and Romantic schools of art, and of the essential quality of Affirmation.

"The affirmative position of the mind," he continued; "knowing what we like best, and acknowledging it; discovering the grand basis where lies the joy of the great masters that they are all alike; not dealing with petty differences; not seeing less than the immortal,—this is the duty of every healthy soul. It is the causal fact in every forward nature that he shall look

affirmatively upon subjects. An affirmative talker is always safe. I think it is the main guard not to accept degrading views. Don't try to make the universe a blind alley. We must march under the banner of the advancing cause. There is no limit to the strength of affirmation; we can go on, sky over sky and through soundless deeps, and the follower learns that truth has steepes unapproachable to the profane foot. No negative evidence can be worth one affirmative. It is the mind, never the body, which will conquer, and will burst up to carry all away as with a sea-stroke. The true poet, if such could be embodied, would electrify us with truth, once heard. What is now the capital would be so no longer: grass would grow in its streets; it would soon be superseded. Good order, analogy, health, benefit, — to each and all of these the assenting soul sings pæan! Said a good saint once to me, 'The Lord gives, but he never takes away.' We must cleave to God against the name of God.

"I think Keats's best lines are those in *Hyperion* : —

"So Saturn, as he walked into the midst,
Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest
But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness and awe of him at once
Came like an inspiration."

"The contagion of an affirmative disposition is very great, and the gift or acquirement of this generosity is one of the consolations of life. Therefore use the faculty; labor, drudge, for it. Put to it the spirit of Napoleon when he was asked to repeat an order, and replied, '*Pensez, fripon!* I never repeat; it is for you to remember.' Go, and be like Napoleon! Let his endeavor be your constant type and exemplar. He was always on the offensive, and, as he said himself, never on the defensive, except in the night, when he could not see his enemy. Use your powers, and put them to a better use than Napoleon put his. Use them all; otherwise we shall be like the Indians, with thick legs and

thin arms. We need all our resources to live in the world which is to be used and decorated by us. Socrates understood this well. His humility was sincere, but he used it also with exquisite tact, making of it a better eyeglass to penetrate farther than the vision of other men.

"We must lie in wait for thoughts, for times when the intellect is facile; think with the flower of the soul. Be confident that a man cannot exhaust the abilities of his nature, and the best is never attained but at the price of continual labor. Success depends on previous preparation. If principles and high conduct be sustained by continual practice, their virtue will be inexhaustible. The question always is how to keep up to the top of my condition!

"A good day's work is too valuable to be broken in upon lightly. Continence must be attained. A certain continence is always to be remembered. Seven silences for one word. Let the thinker keep his secret; we hate a leaky mind. Continuity, — we must strive also for that, although true thoughts arrange themselves. But let us be no *chiffonniers*; have a piece of twine, and it will lead to royal truths. Have control; it is indispensable! Primal powers will not sit for their portraits, and are always melting into each other; but he who gains control shall use a ladder of lightning, and efface his steps as he mounts.

"Following upon our labor for thought come sometimes periods of fullness, when the whole being is fused, yet we cannot express a word. We are lifted above expression, and filled with a sublime life. This joy compensates. The question must always be whether the mind possesses control of its thoughts, or they of it. We sometimes go to sects to ask of some member the secret of his peace or progression, but we find he cannot formulate. He impresses those who know him by the honesty and truth of his worship, but he cannot convey

the ground of his satisfaction to us. George Fox was filled with groanings that could not be uttered; and so it has ever been. Wordsworth called his brother 'a voiceless poet,' and the world is filled with these dumb souls. The primary rule is to have control of the thoughts without losing the natural action; this is the power of the prophets.

"But you must formulate your thought, or you have all stars and no sky! It is a want of self-possession not to learn this control. Has a metaphysician no art for his bad memory or attention? Has he no balloon to send up into the empyrean, to bring down its wonderful hues? Father Taylor's grand sea-horses have always drawn him up and down only on condition that he shall not guide them. The faculties are continual assertors of immortality for what never could be said. Locomotive destiny must be hitched on to the cars in which we all are.

"There is a sense of power attendant always upon the period when thought comes. We stand like Atlas, on our legs, and feel as if we could move the world. We have such debility of nature that a new thought is as a god to us. We can no more manage it than a thunderbolt. But after a time its affinities begin to appear; we become accustomed to its presence; we can call it by name and grow familiar with it; then we can compare it with others, and begin to distribute them.

"The endless procession of thoughts is the miracle of every day. What shall we say of these potentates? To the healthy man there is always one waiting at the door when he awakes. Wonderful they are in their relation to each other. What is written in the mind in indelible ink is brought out by the fire of thought.

"Certain medicinal value is in all intellectual action. Sit down to work with weak eyes, and when your imagina-

tion begins to work your eyes become strong. Dumont, in his life of Mirabeau, says, when the husband of Madame Clavière was about to be elected to the ministry she became ill of nervous fever; but when he was elected, her physician declared that in four days she would be able to appear in public; which proved true, for at the end of that time she appeared in perfect health as the mistress of her own salon, in the new *hôtel* assigned her husband.

"Despair shows we have been living on a low plane, in the sense or understanding. It is a sign of the decay of thought. The brave uplift us. Jamblicus tells us some have been burned, and not apprehended it. After the last great defeat of the Athenians there was evident loss of power for wide thought.

"We must all recognize the influence of two distinct classes of persons. One class of men and women appear to bring their power from a moral source, and the other from intellectual forces. Thus Dr. Channing, the oracle of morals and religion forty years ago, drew his power clearly from a moral force instinct within him; and this as contrasted with what we call intellectual power, exemplified in such men as Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, and others. In the first class we find men of strength, whose names are unheard of by the world, often in humble company and perhaps without a talent by which to express themselves; nevertheless, their power is indisputable and puts all talent to shame. We do not, however, pause upon their thought; it is something higher than that which sways us. The power of man is twofold: one part man and one woman, the masculine and feminine elements, the moral and intellectual; the soul in which one predominates is ever watchful and jealous; where intellect leads it grows skeptical, narrow, worldly, and runs down into talent. On the other hand, clear-thoughted minds complain of the opposing class as of

wandering spirits, who cannot formulate their faith or make their light evident. Aristotle said the origin of reason is not in itself, but in something better; and one of the ancients says, 'The two elements are united at their summit in being God.'

"As a student of the laws of the mind, learning to believe more deeply in proportion to research into its divine potentiality, I do not believe in any objector who would make that responsible for vices and failure. Dumesnil calls Michael Angelo 'the conscience of Italy,' and there is a probity of the intellect which demands more than any Bible has enjoined. All feel the mystery of this twofold genius at the head of creation. Looking back upon the philosophy of the ancients with this idea in my mind, I find this conception of the Highest present everywhere: in Plato, Plotinus, and in the Hindoo books. There is always a light which is recognized as of older birth than the intellect. One says, 'Intellect has twofold energies: some of these powers act as Intellect, others as Being inebriated with nectar.' We say the soul grows by moral obedience. This is the only true foundation, and we find it treason in the philosopher to do wrong. The mind knows nature by sharing it, but religion, that home of genius, will strengthen the mind as it does the character. The obedience to a man's genius is the particular of faith; the obedience to his religion, the general of faith. This sentiment is the affirmative of affirmatives; it is love itself. Strength enters into us, a new life opens upon us, if we possess this truth.

"A devout sentiment has the effect of genius uttered in society. How often we lament the development of talent when we see the heart of man disappear, and we say, 'Happy are those who have no talent. Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, we could not do without; but the central guard of all is the quiet influ-

ences of society, — the men who have no talent, but who see the right and do it. Such moral forces are perhaps the highest in the scale." Here Mr. Emerson quoted a passage from the novel "Counterparts." He often spoke of this book as one possessing singular power and significance. "It would be easy," he continued, "to show the irreligion of people, not from their writings, but from their table-talk and the asides of life. For wisdom, for sanity, you must have some entrance into the heart of humanity. He who is exclusive excludes himself. There is something very delicate in the moral sentiment; it is a flower which will not bear handling, but must lie gently in the mind and bear fruit there. Piety gives an elegance of manners which the court cannot teach; we never obtain sincerity in any speech unless we feel a degree of tenderness. Christianity taught this; the beauty and the strength of this truth was only brought to perfection in the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. Wisdom has its root in goodness, not goodness in wisdom. I ever hear in the voice of genius invariably the moral tone: the finer the sense of genius, the finer is the influence.

"The one avenue to truth and wisdom is love. Here, then, is the foundation, — that all growth comes from moral obedience.

"What we call poetical justice, that is real justice. We call the characters who rest on these foundations 'real men,' as distinguished from men of the world who act from other motives. Piety is the essential condition of science. When the time came that we had to praise John Brown of Ossawatimie, I remember what a world of old poetry fitted him exactly, — Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Herbert; indeed, there was no end to it!

"It is common to find the contrary to much that I have said. Napoleon is an example of genius without morality, but

Wellington spoke once to the effect that it was a moral failure which first made it possible for him to see how to defeat Napoleon. The exceptions still show the truth. How coarse and rude was the masculinity of the French Revolution, — how different from New England in its harshest days of creed! Intellect is purged by humility; no great intellect but is bankrupted by moral defects. Algernon Sidney, Marcus Antoninus, are noble examples of moral power. Some of the greatest statements of the truths of Christianity which are found outside of it are in the Hindoo literature." Here Mr. Emerson quoted from the Purana, from Fox, Behmen, Swedenborg, and others, where, as he said, "great sensibility of conscience has stood in lieu of mental development."

Again, he continued, "The persons generally most praised and esteemed are not those we most value. We praise talent and cheaper things; we can make an inventory of affairs of the world, but we cannot do that with the hero. We can have only one hero, here and there, to preserve the line in the world; quiet and obscure they are, often, but keen and sure almost as Socrates when the time comes for them to observe. These are not men who are spoken of; they are left alone, for the most part, as gods are; they are elemental, and not made for ball-rooms, — not heroes of communities; nothing could be more private, but

always able to come in exigency and ready for our sorriest plight. Such are strong in the drudgeries of endeavor; they excel in extricating us from bad society. To such a hero as I have described, men will listen as if they were under a perpetual spell. Such I call not so much men as influences! I knew one: he was at this university; of all unknown and unseen. I will read you something he has left, to show you how he looked upon the world." Here Mr. Emerson read Thoreau's poem called *The Stranger*, and afterward, to illustrate his remarks upon eternity and patience to this end, he read also fragments from Sappho and Michael Angelo. Mr. Emerson then continued: "The fondness of the mind for stability is a very remarkable fact. Whatever is ancient and long in time has attractions for us. The man of thought is willing to live, or living to die; he probably sees the cord reaching both up and down. You shall not say 'Oh, my bishop, Oh, my pastor, is there any resurrection?' or 'Did Channing believe?' Go read Milton, Æschylus, Plato, St. Augustine, and ask no such school-dame questions as these! True lives, those of prophets, philosophers, thinkers, students, such as I have quoted, suggest vast leisure. In reading some of their sentences you feel the certainty of immortality. Belief in the future of the mind is only such to those who use it."

A. F.

TABLE TALK.

"Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge to Lamb, seizing him one day in Bloomsbury, as his own *Ancient Mariner* did the wedding-guest. "I never he-heard you d-do anything else!" was the reply, as, drawing a

knife from his pocket, he cut off the button by which he was detained and marched away. Coming back, hours after, Lamb found his friend standing on the same spot, twirling between thumb and forefinger the button he had

removed by a surgical operation and still preaching to an imaginary audience.

This, I take it, is a symbolical incident, a prophetic and indeed pathetic shadow of the dark age in which the very brightest conversational lights had no better chance of shining than their farthing-dip neighbors, and were finally to be extinguished by the relentless snuffers of a dull and impatient generation. Table talkers there may be still somewhere in the world, blankly contemplating the button by means of which they once secured a hearing, but where are the listeners?

Where are the successors of the young men and maidens, old men and children, who rushed from all parts of the United Kingdom to Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate to hear Coleridge "discourse on every subject, human and divine, for hours" night after night, and, dazzled by the rays of a splendid intellect, assented to everything, were converted to anything, wept in the right place, never laughed in the wrong one, followed intelligently all his metaphysical speculations, appreciated the most subtle niceties of thought and expression, and at last went home enraptured with the poet and lamenting the loss of the weekly *conversazione* like so many Peris on whom the gates of Paradise had been closed? And what of the people who used to assemble around Mrs. Thrale's tea-table and listen with awe and rapture to the dogmatic utterances of the Great Bear, only too charmed to be effaced, really gratified by snubs, and never dreaming of interrupting the feast of reason and the flow of soul, never objecting to any proposition, and scarcely ever interpolating so much as a single phrase? Boswell in a revolutionary, daring mood once got so far as, "I wonder" — after the Doctor had got off about two pages of close print on some topic of the day, but was instantly and very properly suppressed. "Don't won-

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der, Boswell!" commanded the great man with stern repressiveness; and if the company dared to indulge in the forbidden luxury after that, we may be sure that it was at the impertinence of Boswell's attempting to palm off a conversational sixpence and small beer on a company waiting to be paid vast sums in the gold of Guinea and the wine of ecstasy.

The more we read of the celebrated *côteries* of past times, the more amazing do we find the difference between, not the talkers, but the listeners of this and that period; the people who skipped nimbly from *bon mots* to Essays on the Genius of Christianity in the wake of the wits of the Parisian salons; assisted greedily at the tremendous conferences of the Klopstockian and Wertherian school of philosophers at Weimar; and intrigued to be allowed to join the delightful conclave at Holland House. Listeners are the great stumbling-block in the way of such institutions being revived. Some faint echo of them is to be found in the immense enthusiasm of the King of Bavaria and the other disciples of Wagner, and the attitudes of devotion expressed in twisted legs and clasped hands, "the rapt soul sitting in the eyes" of the æsthetics groveling at the feet of their Gamaliels, — Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Morris, — but the spirit of the age is so opposed to such demonstrations that they excite considerably more ridicule than admiration.

Indeed, the world seems to have rushed to the opposite extreme. It has not only run away from the table talkers, but stuffed its fingers in its ears and refused to listen, charm they never so wisely. The men best worth hearing have found this out long ago, and taken their cases to that supreme and final court of appeal, the Press. Morse himself cannot telegraph without a wire; it must be properly insulated; the connection must be perfect; the operator at the other end of the line must have a

certain degree of intelligence, must be in a receptive attitude, and pay close attention to the workings of the divine current, before genius can flash its message through the world. What can have destroyed the essential conditions in which the table talker lived, and moved, and made his reputation? Can any one tell? Can it be railroads, telegraphs, steamboats, telephones, the public school system, the Declaration of Independence and the triumph of republican principles, nihilism or communism that has played us the scurvy trick? Can human nature have changed, along with everything else in this changeful age?

In the golden age of table talk the listener seems to have had all the virtues and none of the faults of the tribe, as we know them. He was able to grasp any subject, however abstruse. He always understood *the first time*. He never had a post-mortem appreciation of jokes, and burst out in a guffaw long after everybody had forgotten all about them. He never kindly translated what had been said and made it mean something totally different from what was intended. He never rejected the slow march of demonstration and leaped to the wrong conclusion, thereby utterly routing the *raconteur*, and putting him to flight horse and foot. He never proclaimed a statute of limitation, and said, "Very true, my dear Jones, *up to a certain point*. But you go too far. Your theory carried to its logical conclusion would" — (Here twenty minutes of illogical absurdities and niggling objections follow.) He never stopped you in the middle of a good story to insist with painful accuracy that some town incidentally alluded to was not fifteen miles from Carlisle, but fourteen and three quarters, or begged pardon for interrupting you but your mention of Scotch whiskey reminded him of one of the most amusing episodes in his whole life, which he related at great

length and bored everybody to extinction, besides killing the original story outright. He never abstracted himself from the conversation while he hunted up his arguments and epigrams, and then inserted them violently in the first pause that occurred, or made an opportunity if none existed. He never wrecked a rich freight-train of ideas by a feeble pun or a hackneyed quotation. He thrilled at an impassioned appeal, melted over a noble sentiment, understood every classical allusion, withered under sarcasm, delighted in brilliant imagery, and never resented the most caustic wit. He was a luminous, gifted, patient creature, all soul (except what was ears), and we shall ne'er look upon his like again. The poor relation who corroborates every utterance with fulsome additions of her own did not exist then. The people who pay no attention to what is being said and burn to get in their reply had not been invented. The man who habitually invalidates every statement that has not had the honor of emanating from him, who would contradict Faraday flatly about the influence of magnetism on light, and could not be convinced that he was mistaken in any scientific conclusion, by Sir David Brewster, Cuvier, Hugh Miller, Herschel, Humboldt, Laplace, Playfair, Darwin, and Huxley combined, had not yet reared his ignorant, obstinate, dogmatic crest. It was the Age of Listeners, and listening is a lost art.

I appeal to you, sir, who have a fund of information, a quickness at repartee, a wealth of anecdote not often met with, and can tell a story as well as any man in America, to confirm this statement. How often do you get off that delightful experience of yours in a Bulgarian café during the Russo-Turco war, in which you imitate officers of six nationalities so inimitably, before an even fairly attentive and appreciative audience?

Suppose yourself dining out, not at

your friend Sowerby's where the seven children are all at the table, and their fond mamma dribbles out a dreary domestic record of bad servants and abnormally clever children at one end, and the father, with a note-to-meet-in-Bank-and-no-money-to-do-it-with expression, growls out a few sentences at the other, and the Irish maid gives her views when the conversation flags, and drops the leg of mutton on the threshold, and finally retires to the adjoining kitchen to rake the ashes out of the furnace noisily, and sing *The Wearing of the Green*. No, take American life under its most favorable conditions, and fancy yourself breaking Vienna bread at the table of some hospitable millionaire. Do you suppose that all the company is going to sit silent, attentive, entranced, while you express your opinion of the Egyptian situation? No, not if you were Ebers or Sir Garnet Wolseley. No, not if it were the late Arctic Expedition instead, and you were Lieutenant Danenhower.

Sentimental lady opposite, addressing the chandelier apparently, would murmur, "Oh, those poor dear Egyptians! I do hope they won't get hurt. I've always doted upon the Egyptians. I always keep a crocodile paper-weight on my writing table, and dear papa thinks me so like his print of Cleopatra."

Gentleman on the left would say, "Have you seen the leaders in the *Tribune* and the *Herald*, and Smith's article, *The Land of the Pharoahs*, in the *South American Review*? Covers the whole ground." You have seen Smith's paper, and are about to take issue with him on several points, when a conversational non-combatant below you makes a deprecating appeal to you as the superior man of the party, "Is it true, sir, that the Nile overflows its banks every year? How do they get it back again?" You begin: "As far back as the days of Moses" — Irreverent youth breaks in with "Moses in

the bulrushes keeping off the mosquitoes!" as a perfectly pertinent and welcome addendum, and you retire disgusted. On leaving the room the would-be-intellectual young lady stops you and says, "Thank you, dear Mr. Powell, for talking so very beautifully about Egypt. I was taking notes of what you said all the time, behind the *épergne*, and shall put it all down in my diary to-night." You grind your teeth and pull your moustache and try to look pleased as you mutter, "Delighted, I'm sure!" But shades of Hazlitt, Coleridge, Dr. Johnson, Sydney Smith, and Macaulay, what would you say to such table talk? Many years ago, the writer was breakfasting one morning in London with a friend, and among other guests was the late Matthew F. Maury of Virginia (the simplest and best, as well as one of the most distinguished of *savants*), and a very handsome, bump-tious young fellow, a nephew of the host, just up from Oxford, with all the world in a sling, and a strong disposition to give the sun a black eye on the smallest possible provocation. He was placed at table just opposite Commodore Maury, whom he knew very well by reputation, but had never associated with the quiet, kindly old gentleman across the mahogany. The conversation turning upon the origin and influence of the Gulf Stream the Commodore was appealed to, and with the beautiful modesty and simplicity for which he was noted began to make his statement. I say began, for he was never allowed to finish it. Young Oxford objected to, sniffed at, and utterly pooh-poohed every proposition, and it was charming to see the old man laying no claim whatever to superior knowledge, but mildly asking if it had "occurred to him to look at it in this light," gently deprecating his conclusions, and patiently explaining his own position. But all in vain; he was only trampled the more under the heel of assertion, and at last meekly re-

tired from the contest, bowed, and followed the ladies into the library, leaving his antagonist swelling with a sense of victory. All this time the host had been fretting and fuming at the other end of the table, out of range, and now burst out in a turkey-cock fury with, "Frank, do you know that you have been making a consummate ass of yourself? Do you know who you have been talking to? That is Maury!" Poor young Oxford's face, on hearing this, expressed an amount of amazement and mortification that spoke well for its ingenuousness. His rosy cheeks turned quite purple, and he gasped out in a horrified way, "Good Heavens! You don't mean it," and, napkin in hand, jumped up, rushed after the Commodore, and made the most profuse apologies in a red-heat of contrition, and was then dismissed with a kindly pat on the shoulder and a "Never mind, never mind, my dear boy. You are very young," that was pulverizing in the extreme. Women are supposed to have more tact and finer sensibilities than the grosser sex, yet how few of them resemble Madame de Staël "qui savait bien écouter."

Conceding, then, that there are no listeners who hear through every pore and sympathize in every fibre of their being, have we lost so much, after all, by the decadence of table talk? Hazlitt confesses that he was often dreadfully bored by the guild; and Scott told Lockhart that he would rather hear the simple thoughts and tales of his poor, uneducated neighbors, from whom he heard higher sentiments than he had ever met with, out of the pages of the Bible. If a great deal of the talk was wonderfully brilliant, a considerable portion was dull and forced; and if some of the witticisms recorded had come down to us C. O. D., like our parcels, iconoclastic as it sounds, I dare say they would have been sold at a literary express office as so much waste paper. Most

of us know a half-dozen people who say better things every day in the week, and do not lie awake at night fancying themselves geniuses either. Is there not plenty of pleasant, bright exchange of ideas nowadays? There is very little that is Shakespeare and the musical glasses in most cultivated households. Universal education, incessant travel, the faculties for girdling the earth in a way Puck little dreamed of, and a multitude of publications have brought about a quite millennial state of general intelligence, though there will always exist rich veins of ignorance in certain directions, and mountain fastnesses of prejudice and superstition in which individuals and nations can take refuge. Mention Timbuctoo or Kamschatka in one of the great capitals at your club, and four or five men can be found to give an accurate account of its climate, customs, population, productions, etc., with a mass of other information the result of personal experience. If we have not the eloquence of "the inspired charity boy," Macaulay's flashes of silence, Sydney Smith saying that his idea of heaven is to eat *paté de fois gras* to the sound of trumpets, or the "puns and punch of bread-and-cheese-time" in Inner Temple Lane, and dear Elia's stuttered whimsicalities, we escape a great deal, too. Our guests do not riddle us like Swift, or get tipsy like Burns, or call the lady of the house by her Christian name and sprawl full-length on the sofa like Hogg, or sit speechless for hours like De Quincey. They are sober, decent folk, not malignantly dull, by any means, but able to discourse pleasantly on a variety of topics. And at any rate, like Mrs. Poyser, when we come to die, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have "said our say."

Poor music that we make ourselves, it has been said, is more enjoyed than the finest that can be made for us, and a friendly conversational chorus is vastly

preferable to an intellectual solo. To look on and see the lion toss his mane grows monotonous after a while, and what right has he to silence with his roar the pleasant chirp of birds, the baa

of lambs, or even the hisses of geese in a world which was not made for giants and elephants alone but for all God's creatures? Causons-nous donc, mes frères. Ainsi soit-il!

F. C. Baylor.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

UNCONSCIOUS autobiography is interesting, but it is seldom fair and adequate. In this last instance, *The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*,¹ one reads plainly the petty and mean details of a thirty years' housekeeping; but it is only inferentially that one gains an impression of the charm that, before Mrs. Carlyle's marriage, surrounded her with lovers, and, after it, made her the prized friend of men of intellect, and the refuge of all mad and miserable people, and won for her, when she grew old, the enthusiastic affection of her associates of all ages and all degrees of talent or stupidity. She has fared ill in having her familiar letters given to the world just as they were written, in the raw, with all their feminine confidences, which an editor with a touch of the old-fashioned chivalrous feeling for women would have suppressed, with their hasty account of her domestic vexations of body and mind, their revelation of her little necessary social hypocrisies, and even the heart-burnings that she entrusted only to her diary. Her husband, it is true, prepared the letters for publication; he was led to do so by a wish to honor her, and also by a feeling of remorse and a desire to do penance for his ill-treatment; but he left the decision in the matter to Froude, on whom the responsibility lies. It is useless to lament the indiscretion and obtuseness

of this editor; the hero has found his valet, and the preacher of silence is to have as many words made about him and his as possible; it is only left to the public to be thankful that the house, which is now lighted up and thrown open from kitchen to bedroom, had no worse secrets for disclosure.

The letters, being written by an unsuspecting woman who was unusually genuine, frank, original, audacious in word and act, and unconventional to a fault, and being, moreover, seasoned with entertaining literary and social gossip, are, of course, full of interest. Vivacity is the marked trait of the writer; but the continual reference to her happy girlhood and its scenes, growing more pathetic year after year, and the continual lament of Carlyle in his notes, — like a Greek chorus, giving a kind of artistic unity to the series, — lend an effect of sadness to the whole. The life of the heroine — she deserves the name — was impressive; amid the ignoble trivialities that fell to her daily lot, she kept to the high purposes involved in them with great courage and self-control, and with unremitting devotion. An only child, reared in a wealthy and refined home, the favorite of all who knew her, with many rich and intelligent suitors about her, she had chosen to wed the poor and obscure man in whose genius she alone believed, and, against the advice of her

¹ *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. Prepared for publication by THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

friends, had married him, and gone to the lonely Scotch farm to be practically his household servant; there she had spent six toilsome years, and now they had come to London, to the house that was to be her home until death. These letters cover this latter period, of the household affairs of which they contain a complete account. Her work was less menial, since they kept a servant, so that she no longer had to mop up her own floors; but the tasks set her were difficult and exhausting. To provide meals that Carlyle could eat without too violent storming, — for, as she said in Mazzini's phrase, Carlyle "loved silence somewhat platonically;" to shield him from the annoyances of visitors and bad servants; to rid the neighborhood, by ingenious diplomacy, of the nuisances of ever-reappearing parrots, dogs, cocks, and the like enemies of sleep and meditation, her own as well as his; to buy his clothes, see lawyers and agents, even to protest against his high taxes before the commissioners, and, in all possible ways, to save his money at the expense of her own tastes and even of her health; to attend to refittings of the house by carpenters, painters, and masons, while he was away on his summer vacations; in brief, to spare him all the ills of the outer world, to make the conditions of his work favorable, and himself as comfortable as it was possible for a morose dyspeptic to be, and at the same time to prevent his seeing how much trouble and anxiety it cost her, — such was the duty prescribed to herself and done faithfully for years without complaint, amid illnesses not light nor few, which were "not without their good uses," she wrote, because she arose from them "with new heart for the battle of existence, — what a woman means by new heart, not new brute force, as you men understand it, but new power of loving and enduring." In this effective practical life she tried to repress some portion of her womanly nature, for she agreed, verbally at least,

with Carlyle's disapproval of "moods," "feelings," "sentiments," and similar phases of emotion not resulting in work done; but her nature, being pathetically susceptible to these forbidden experiences, often overruled her philosophy, and brought the knowledge of her solitude home to her; for she had no direct share in her husband's work, no marks of tenderness from him, and few words or deeds in recognition of her sacrifices for him. She succeeded only too well in blinding him to her own pain, which was, indeed, the easiest of her tasks. Her words on Carlyle's sending her a birthday present just after her mother's death are significant of much that is unsaid, and contain the explanation she gave to herself of his earlier neglect. "I cannot tell you," she writes, "how *wae* his little gift made me, as well as glad; it was the first thing of the kind he ever gave to me in his life. In great matters he is always kind and considerate; but these little attentions, which we women attach so much importance to, he was never in the habit of rendering to any one; his up-bringing and the severe turn of mind he has from nature had alike indisposed him toward them. And now the desire to replace to me the irreplaceable makes him as good in little things as he used to be in great." This was in the sixteenth year after marriage.

There was a limit, however, to Mrs. Carlyle's power of self-sacrifice. Her proud, spirited, sensitive nature was ever reasserting itself, persistently refusing to be lost in her husband's individuality. She thirsted both for expressed recognition and for expressed affection. In an early letter to Sterling she writes thus: "In spite of the honestest efforts to annihilate my *Iety* or merge it in what the world doubtless considers my better half, I still find myself a self-subsisting and, alas! self-seeking *me*. Little Felix in the *Wanderjahre*, when, in the midst of an animated scene between Wilhelm and Theresa, he pulls There-

sa's gown and calls out, 'Mama Theresa, I, too, am here!' only speaks out with the charming trustfulness of a little child what I am perpetually feeling, though too sophisticated to pull people's skirts, or exclaim, in so many words, 'Mr. Sterling, I, too, am here!'" The recognition which she desired was abundantly given by the men who gathered about Carlyle, many of whom were more attached to her than to him; and the despised "feelings" found an outlet in brightening various miserable lives, poor exiles of all nations, unfortunate maidens, lost children, and, in general, all people in affliction, who were attracted to her, she said, as straw to amber. Notwithstanding the affection and devotion of her many friends, she seems to have remained lonely at heart; but she kept on with the old routine, while the French Revolution and Cromwell were being written, and she found comfort, if not contentment, in the sense of fulfilled duty and the knowledge that she had materially helped her husband in her silent way. The whisper of fame grew loud, the doors of the great flew open; but when her faith in Carlyle's genius was at last justified and her hopes for him realized, something happened that had not entered into her calculations. Carlyle was finding the sweetest reward in the society of another woman. This was the first Lady Ashburton, who was "the cleverest woman out of sight" that Mrs. Carlyle ever saw, and at whose home, a centre of intellectual society, both she and her husband often visited; but it seems that in London the wives of men of genius, like the wives of bishops, do not take the social rank of their husbands; so Froude assures us, and Lady Ashburton made the fact plain to Mrs. Carlyle. The result was, that, toward the close of a ten years' acquaintance, the latter grew so jealous of the former's fascination as to make herself very wretched. Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, her most intimate friend, explains

the affair in a very sensible note. She says that any other wife would have laughed at Carlyle's bewitchment, but this one, seeing Lady Ashburton admired for sayings and doings for which she was snubbed, and contrasting the former's *grand-dame* manners with her own homely endeavors to help her husband and serve him through years of hardship, became more abidingly and intensely miserable than words can utter; her inmost life was solitary, without tenderness, caresses, or loving words from him, and she felt that her love and life were laid waste. All this she willingly endured while he neglected her for his work; but when this excuse could no longer be made for him, the strain told on her, and, without faltering from her purpose of helping and shielding him, she became warped. Such is Miss Jewsbury's account, nearly in her own words. There is no need to apportion the blame between the pair. The fact is that Mrs. Carlyle suffered, and that, for some time after she became aware of her own real feeling, her letters are less confidently affectionate in regard to her husband, and contain more or less open discontent of a very justifiable kind. After Lady Ashburton's death, she writes to him as follows: "I have neither the strength and spirits to bear up against your discontent, nor the obtuseness to be indifferent to it. You have not the least notion what a killing thought it is to have put into one's heart, gnawing there day and night, that one ought to be dead, since one can no longer make the same exertions as formerly;" and there is more to the same effect, to which Carlyle affixes his note, "Alas! alas! sinner that I am!" Notwithstanding such plain words, which are indeed infrequent, Mrs. Carlyle still guarded her husband, standing between him and the objects of his wrath, "imitating, in a small, humble way, the Roman soldier who gathered his arms full of the enemy's spears, and received them all into

his own breast," on which sentence Carlyle again comments, "Oh heavens, the comparison! it was too true." As time went on they drew together more closely. The second Lady Ashburton appeared, who became very dear to Mrs. Carlyle, and was even advised by her to "send a kiss" to the now aging philosopher. Carlyle himself understood better his wife's moods and needs, though still imperfectly, and he was more kind in word and more thoughtful in act than of old. Thus, at last, the letters conclude as pleasantly as they began, with Mrs. Carlyle's elation over the Edinburgh triumph, from which her husband returned to find her dead.

On the whole, we think that, in spite of appearances, the married life here laid bare was not an exceptionally unhappy one; nor does it seem to us that Carlyle's neglect of his wife sprang from any moral fault, but merely from his native insensibility, his absorption in his work, and that unconscious selfishness which is ordinarily induced in even the best men by persistent silent sacrifice on

their behalf. He simply did not see, did not know, did not understand his wife's trials and nature; but that he had deep tenderness in his heart is plain, both from his works, where it is shown imaginatively, and from many things recorded of his own acts in these volumes and elsewhere. That his love was single and his loyalty entire these pitiful notes amply and painfully prove. But independently of him altogether, Mrs. Carlyle deserves remembrance for her own sake, not merely for the work done by her as a true wife, nor for the heroic spirit shown in the doing it, but for an intrinsically refined and gentle nature, the history of which leaves the impression that, although it always remained noble and attractive, it was injured by the circumstances amid which she was placed. The total effect of her letters, so far as they relate to herself, goes to confirm Miss Jewsbury's summary, that "the lines in which her character was laid down were very grand, but the result was blurred and distorted and confused."

RECENT ENGLISH POETRY.

AN author's influence upon other authors may be expressed in terms of either attraction or repulsion; and the one who repels is often found to be the one whose influence is deepest although it be more tardily acknowledged. To-day Robert Browning exhibits the most sharply accented personality among writers of English poetry; and his latest publication¹ proves that he is not likely to lose the distinction with advancing age.

"Darkling, I keep my sunrise-aim,"

he reminds us, in the closing lines of

¹ *Jocoseria*. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

Jocoseria. He keeps on asserting his personality, too, with spontaneous vehemence. He is more various, though lyrically less great and in art less well-balanced, than Tennyson. The most masculine nature and the most subtle perception of character owned by any contemporary English poet are admitted to be his. And yet he is not the leader of the younger school, which — for instance through one of its most skilled and winning representatives, Mr. Edmund Gosse — shows a decided affinity with Rossetti. On the other hand we know that Rossetti himself, in the earlier part of his career, felt deeply the

influence of Browning. Is there not some plausibility in the speculation that the younger men, by following Rossetti, will turn out to have been paying tribute indirectly to the genius which at first commanded Rossetti's own? The fact that their work moves in a direction so opposed to Browning's ought perhaps to be regarded as merely one swing of the pendulum, which will be followed by an action precisely reverse. But, whatever the case may be as to that point, one will very naturally look to this latest volume by the author of *Sordello* and *The Ring and the Book* for some further clue as to what the "sunrise-aim" really has been, to which he alludes. Without entering into any lengthy analysis, we may say that it has consisted apparently in a resolve to depict through the medium of verse, regardless of technical tradition, every possible phase of life just as it chanced to impress the writer. All the jagged prominences, the deep abysses of crime or imperfection, the strange sinuosities of passion eating its way into the heart of man, the dewy valleys in which pure love rests, the sudden bursts of feeling, the stretches of barrenness not without meaning, which present themselves on a general view of human nature, were to be reproduced as if upon a raised map; or we might say by means of an orrery, having suitable apparatus to demonstrate the movements of bodies terrestrial and celestial. Mr. Browning's own comment was to supply a sort of poetic anthropology. There had always been a somewhat scientific bias in his view of life; but it was empirical, wanting in method, and continually swayed this way or that by a desire for purely poetic expression. The very essence of his aim, however, seems to have been to avoid bringing observation within the bounds of any symmetrical or classically moulded design: he has wished his poetry to be like that which it represents, — rough, bristling, unexpected, heterogeneous.

Beauty and ugliness, the lovely and the grotesque, must according to his practice be treated with a commanding impartiality, which shall leave chiefly with the reader the task of striking the balance. Hence proceed his many deficiencies of form; and the same cause may be assigned for the result that his eminence as a dramatist (not for the modern stage) is hardly surpassed by his power as a writer of lyrical and meditative verse. Such a man must be equally capable in the management of several dissimilar modes of imparting thought. It is not surprising, either that his impartiality should issue in something allied to a buoyant indifference, which might be said fitly to terminate with a collection like *Jocoseria*; because we find in its contents a mingling of sober and even tragic elements with others of a facetious or half-cynical cast, and there runs through the whole a vein of mildly contemptuous pity for the lot of mankind, their illusions, their mean-nesses, aspirations, and self-deceits. A compensation for the unsatisfactoriness of life is suggested in the nameless prelude, the airy chanson, in which these verses occur: —

"Wanting is — what ?

Beamly the world, yet a blank all the same,
— Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
What of the leafage, what of the flower ?
Roses embowering, with nought they embower !
Come then, complete incomplection, O comer,
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer !
Breathe but one breath
Rose-beauty above,
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love !"

The suggestion, it is true, is vague; but we credit the poet with meaning that without love, which is the "complete incomplection," nothing avails. On this thread the several poems of the series appear to string themselves. The first one, *Donald*, treats of the relation of man and brute, in a way that makes it serve as a sort of pendant to the *Mouleykeh* of the *Dramatic Idylls*. A daring Highlander ascends some indefinite

mountain, and on a narrow path meets
a large red stag, where there is no room
to pass.

"These are the moments when quite new sense,
To meet some need as novel,
Springs up in the brain: it inspired resource:
— 'Nor advance nor retreat — but grovel.'"

Accordingly Donald lies down, breast
upwards; and the stag, recognizing the
emergency, steps carefully over him
with delicate feet: —

"So a mother removes a fly from the face
Of her babe asleep supinely."

But at the last moment the brilliant
idea occurs to the Highlander of stab-
bing the stag, while he holds with his
hand the hind leg that is being lifted
over him. Donald is carried down the
mountain-side by the wounded animal,
and maimed for life. Here is an in-
stance of the want of love, in a broad
sense; yet while Mr. Browning renders
the lesson plainly, he chooses to strike
an attitude of worldly *savoir faire* in
respect of it. He professes to have met
the crippled Donald relating the adven-
ture and receiving gratuities from sports-
men; whereupon, "I hope I gave twice
as much as the rest," he exclaims, and
proceeds to name the man an ingrate,
rightly rewarded for his dastard conduct.
We have no space to analyze the other
short pieces, in their bearing on the cen-
tral theme. Solomon and Balkis is a
pungent satire, which reveals the im-
manence of vanity in the king, and of
feminine desire for conquest on the part
of the Queen of Sheba, just when they
are expressing the most abstract admi-
ration for wisdom and unalloyed good-
ness. Christina and Monaldeschi, in
somewhat wooden stanzas, sets forth the
vengeance of another queen upon her
treacherous favorite; there is a brief
exposition of Mary Wollstonecraft's
hopeless passion for Fuseli; and then
we are given a little fable concerning
Adam, Lilith, and Eve to illustrate the
cases of a woman who pretends less love
than she really feels, and of one who

puts on the air of a greater affection
than she in fact has; neither of them
deceiving the man. Only in Ixion, and
the song called Never the Time and the
Place, preceding the epilogue, does the
author surrender to a free play of en-
thusiasm or sentiment. We may leave
it to the Browning societies to settle the
exact construction which should be
placed upon Ixion: whether or not it
be an indirect protest against the an-
thropomorphic idea of God, we discern
in these sonorous elegiac verses a grand
and passionate sense of the indomitableness
of man. Assuredly they offer a
new view of the myth; they set aside
the traditional notion that Ixion was
justly punished for his temerity, and
bring him forward as an exponent of a
high principle. Thus: —

"Strive my kind, though strife endure through
endless obstruction,
Stage after stage, each rise marred by as certain
a fall!

Never so baffled but — when Man pays the price
of endeavor,
Thunderstruck, downthrust, Tartaros-doomed to
the wheel, —
Then, ay, then from the tears, and sweat, and
blood of his torment,
E'en from the triumph of Hell, up let him look
and rejoice!"

Incidentally we may pay our tribute
to the aptness and maturity of art indi-
cated in the trip-hammer force of that
spondaic measure, "Thunderstruck,
downthrust." The lyric which we have
mentioned deserves quotation as one of
the most exquisite in the whole range
of the writer's production.

"Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together!
This path — how soft to pace!
This May — what magic weather!
Where is the loved one's face?
In a dream that loved one's face meets mine,
But the house is narrow, the place is bleak,
Where, outside, rain and wind combine
With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak.

Do I hold the Past
So firm and fast,
Yet doubt if the Future hold I can?
This path so soft to pace shall lead
Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed!

Or narrow if needs the house must be,
Outside are the storms and strangers : we —
Oh, close, safe, warm sleep I and she,
— I and she ! ”

The final turn, here, reminds one of Ben Jonson's closing of *Her Triumph*, in *Underwoods* —

“ Oh so white, oh so soft, oh so sweet is she ! ”

— but only as one is reminded of Von Weber in that strain which Mendelssohn borrowed to enrich his music for the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and made his own, simply by altering the *tempo* and the manner in which it was used.

Jochanan Hakkadosh, the longest poem in the book, is extremely disappointing, and suggests a melancholy decline from that high level of fine philosophy and terse formulation which the author long ago attained in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*; and as for *Pambo*, which concludes the collection, no more may be said than that it contains a grain of wisdom wrapped up in something very like nonsense-verses. To decry Mr. Browning's latest contribution would not for a moment be justifiable; and a more detailed review could easily make it clear that a consummate literary skill underlies all the surface vagaries of these compositions. The author is not on this occasion, any more than hitherto, thoroughly dramatic, because he is too individual to allow the persons whose situation he imagines to speak in any way but his own. Neither can we agree with the criticism which has been made, that he is too analytic to be creative; since when he attempts analysis, it is continually dissolved into images, one following another in a blinding shower. He remains semi-dramatic, vividly picturesque, sometimes strongly lyrical; but, as we intimated in the first part of this notice, he brings up at a species of cynicism: his restless observation and diversified sympathies end by giving a view of things which is but half-serious, although intermittently he throws off the jocose mood, and trusts

wholly to earnest, unsophisticated feeling.

This is not at all the way in which Mr. Gosse approaches the work of transmuting experience or the substance of reverie into poetic literature.¹ Mr. Gosse sets out to paint something definite in words, to fix upon our minds a beautiful outline, and to imbue us with a specified sentiment, or idea, or association. In looking through the selected series of fifty-four of his poems, lately published in this country, it is likely enough that the reader will sometimes think him imitative; but if a musician plays upon a silver trumpet with sincere and charming mastery, it is not profitable to inquire who first made that special form of instrument. Mr. Browning, as we have hinted, never forgets to be himself. Mr. Gosse, apparently, never concerns himself on this point, and yet the mellifluous flow of his verse carries with it irresistibly the sense of a strong, quiet, and sufficient personality, rich in comprehension of the most that is fair and elevating in this world, and endowed with a power to express it in enchanting terms. Whatever of imitativeness may be suspected does not consist in any echo of thoughts or phrases used by others, but in a singular aptitude for reproducing the loveliest effects of poetic inspiration that the best minds have hitherto supplied, at the same time that Mr. Gosse's personal observation and feeling act spontaneously and leave upon his page the traces of unmistakable genuineness. Nothing could express more delightfully the atmosphere of old romance than his *Wind of Provence* : —

“ O wind of Provence, subtle wind that blows
Through coverts of the impenetrable rose,
O musical soft wind, come near to me,
Come down into these hollows by the sea,
O wind of Provence, heavy with the rose ! ”

He is especially happy in delicate utter-

¹ *On Viol and Flute*. Selected Poems. By EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1883.

ances like those of Sunshine in March,
where he says : —

"The breathing heavens are full of liquid light;
The dew is on the meadow like a cloud;"

and, voicing the snow-drops : —

"We were the hopeless lovers of the Spring

Yet we have felt her, as the buried grain
May feel the rustle of the unfallen rain;
We have known her as the star that sets too soon
Bows to the unseen moon."

There are similar touches in *The Charcoal-Burner*, the hero of which is "a still old man with grizzled beard" whom the shyest woodland creatures do not fear.

"He lives within the hollow wood

I love to watch the pale blue spire
His scented labor builds above it;
I track the woodland by his fire,
And, seen afar, I love it.

"It seems among the serious trees
The emblem of a living pleasure,
It animates the silences
As with a tuneful measure."

We are struck, in this case as in that of the poem entitled *Palingenesis*, with a quality of subtle insight very much like that of Emerson. There can be no doubt that Mr. Gosse possesses an exceedingly keen vision and is rigidly true to it in his rhythmic record of what he sees. It is impossible to enumerate in this place all the felicities of phrase that occur in the volume, or even to do justice to the wide range of his work. His fertility is remarkable, and what is more remarkable still is that he almost without exception satisfies by the fullness, the sweetness, the naturalness, and the polished grace of his exposition. *The Cruise of the Rover* is quite out of his usual vein, and, notwithstanding, is perfect of its kind, surpassing in depth of conception and in technical force Tennyson's ballad of *The Revenge*, which it calls to mind. Mr. Gosse, however, appears nowhere to better advantage than in his sonnets, of which *The Bath* is an excellent example.

"With rosy palms against her bosom pressed
To stay the shudder that she dreads of old,
Lysidice glides down, till silver-cold
The water girdles half her glowing breast;
A yellow butterfly on flowery quest
Rifles the roses that her tresses hold:
A breeze comes wandering through the fold
on fold
Of draperies curtaining her shrine of rest.
Soft beauty, like her kindred petals strewed
Along the crystal coolness, there she lies.
What vision gratifies those gentle eyes?
She dreams she stands where yesterday she stood,
Where, while the whole arena shrieks for blood,
Hot in the sand a gladiator dies."

Alcyone, which is a sonnet in dialogue, is chiseled like a Greek marble. Phœbus seeks to console Alcyone for the loss of her husband, and she asks : —

"What canst thou give to me or him in me?"

The god answers in one splendid line which ends the sonnet : —

"A name in story and a light in song."

We do not need the evidence of a sonnet addressed to Rossetti to establish a connection between Mr. Gosse and the painter-poet whom he addresses as "master;" for there are many poems in *On Viol and Flute* which make us think of such an affiliation as inevitable. The volume belongs altogether to the latest rank of Victorian poets. It has nothing to do with the turmoil and the endless agitation of complicated passion which Mr. Browning continues to reflect; but, on the contrary, it summons us away into a region of ideal repose and the luxury of classic form. It proffers, in short, a silent remonstrance against the latter-day clamor which has unquestionably invaded the poetry of Browning. None, but those who have subjected themselves to a set theory of progress, can well object to the defensibility of Mr. Gosse's choice; and indeed it must remain at least an open question whether poetry gains in the long run by trying to occupy the field of science and the newspaper. At all events it is a good fortune which gives the world two such admirable fruits of imagination at one time, in England. If

we choose, we may figure Mr. Browning by the oak — tough, gnarled, powerful, and thrusting its growth out at unexpected angles : to carry on this kind of analogy we should have to fancy a resemblance on the part of Mr. Gosse

to the English violet growing in a hollow at the foot of the oak. Every one knows that to ascertain the relative value of the oak and the violet, æsthetically, is out of the question, and that we cannot dispense with either.

VIRGINIA FROM ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POINTS OF VIEW.

THERE are two great peoples who have a share in the history of Virginia prior to the establishment of the United States : they are the United States and England. It has been customary and entirely logical to begin the writing and the reading of United States history with the discovery by Columbus, since the first footfall of the European upon these shores still has its faint echoes in our national life ; but the unbroken succession of events which finds a moving terminus in our present is also a continuation of history, and it only needs for one to have the historic consciousness of England to read in our colonial period the development of English thought and institutions.

This is, of course, patent enough as soon as one has said it ; yet in the detailed extension of the historic consciousness it would be exceedingly difficult for an Englishman to write of American colonial life in the same manner as would an American. There are now, and there will always remain, two modes of treating early Virginia, the English, and the American, and the distinction between the two modes will be likely to grow more marked rather than fainter. When Dr. Palfrey, in his *History of New England*, gave much space to the contemporary history of England, and pointed out the interaction of the two countries, the English critics were very scornful, and regarded the claims which he presented of a New England

influence upon the Commonwealth as a piece of provincial vanity. Mr. Wingate Thornton, in his valuable tract, *The Historical Relation of New England to the English Commonwealth*, gave even more specific illustrations of this relation, and it is to be noted that, with the increasing importance of the United States in current history, there is a growing disposition on the part of European, especially of English, students to revise their judgments of our early history, and to find in the foundations of our political life a subject for respectful consideration.

This increased interest is due also to the great attention which is given now to institutional and constitutional history. The English school of Maine, Stubbs, and Freeman may be expected to find a most attractive field in American history, since here there have been developed, under simpler conditions, ideas which rise slowly out of the more complex society of England. When one considers how important were the two great periods of Elizabeth and Cromwell in the evolution of English law and liberty, and remembers that the foundations of America were laid and built upon then, he can readily see how the English student will constantly be attracted to the study of American institutions.

May it not be said with equal truth that, while our students, influenced not only by the prevailing modes of thought

in historical investigation, but by the political instinct which is born of American life, will work at the same problems, they may be expected to take more note of the personal and popular influences which have been at work? At any rate, we have an interesting contrast presented in two recent works on Virginia, one by an Englishman, and one by an American. Mr. Doyle's book¹ is a portion only of a projected work, and it does not include the entire history of Virginia. He has set himself the task, as he says, "to describe and explain the process by which a few scattered colonies along the Atlantic seaboard grew into that vast confederate republic, the United States of America." "I have preferred," he says, "to regard the history of the United States as the transplantation of English ideas and institutions to a distant soil, and the adaptation of them to new wants and altered modes of life." The present volume carries the account of Virginia down to the close of the seventeenth century, and the headings of his chapters, *The Virginia Company*, *Virginia under Royal Government*, *Virginia under the Commonwealth*, *Virginia after the Restoration*, indicate clearly enough his view of the colony from across the water.

The other book is by an American, or, as we suspect he would prefer to be called, a Virginian. Mr. Trescot, in a suggestive oration delivered before the South Carolina Historical Society in 1859, said: "If an American be asked abroad, Of what country are you? his first impulse is to answer, I am a New Yorker, a Virginian, a Massachusetts man, or a Carolinian, as the fact may be. Whatever his pride in his nationality, his home instincts and affections are bounded by state lines." There are a great many more who would demur to

this statement now than there were in 1859, but now, as then, those who would accept it would be found chiefly at the South. It is not that the States' rights doctrine is more distinctly an exponent of Southern political thought, but the whole texture of social life at the South has hitherto tended to emphasize state lines as distinct from national lines, and it would be difficult to find a more interesting illustration of it than appears unconsciously in Mr. Cooke's monograph on Virginia.²

Mr. Cooke is well known as an author of novels the scenes of which are laid in Virginia, and his literary reputation has been built upon the fidelity which he has shown to Virginian life. He comes before the public, therefore, with a special claim to attention in this new book, and it is easy to see that he has written out of a love as well as a knowledge of his subject. Everywhere there are touches impossible to any one not native to the soil, and the human interest which pervades the work gives it a character entirely distinct from the institutional side, which is developed in Mr. Doyle's work. Mr. Doyle writes as a man who finds in Virginia an example of the working of certain laws of government and trade: Mr. Cooke as one who is upon an ancestral estate, and profoundly interested in the lives of his ancestors.

As a slight illustration of the advantage which falls to a man who is writing of his own home, one may take the paragraph which Mr. Cooke gives to the first settlement in Virginia. He has been describing the approach of the expedition to the shores, and of the cautious advance of the ships. "Before them," he continues, "was the great expanse of Chesapeake Bay, the 'Mother of Waters' as the Indian name signified, and in the distance the broad mouth of

¹ *English Colonies in America: Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas.* By J. A. DOYLE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1882.

² *Virginia: A History of the People.* By JOHN ESTEN COOKE [American Commonwealths]. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

a great river, the Powhatan. As the ships approached the western shore of the bay the storm had spent its force, and they called the place Point Comfort. A little further, — at the present Hampton, — they landed and were hospitably received by a tribe of Indians. The ships then sailed on up the river, which was new-named James River, and parties landed here and there, looking for a good site for the colony. A very bad one was finally selected, — a low peninsula half buried in the tide at high water. Here the adventurers landed on May 13, 1607, and gave the place the name of Jamestown, in honor of the king. Nothing remains of this famous settlement but the ruins of a church tower covered with ivy, and some old tombstones. The tower is crumbling year by year, and the roots of trees have cracked the slabs, making great rifts across the names of the old Armigers and Honourables. The place is desolate, with its washing waves and flitting sea-fowl, but possesses a singular attraction. It is one of the few localities which recall the first years of American history; but it will not recall them much longer. Every distinctive feature of the spot is slowly disappearing. The river encroaches year by year, and the ground occupied by the original huts is already submerged."

It is by this familiar acquaintance with localities, a familiarity which reading cannot give, that a historian is able to give warmth to his narrative, and bring the scenes near to the eye. Mr. Cooke has availed himself of this knowledge of the country in the most natural manner; and since Virginia, especially in its formative period, was a country of neighborhoods, a writer who recognizes the fact is able to reproduce in his pages some of the most interesting features of the life which he is recording. From time to time Mr. Cooke takes surveys of the State which are rather picturesque than philosophical in their

character, and if he resorts to some of the phrases of the romancer, there is an ingenuous air about them which well befits a state so remote in its life from modern organization.

The vitality, however, in his work lies in the application of imagination to historical writing. The process of generations in Virginia, which issued in the splendid figures of Washington and his associates, may be disclosed in the successive careers of the persons who came to the front, and Mr. Cooke has cared for these persons as persons, and not as types. It is this intimate acquaintance with the men and women of Virginia which enables him to produce a chronicle, just as his familiarity with the ground which they trod enables him to call up the circumstance of life. His treatment of Bacon's rebellion is a case in point. He has availed himself of the same material which was open to Mr. Doyle, but he was more interested in the figure of Bacon as the hero of the rebellion, and his interest leads him into a more vivid portraiture of the man.

At the same time he is able, by this personal appropriation of the characters of his history, to reach some admirable and just generalizations. All that he says, for example, of Virginia in its attitude toward the Stuarts and the Commonwealth is excellent. He is not bound by the formal legislative record; he understands the men who enacted the legislation, and reaches thus a higher and clearer truth. "The Virginians," he says, "were simply English people living in America, who were resolved to have their rights. They were Cavaliers, if the word meant Royalists, and adherents of the Church of England. They would defend king and church — the one from his enemies, and the other from dissent and popery; but they meant to defend themselves too, — to take up arms against either king or Commonwealth, if that was necessary to protect their rights. It is essential

to keep this fact in view, if the reader wishes to understand the history of the people at this period and in all periods. *Jealousy of right* went before all. The dusty records, often so obscure and complicated with small events, clearly demonstrate that the Virginians were ready to make war on the monarchy and Parliament alike if they were oppressed."

In making the comparison between Mr. Cooke's book and Mr. Doyle's we have wished to intimate the different lights in which they are written rather than to give special criticism. We find Mr. Doyle's book a painstaking, conscientious work, which moves along cautiously, as if the writer were working out his problem page by page, but the conclusions reached are those of a fair-minded man. Its accuracy is not beyond question, as where, for example,

he confounds Bacon's wife and Lawrence's, but its examination of the colonial relation which Virginia sustained to England is always fresh, and often acute.

Both books are welcome, because they invite to a study of the early conditions of American life. Few studies deserve heartier encouragement, for none are so likely to aid in practical politics; and politics, after all, is the common education of the people. The habit of historical study is the habit of inquiry into causes, and the worst thing that can happen to a free people is to be governed in its policy simply by considerations of immediate expediency,—and history is always offering an answer to the questions of the day,—an answer which rests upon cause and effect.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

MR. LONGFELLOW's volume,¹ made up of a biography of some one hundred and fifty pages, and a series of lectures, sermons, essays, and addresses, selected with excellent judgment from the mass of Mr. Johnson's manuscripts and printed writings, should not only be a very precious one to those who have heretofore been well acquainted with this thinker and his thoughts, but it should attract to him a host of fresh readers.

Samuel Johnson was born in Salem, Mass., October 10, 1822. An active, daring boy, but studious withal, "Salem great pasture" and the beaches of the town and of Marblehead, four miles away, were among the most efficient of his early tutors. Among these Mr. Longfellow also ranks the East India Museum, questioning whether it did not

give the first impulse to his Oriental studies. More certainly, we find here the beginning of his interest in geology and mineralogy, an interest which continued through his life. We also note the omen that he was born in the very house where Bowditch, the astronomer, first saw the light. His home nourished his youth with his life-long satisfactions,—music, and flowers, and books, and "a simple, rational piety of the Unitarian stamp." It was a home of strong affections, and it was the only home that Johnson knew until his father's death, in 1876; for he was never married, and the duties of his manhood did not oblige him to relinquish it. Entering Harvard at sixteen, he was graduated in 1842. Mr. Longfellow's earliest recollection of his friend is on "class-day" of that

¹ *Lectures, Essays, and Sermons.* By SAMUEL JOHNSON, author of *Oriental Religions.* With a

Memoir by SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

year, when he read the class oration, a fact which proved that his studious habits had not cut him off from the sympathy and admiration of his fellow-students. His letters home are full of warm affection, and characterized by moral earnestness. One of the first records his admiration for Henry Ware Jr.'s sermon on the Personality of God, — the sermon in reply to Emerson's famous Divinity School Address of 1838, with which Johnson was soon to find himself in perfect sympathy. Forty years later he recalled the Moral Philosophy of Jouffroy and Cousin's criticism of Locke as among the rarest satisfactions of his college life. He entered the Divinity School in the autumn of his graduating year. There Mr. Longfellow met him, and their friendship of forty years began. The Transcendental movement was in full career. Emerson's *Nature* and the great Address, Walker's lectures on Natural Religion and Parker's sermon on *The Transient and Permanent in Christianity*, had been given to the world. Johnson, his biographer assures us, was a Transcendentalist by nature. "He instinctively sought truths by direct vision, not by processes of induction. . . . But his Transcendentalism, which was later to become a carefully weighed rationale of thought, was, however, nature, a perception, a sentiment, an unargued faith." Moreover, it took on a decidedly mystical form, of which certain letters afford ample evidence. A brief poem of these days gives us a glimpse of his mind. The poem is called *Sickness*.

Thou, Lord, hast taken all my strength away,
Both from the spirit and her faithful form
The bodily instrument; and now decay
The powers that prompted fearlessness in storm,
And energy, faith-kindled sight, whereby
I felt as on a warm aspiring hill
Watching the changing forms in earth and sky,
Men and their works; and from a higher Will
Having interpretations, in a trance
Of spirit, through their holiness and love.
A spell of mystery was on me, and a sense
As of a presence that with boundless rove
Gave joys unasked, and worthy self-esteem.

But Thou tak'st back "the visionary gleam"
Into Thyself; I strive in vain to see;
And till Thou come again, must keep me trust-
fully.

The sickness which so deeply colors these lines compelled him, in May, 1844, to leave the school and go abroad. In 1845 we find him back again in Cambridge, and graduating in the following year. Some of his rarest hymns were written in these days; it was at this period he compiled, in connection with Mr. Longfellow, that *Book of Hymns* which Theodore Parker used to call "*The Book of Sams*."

The virtual excommunication of Theodore Parker by the Unitarians was then a recent consummation. The chivalry of Johnson's nature, even more than his agreement in opinion, compelled him to go outside the camp with him, sharing his reproach. And so his "candidating" was no holiday affair. To his sympathy with Parker he added sympathy with the antislavery movement.

Johnson's first regular preaching was to a new society in Dorchester. His political outspokenness broke up this connection after some two years of faithful service. Ecclesiasticism had for him no charms. "I do not desire to sustain the churches," he writes, "false aggregations as they are for selfish and temporary purposes." Indeed, already he had become jealous of all organized bodies. "Johnson is a man of the desert," said Emerson to Bartol. He was, and he was not. He would have no invasion of his individuality by organized bodies. But his human sympathies were ever warm and deep. He worked with various societies, — the Free Religious, the Antislavery, and so on. He bound himself to none.

In 1853 he took charge of a new society in Lynn, to which he had for some time been preaching. It was a "Free Church," withdrawn, at his instance, from the Unitarian communion. He

did not "administer the sacraments." But he was not a preacher, merely. He knew his people well, and was often in their homes, a radiant, joyful presence, and in their sorrow a voice of tender consolation. He worked hard in winter, but he knew how to rest in summer. He had a passion for the mountains and the sea. He was an untiring walker. He went abroad with geologic bag and hammer. He made up a cabinet of minerals, but his excursions brought him better things than these: crystalline clearness for his thought, and images of beauty for its illustration.

Early in his ministry at Lynn we find him working at certain 'Eastern Lectures,' which grew at length into the bulky volumes on the Religions of India and China, and that on Persia, uncompleted at his death, — alas for him and for us! But these deeper studies did not obscure for him the concrete aspects of the time. The antislavery struggle was progressing, and no phase of it escaped his vigilance. The inadequacy of Mr. Longfellow's biography and the papers following is on this side of Johnson's character and work. It may be doubted whether the noblest passion of the time found upon any other lips a more lofty expression. Here and there in the letters is a passage that brings back to us the man; his impassioned presence is again before us, and we hear his ringing words. For example, "Who shall dare be silent even for a day, while the nation is persecuting its prophets, and sending its saints to the scaffold, — while the public conscience seems to be drugged and stifled almost beyond rousing; and to look with a kind of vacant unconcern upon insidious processes by which the national legislature is being turned into a court of inquisitorial powers, and the national judiciary into mere machinery for the swift destruction of inalienable liberties!"

In 1859 we find him and John Brown together, and a letter to Mr. Longfel-

low gives the impression made upon the peace-loving preacher by the man of war. In 1860 he again visited Europe, this time with Mr. Longfellow for his companion. He was absent fifteen months. It was mainly a play-time, but some work was done. The Book of Hymns was made over into Hymns of the Spirit, in a damp chamber of the "Pensieu Besson," at Nice; and there, too, Johnson wrote several of his most beautiful devotional pieces.

Johnson's letters from Europe are delightful reading. Though often dealing with hackneyed themes, they do it always in his own manner. Returning to his work in Lynn and to his home in Salem, the old duality engrossed him, — political interests and Oriental studies. To the problems of reconstruction he brought the standard of ideal justice. But its application was no easy matter. Right or wrong, his opinions were always his own. His correspondence with various friends from this time onward, as before, takes form and color from everything that is most vital in the passing days, — questions of education and reform, the labor agitation, the advance of science and its criticism on his Transcendental doctrines. Ever an affluent correspondent, his letters show how various were his reading and his thought. Some of his most notable letters are addressed to R. H. Manning, a man of business and affairs, living in Brooklyn, N. Y., whose sturdy protests from the standpoint of science frequently put him on the defensive, but never dull the edge of his regard. In the particular results of science no one rejoiced more heartily than he, but he was not in the least disposed to exchange its standpoint for his own. To convict other men of atheism was never his delight. He much preferred finding essential theism implicated in their negations; and he could detect an earnest thinker, and admire him, under whatever mask. Thus, for the writings of John Morley he had

great respect and admiration. In 1870 his ministry at Lynn was ended. Two years later he published the first volume of his *Oriental Religions*, that upon India, and in 1877 that upon China. Mr. Longfellow has done admirable justice to these wide and careful studies, still leaving the impression that the student's best reward was in his work. These books could not be popular; they made too heavy a demand upon the reader's time and his attention. So much reading, so much patience, so much meditation, went to their preparation that they yield their charm only to those who approach them with an earnestness akin to Johnson's own. For such the charm is great, and grows with each return to their abounding wealth.

We should like nothing better than to follow closely upon Johnson's track along the course of letters that reveal him in the final decade of his life; to go with him to North Andover, whither, in 1876, he retires to live on the ancestral farm; to share the interests of study and affection that engross him there; to note how clearly, in that seclusion, he hears the various voices of the time and flings out his response. "Ever a fighter, so one fight more," we seem to hear him say, as the gauntlet of positivist, materialist, or supernaturalist rings at his feet, and he goes forth in letter or address to meet them, with real joy of battle.

We have but narrow space in which to speak of the essays and addresses that make up the greater part of Mr. Longfellow's volume. They do not fully represent Johnson. His genius was so various, his range was so wide, that this was not to be expected. Knowing well the quality of his average preaching, we crave some fuller sign of that, and also some of his prophetic utterances in the times that tried men's souls. That these last would have a historic rather than a present and permanent interest seems hardly a sufficient reason for their entire exclusion. But what we have embraces

many aspects of his thought and style. The first three papers are upon Florence, The Alps of Switzerland and the Alps of the Ideal, and Symbolism of the Sea. These show the poet side, the fancy and imagination of the man. They also show how impossible it was for him to rest content with the mere outside of things. The Florence would be over-rich in style, were it not for the underlying substance of the thought, which, like Titian's men and women, can carry off any magnificence. This idealist was a realist as well. His eye and ear were marvelously sensitive to their respective pleasures. He was microcosmic as well as macrocosmic. Ghiberti's Gates of Paradise are described with loving faithfulness. And as he saw these wonders of art, he saw the wonders of nature minutely; yet the multitude of parts did not obscure the whole. But what is most notable in these essays is that Florence, the Alps, and the Sea all bring to him his own of thought and aspiration. They show his interest in men, his passion for all noble liberties of body and of mind, his faith in popular government, his subordination of all things to the ethical.

The three papers next following these are on Fulfillment of Functions, Equal Opportunity for Woman, and Labor Parties and Labor Reform. These have none of the warmth and color of the preceding papers. The description of Channing's style, "a naked thought," applies to them; but the thought is a Damascus blade. Johnson, never passionate, is naturally impassioned. By the earnestness of his conviction he "makes the cold air fire." It would be hard to find a nobler, calmer, sterner criticism on our educational, industrial, and political methods than the Fulfillment of Functions, a demand that men shall make the acceptance of their limitations a road to victory and peace. The papers on The Law of the Blessed Life, Gain in Loss, The Search for God,

Living by Faith, and The Duty of De-light report the most ideal and spiritual aspects of his mind. His insight, his faith, his ethical nobility, shine out on every page. They are none of them so lofty that they do not touch the humblest things with their illumination. Whatever be our science and philosophy, we see not what escape there is from the moral exigency of The Search for God. Here are abiding principles, let part what may.

A long and elaborate essay upon Transcendentalism, fitly concludes the book. It was a late production, written in full view of the criticism of Spencer, Lewes, and their school upon the Transcendental system. It is Johnson's completest rationale of the philosophy which underlay the whole of his career. America has furnished no other statement at once so full and compact of this philosophy. But it may be doubted whether it combats the criticism of Spencer and his school as completely as it does that of Locke; whether the ideas which Johnson considers *necessary* do not so appear to us because they have been plowed into the mind by an experience of half a million years, hereditarily transmitted and confirmed. Mr. Frothingham wrote

to Johnson, on the publication of this essay, "If this is Transcendentalism, I am a Transcendentalist." And as respects its fundamental idea, no scientist or evolutionist is debarred from saying as much. For this idea, fundamental to every word of Johnson's protest against materialism, evolution, positive science, is that *thought* cannot be the product of *things*; that evolution, which he does not deny, involves an infinite element at every step. There can be no production of a greater by a less.

In all of Johnson's writings, certain words appear with a frequency that is significant. They are Mind, Spirit, Law, Unity, Substance, Permanence, Right, Freedom, Duty, God. They indicate the continental masses of conviction and enthusiasm, joy and peace, around which the tides of lesser things swept back and forth, and left them steadfast and immovable. To these words we must add two others which as frequently recur: Limitations and Disciplines. He saw that, rightly apprehended, Limitations are Disciplines; that only by respecting them do we arrive at freedom and abiding peace. He spoke these things out of the depth of a profound experience of sorrow and of joy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A CERTAIN contributor, whose pen-slips are so rare that it is quite a treat to his readers when he makes one, writes to us as follows:—

The error I committed in ascribing

"Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations"

to Byron instead of to Cowper is going round the globe in the track of the Concord musket-shot. It has reached Paris, and is no doubt still on its travels, so that I may expect to hear from it in

Pekin in the course of a few weeks. In order to save labor to the innumerable correspondents who are kindly anxious about the matter, I would like to say, once for all, that they are right, and I accept the correction. But there are palliating circumstances. I was thinking of a passage very similar to that from Cowper, to be found in Childe Harold, Canto I., stanzas 32 and 33, which may very probably have been suggested by the *fluvio vel monte dis-*

tincti dissimiles of Burton. I will cite the second of these stanzas. Byron is referring to the line which separates Spain from Portugal:—

"But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the
low."

The words in italics correspond very closely to *fluvio distincti dissimiles*. The idea is the same in the passages from Byron and Cowper; they lay side by side in my memory, and I got their authorship mixed, that was all.

—Ought there not to be some recognized standard for the spelling and pronunciation of geographical names? As it is, the petrifying of our language by the dictionary-makers—who have sanctioned all the blunders of the ignorant past, both in typography and in attempts at phonetic renderings of foreign words in a barbarously unphonetic orthography—has made a pretty confusion. The geographers have been true neither to the genius of our own language nor to that of others. Outside of geography, in certain things, we show an undue deference to foreign tongues, particularly in the matter of titles. We call a Frenchman *Monsieur*, a German *Herr*, an Italian *Signor*, a Spaniard *Señor*, and it would not be surprising if pretty soon we got to calling a Russian *Gospod*, or whatever may be the Muscovite equivalent of Mister. We carry ourselves in this matter beyond the verge of lingual self-respect.

Other nations are more sensible. The French and Germans, for instance, use their own titles for persons of other nationalities. It is often ridiculous to hear the struggles of our actors with foreign titles. At a performance of Sardou's *A Scrap of Paper* in one of our theatres, I noticed something like a half-

dozen different ways of pronouncing *Monsieur* and *Mademoiselle*, and no one of them was right.

But to return to geography. It is probably the best plan, as a general rule, to follow the usage in the language of the respective localities. Custom, however, has authorized certain forms from which it would be hardly possible to depart. It would of course be absurd to pronounce *Paris* as the French do, or to say *Roma* instead of Rome. Every country has its own spelling and pronunciation for certain names,—like the German *Mailand* and *Venedig* for Milan and Venice. Some of the widest departures from the original names are due both to efforts at correct pronunciation and to the subsequent phonetic embodiments of those efforts. Our own authorities have appropriated too indiscriminately the work of French geographers, and have thereby originated pronunciations which are neither French nor English. Take, for example, the French *Hague* and *Prague* for the Dutch *Haag* and the German *Prag*. The French endeavored to regard the original sounds by adding the *ue*, and thus preserve the sound of the final *g*. But English-speaking readers naturally take this spelling to mean a pronunciation of the *a* like that in *plague*. In direct disregard of the genius of our language, we have adopted French names for the German Saxon duchies Sachsen-Weimar and Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha: *Saxe-Weimar* and *Saxe-Coburg-Gotha*. To be correct we should say *Saxon* Weimar and *Saxon* Coburg-Gotha. Else why not deny our Anglo-Saxon race, and say *Saxe* for Saxony? We also say, with the French, *Hesse* and *Hesse-Cassel* for the German Hessen and Hessen-Cassel, when we should call those duchies *Hessia* and *Hessian Cassel*, just as we call Thüringen Thuringia.

A case where orthography leads our pronunciation astray is that of Alsace, which people commonly pronounce Al-

sāce, whereas the German spelling, *Elssass*, leads us phonetically nearer the truth. It would probably be better for us to use the classic designation, *Alsatia*. The fact that there is no other civilized language so difficult for the English tongue to master as the French, with its delicate intricacies, its nasals and vocal shadings, is a satire upon the choice of our geographers.

How can a novice judge of the pronunciation of the Alsatian mountains, the Vosges? Singularly enough, the phonetic rendering which school-boys commonly give, — the Vos-ges, — comes much nearer the original name than the French pronunciation. The French designation came from an ineffectual attempt to pronounce the old German name, the *Wassigen*, or Watery mountains, so called from their abundant brooks. The Germans derived their modern name for these mountains, — the *Vogesen*, — from the French corruption, which they Germanized, but now that Alsatia has been reannexed, the ancient German name has been restored.

A curious blunder is that whereby we call the Russian capital Saint Petersburg, when rightfully it is simply Petersburg, being named for Peter the Great, and not for the celestial gate-keeper.

Spanish names have not suffered much orthographically at our hands. They are often barbarously mispronounced, however, although there is little excuse for it, Spanish being almost purely a phonetic tongue.

It would be an easy matter to give, in connection with the geographical instruction in our schools, the rules for the continental pronunciation of the vowels, and also of the consonants in various languages. Such peculiarities as the Italian pronunciation of *c* like our *ch*, and the Spanish *ll*, as in Sevilla, like *lya* (*Sevilya*), would not be left to be picked up at hap-hazard.

Our ignorance of foreign spellings and

pronunciations often leads to some curious mistakes. I have known people to pass through Prague without knowing it, on account of the difference in spelling, although a Frenchman would have recognized it by the pronunciation. I once met an Englishman in the capital of Bavaria, who actually did not know that he was in Munich. He said that he had been wondering how there could ever have been such a large city as *München*, and he never have heard of it until he got there. "And by Jove, it is really a fine place, don't you see!" he exclaimed.

There are people in certain regions of the West who appear to be unaware that there is such a thing as a broad sound to the vowel *a*, and they accordingly most exasperatingly "mash" out every word as flat as their native prairies. It is enough to set one's teeth on edge to hear them call Colorado *Colo-raydo*, Nevada *Nevayda*, and Montana *Montayna*. These people very irrationally insist on their idea of English phoneticism in some things, and violently disregard it in others. For instance, there are American residents in Arizona's principal town, Tucson, who delude themselves with the idea that they are speaking correct Spanish when they say *Too-son*, when there is probably not a Mexican who omits to pronounce the *c* exactly as it would be spoken in English.

— I am fond of quoting, and still fonder of remembering, an experience of Eugénie de Guérin's. She says in her journal that, one morning, on her way to church, she passed some little wild flowers, and at first stooped to pick them, but on second thought decided to leave them until she returned, for they would only wilt if she held them in her hand until mass was over. But she went home by another path through the woods, and quite forgot them, and writes in her dear journal that it is often so in life, — our opportunities do not return.

It is a great gift to recognize quickly the things that belong to us, and to seize them with a swift and willing hand, as one goes along the highways and byways of life. To some people's well-being a great many small things are necessary, and nothing makes such persons more miserable than to have lost a chance of securing some such treasure, which we never are offered twice. Sometimes it is through a fit of dullness, that hinders one from appropriating one's own at first sight, and sometimes the fancied wisdom of a friend's advice stands in the way; we are ashamed to carry out our own wishes in the face of disapproval. These words are not said with a view to such readers as are independent of their outward surroundings, — who are not shocked at the thought of beginning life in the next world empty-handed; who could be as contented in a nun's cell, without one personal belonging, as in a long-lived-in-house, filled with beloved traps and trifles. But there are some people who have not outgrown the instinct for making to themselves idols, and who fill their homes with shrines, old and new. They build themselves a wall of happiness with their treasures, and if one brick has not been secured it always leaves a gap; its place cannot be filled in with anything else. From the person who clings desperately to a few things that are dear from long association, to the person who has a mania for making collections and filling cabinets, is a very wide range, but it is the same instinct, — a love of things. The often-quoted depravity of inanimate objects seems a slur to them; they understand only the friendly and companionable side of nature and art; they unconsciously personify things, and attribute much sensitiveness to them.

I do not doubt that Mdlle. de Guérin thought about the flowers more than once afterward, and wished that she could beg their forgiveness for her neg-

lect. It seems sometimes as if the unused life in the world, that waits its proper development, must be stored away in sticks and stones. What should draw some of us so closely to certain flowers, that seem to look eagerly and with perfect self-consciousness into our faces? What is it that makes it impossible for us to leave a table or a chair for somebody else to buy and to live with?

I remember that one spring, when I was driving in the country, I saw under a barberry bush a blue violet, which appeared to follow me appealingly with its eyes as I went by. I felt an impulse to stop and to gather it, but I did not, — there was some reason. I thought my companion would laugh at me, or for some other cause it was not worth while. But the farther I went away from it the sorrier I was, and that violet has haunted me even to this day. The tall white daisies, or white-weeds, have a way of fixing their eyes upon you, as if they wished for something. And I remember that a friend once told me, in sacred confidence, about a little maple-tree that had stood at the roadside as she drove by and begged her to take it away. She did not stop. She never knew, and never would have known, any way, from what loneliness and sorrow it wished to be removed; but these many years she has regretted that she did not respond to its perfectly evident longing for her sympathy and assistance. It was a very young and small maple-tree. She described it to me touchingly: its leaves were brilliant with the colors of its first autumn, and when they had fallen it must have been only a thin, unnoticeable twig.

Desires for certain objects of art lead some persons into careers of wretched extravagance; but to a person who is sensible, and has a proper amount of self-control, there need be no such danger. Indeed, it is the things we saw and loved, and knew to belong to us,

and yet did not take or buy, that cause us most sorrow. The things for which we have the greatest and most unbearable yearnings are almost always within our reach, and only hesitation makes us lose them. Perhaps the influence of our surroundings plays a greater part in the development of our characters than we have ever recognized, and we are given our instincts for a picture, or a china cup, or a Chippendale chair, with a wise and secret purpose. Reason should not attempt to decide these questions, for they do not belong to reason's province. Out-of-doors, flowers are getting ready to bloom for us, and in-doors, books and pictures and china cups and little boxes are being made for us here and there all over the world, and we are wise to take them when we find them. If they have gone astray, and landed in some friend's parlor instead of our own, and can neither be bought nor stolen, we must make the best of it, but remember that they are ours and we are theirs, all the same, and revel in the secret understanding. But it is very puzzling to know why some things should have had anything to do with us. I have been troubled for some time with the small ghost of a cigarette-case that was displayed for sale in the chief room of a quaint old hotel in Northern Italy. It was curiously made of some East Indian grass-cloth fabric, and its colors were soft and pretty. It was filled with cigarettes, and I did not like to be thought a smoker. I did not succeed in giving myself any reasons for buying it, but I went near the case which contained it, and looked at it lovingly and longingly whenever I could, and then at last came away without it, knowing myself to have done wrong, and to be the concealer forever of an incurable regret. But the memory of this is nothing beside the sadder one of a green glass vase, hung with little gold rings, that I left behind me long ago, one day in Amsterdam.

— What ambitious sculptor was that who proposed to hew the side of Mount Athos into the likeness of the human profile? A bold conception, but not bolder, perhaps, than the converse, which would trace the mountain's physiognomy in a human face; yet, it would not have been strange if some tough old Macedonian soldier had been thought by his contemporaries to resemble neighboring Mount Athos. We have lately lost a sculptor (whose tools were heroic words) who could carve a great man's face in the similitude of the mountain, giving his work an almost vital reality and granite perpetuity. No bust nor portrait of Webster so impresses us as does this graven image of him, done by the hand of Carlyle. The "amorphous, crag-like face," who does not see it? and the "dull, black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces!" No ether-wrapped mountain, we infer, but one subject to fiery upheavals and throbs of cyclopean activity.

It is not my fortune to know any faces that present so sublime a topography; indeed, I hesitate, for fear of a *reductio ad absurdum*, to describe the first facial landscape that comes to my mind. It is a homely, rustic visage; all its features at angular odds with each other; hair and beard unkempt and wiry, curiously harmonizing in color and quality with the raveled and hanging braids of an old straw hat; lastly, a pair of small, bright, roving eyes. Where does this face lead me? To a "slashing," or partial clearing on the border of the woods. I see charred and hollow stumps, gossamer stretched between and across them, rank blackberry briars, lusty thistles, tall fireweed, and wild lettuce. And the small, roving eyes, — they are the small, quick-flitting birds that commonly haunt the slashing. Another face of my acquaintance possesses a very different picturesqueness, always suggesting Wordsworth's Lucy,

whom Nature took to rear and educate after her own heart. The Lucy whom I know seems to me to have been at the same sylvan school, to have "leaned her ear in many a secret place," to have walked by musical streams, listening and sympathizing, until "beauty born of murmuring sound" passed into her face. A child was at a loss to describe his teacher so that she might be distinguished among several others. After short reflection, he exclaimed, "She 's the one that looks like the lake!" When, afterwards, I met the original of this description, it was easy to justify the child's unconscious poesy. There was the lake; at least, the same cool serenity; the same sparkling freshness; the "unmeasured laughter," not of waves, but of the pure, jocund spirit that animated the entire countenance.

In this system of live personifications, the four seasons appear to me, at odd intervals, in the faces of four different persons. One looks the spring; another the summer; a third, with warm, olive complexion and hazy, brown eyes, represents fine, indolent October weather, while a fourth looks the soul of winter, keen, "frosty, but kindly."

When we turn to the poets, we find, as we might expect, plentiful illustration of this power to see elemental nature in the human countenance. Sometimes they throw out meteorological suggestion, — delicate indices to the "probabilities" of the mind. One speaks of "the cloudy foreheads of the great;" a description which we might be inclined to question, since, instead of looking for clouds on the foreheads of the great, theirs is just that quarter of the firmament from which we expect sunshine and glad weather. Better are the lines which show us how the author of the *Faerie Queene* looked in the large gaze of a young and loving disciple, who hails him across the ages. Thus Keats:

"Spenser! thy brows are arched, open, kind,
And come like a clear sunrise to my mind."

One more instance, — the opening verse in a love song of the seventeenth century, — "There is a garden in her face." This is an exquisite summary of all the gracious details the poet saw in his lady's countenance, — inclusive of the roses, the lilies, and the cherries ripe. We would not blame the lover, who, having likened the Most Beautiful Eyes to twin stars, proceeded a step further in hyperbole, and discovered the whole orb of the starry, summer heavens in the face of the Beloved.

— We shall never be able to discover, from any diligent search through the mighty volumes of the invaluable Audubon, any trace whatever of the possible species of that great, innumerable flock of the feathered tribe so unfairly described, in a low, commercial way, as worth only half as much singly as "a bird in the hand." Shall we therefore meekly submit to the uncompromising statement that is so constantly flung at us in its hard and striking shape, and never even pause a moment to give a thought to those humble little fellows, snugly perched out of reach of danger, cooing softly to one another "in the bush"?

The "bird in the hand" has been eaten up long ago, bones, feathers, and all; or he turned stale on our hands; or, after the most careful attention and lavish expenditure of regard, he slipped away on the first opportunity; or — the cat got him.

Just for the time, a moment or two, he seemed worth all the other birds in the bush, but not for very long; he was just a little disappointing: too old or too lean, too small or too battered with shot, — something that ought to have been better after all our pains and labors. We started for wild turkeys, or perhaps canvas-back ducks, and this is only a robin, or an ortolan, barely a mouthful. Still, some of the sportsmen regard us with profoundest envy, and even set up various claims to our bird, so that

his waning value gets a shade brighter at the sight of other eager claimants, who treat our resistance of their demands with indignation and threats, leaving us, alas! with sneers and envious maledictions, to a solitary enjoyment of our selfish success.

All the time, on a slender twig surrounded by leafy verdure, softly romancing side by side, perch two little birds of lovely plumage, casting their bright, round eyes in all directions, — two little objects that make a picture that changes its aspect as often as we choose; these are the dear little delusive “two in the bush.” They cannot be approached very closely, and none of the tribe was ever inside of a vulgar cage; thus our only chance of enjoying them is to watch from a little distance, for, curiously enough, if we succeed in killing them, no remains will be found, so that nothing but disappointment would result from a nearer approach. Oh, those “birds in the bush”! — long years of care and strife have been rendered bearable, dark days brightened, pain allayed, and vigor renewed, by a glimpse of that fairy pair, ever cooing their dear, deceptive lay.

Who shall rob us of them — our castles in the air? They are our one safe possession, that none can deprive us of; our exclusive property, out of reach and sight of everybody else, and always in the act of flying to us.

Commercial moralists shall not have it all their own way, and dogmatize us into misers and misanthropes with hard facts and hard lines, too, for away beyond their ken and safe for all times are our sweetest possession, those “two in the bush.”

Whenever a poor mortal faints by the roadside, and, notwithstanding all the helps of modern science, dies in grief and sadness, if we could carefully scru-

tinize his inner consciousness we should probably find that life had proved too hard for him, through pinning his faith blindly to the rough, curt dogma, “A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

— The other day a young middle-aged person called at my house. She had read certain things of mine which she did not wholly dislike, and desired a few minutes' converse with me, surrounded by my Lares and Penates. I call her a young middle-aged person because, though she was of an uncertain age, — which always means past thirty-five, — she was, in manner and habiliments, young. She came from the West, the land of promise, the land which gives us our presidents, and is, some day, to give us our literature. She was not a brilliant conversationalist, but she was not without a certain *aplomb* that fitted her for dropping in on an entire stranger, and occupying time which, so far as she knew, might have been very valuable to him. As a host, it was my duty to be courteous; as an author, it was my wish not to shatter any possible ideal that she had formed of me from my humble writings. I found that I had undertaken a difficult contract. My elderly young friend had very little to say for herself; she was a most unsuggestive person; her remarks were up-side-down hooks, upon which it was nearly impossible to hang anything. In order to avoid those dreadful hiatuses which occur between constrained or stupid people, I was obliged to talk and talk and talk. At last my guest departed. A few days afterwards I saw everything that I did n't say on that occasion fully reported in the columns of the Western Reserve Bugle.

I would like to ask some contributor to furnish me with a phrase that will adequately characterize the conduct of that middle-aged young person.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. Studies in Church History, by Henry C. Lea (Henry C. Lea's Son & Co.), is an enlarged edition of the work published by the author in 1869. Mr. Lea then collected his papers on The Rise of the Temporal Power, Benefit of Clergy, and Excommunication, and has now added a chapter on the Early Church and Slavery. The larger part of his volume is a close study of the growth of worldliness within the church, and a most instructive examination of ecclesiasticism. It is, perhaps, rather for the student than for the general reader, but its worth lies in the severity of Mr. Lea's treatment, and his freedom from mere prejudice. — The important series of Campaigns of the Civil War is to have a companion in The Navy in the Civil War (Scribners), the first volume of which is The Blockade and the Cruisers, by Professor J. R. Soley, of the Naval Academy. The treatment of the South is fair, and will do much to commend the book, and the author draws some conclusions pertinent to the present condition of affairs. — Letters to a Friend, by Connop Thirlwall, edited by Dean Stanley (Roberts), will give incidentally something of the life of a remarkable man. Bishop Thirlwall has not been a very familiar name to American readers, who have associated him chiefly with a little-read history of Greece, and it is to be hoped that Dean Stanley's introduction will do something to make him better known. Aside from its disclosure of the social side of the Bishop's life, the book is valuable as a stimulant to thought. — Dean Stanley himself appears in a volume of Recollections of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, by his successor at Westminster, George Granville Bradley (Scribners). Dean Bradley gives his reminiscences in the form of three lectures, a form very well adapted to the material, since he is speaking directly to friends of a friend. — The autobiography of James Nasmyth, edited by Samuel Smiles, to which we referred last month, has been issued by the Harpers, in cloth, as well as in the Franklin Square Library. — The literature of ante-mortem biography has been increased by a volume upon Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet, littérateur, scientist, by W. S. Kennedy (S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston). Mr. Kennedy ingeniously quotes Dr. Holmes himself in defence of his work, by placing upon a fly-leaf the words, "It is an ungenerous silence which leaves all the fair words of honestly-earned praise to the writer of obituary notices and the marble-worker." We have become so used, however, to having the curtain drawn in famous houses — from the outside — that the appearance of such a book fails to make one feel so creepy as it once would. — Mr. S. C. Hall's Retrospect of a Long Life (Appletons) covers the period from 1815 to 1883, and as Mr. Hall was a man of letters by profession, as he announces on the title-page, and connected with a great variety of literary enterprises, his work, which is in

effect an autobiography, will be found very attractive to those who are already at home in modern English literature, and enjoy every new account of the persons who figured in it. — There are four American reprints of Mrs. Carlyle's Letters, two by Scribner's Sons and two by the Harpers. The work is reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

Literature and Literary Criticism. The new volumes in the Riverside Hawthorne are the American Note-Books, and the French and Italian Note-Books, furnished like the previous ones with etchings and with preliminary notes by Mr. Lathrop. — Selections from the Poetry of Robert Browning (Dodd, Mead, & Co.) is introduced by Mr. R. G. White, who gives an interesting account of the method of the selection, and adds some random criticism upon the poetry. He has done well in bringing forward the marvelous poem of Child Roland, which never seems to have received the attention which is its due. The selection seems weak only on the side of simple sentiment in such poems as Two in the Campagna. — Living English Poets (Roberts) is a reissue of an English anthology published last Christmas, and devoted to a few poems, each from the leading current poet of England. The poems are not always the greatest of the respective writers. Dr. Hake, for example, might better have been shown in his Old Souls, but probably considerations of space have had something to do with the selection. In the American edition Jean Ingelow is added, although no note is made of it. We wonder if the original preface does not therefore need correction. The anthology gives one a good chance to make a survey of current English verse. — American Humorists, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis (Funk & Wagnalls, New York), is a collection of lectures by a man without humor upon the extraordinary combination of Irving, Holmes, Lowell, Artemas Ward, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte. He seems to have resorted to the practice of chopping his lectures into fine bits, in a desperate attempt to make them look either witty or wise. — Chats about Books, by Mayo Williamson Hazeltine (Scribners), is a series of brief papers on poets and novelists, which appeared originally in the Sunday edition of the New York Sun. They are book notices of a liberal character, and though it is always agreeable to run one's eye over a group of books, as one can here do, we cannot say that we find any singular insight in Mr. Hazeltine's reviews. — Libraries and Readers, by William E. Foster (Leypoldt), is a little volume which gathers the papers published first by the author in the Library Journal. They have an interest as the result of observation by an experienced librarian, and remind us again how valuable a person in the community is the librarian of the new school, who is no longer a mere custodian and cataloguer, but a real administrator of a public trust, and a friend and adviser of the ingenious reader.

Education and Text-Books. The Diadem of School Songs, by William Tillinghast (C. W. Barden, Syracuse, N. Y.), contains songs and music for all grades of schools, a new system of instruction in the elements of music, and a manual of directions for the use of teachers.—The same publisher adds to his dime question books one on Algebra, by Albert P. Southwick, and collects into one volume under the title of the Advanced Question Book, the ten books already published in the Dime series.—The Harpers add to their Greek and Latin Texts the Libri Socratici of Xenophon.—The Board of Education of Cincinnati issue a volume containing for its first part the fifty-third annual report of the Board, and for the second part a hand-book for the school year, which contains, besides the rules and regulations, the courses of study, and examination papers.

Lexicography. The Imperial Dictionary in four volumes (The Century Company) comes not only with the weight of its own learning but with the promise of even more liberal scholarship in the future. The work is an English one, which has been bought by the Century Company for issue on this side of the water, and the publishers announce that they have engaged a competent body of American scholars to make the work the basis for an even more thorough and comprehensive dictionary. We welcome the book if for no other reason, because every fresh inventory of the English language reduces the tyranny of any one dictionary.

Political Science and Economy. Mr. F. W. Taussig, instructor in Political Economy in Harvard College, has published an interesting essay under the title of Protection to Young Industries, as applied in the United States. (Moses King, Cambridge.) The essay won the Toppan prize, and is a careful and interesting historical study.—The second part of the American Citizen's Manual, by Worthington C. Ford (Putnam's), to which we have already referred, is devoted to the Functions of the Government, State and Federal, and escapes the danger of telling what these functions should be.

Theology and Biblical Criticism. Under the title of Sacred Scriptures of the World (Putnam's), Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn has compiled, edited, and in part retranslated selections of the most devotional and ethical portions of the ancient Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, with kindred selections from other ancient Scriptures of the world. Mr. Schermerhorn hopes that his volume will be used in "churches, schools, and homes, or wherever else the devout and moral teachings of the world may be needed for purposes of religious inspiration or of ethical instruction." It is singular to see how bibliolatry prevails amongst men who most violently oppose what they would call bibliolatry.—Old Testament Revision, by Alexander Roberts (Scribners), is a forerunner of the work of the Revision Committee. It does not proceed from that committee, but is the work of an independent scholar who has his own views as to what the revision should be.—A Critique of Design—Arguments, by L. E. Hicks (Scribners), is an his-

torical review and free examination of the methods of reasoning in natural theology. Professor Hicks is a vigorous writer, who aims at reaching his result through a classification and criticism of previous works, especially those which still have influence on thought.

Science and Philosophy. The Alternative, a Study in Psychology (Macmillan), is a forcible presentation of the choice of automatism or conscious freedom in the philosophy of human nature. The writer, in spite of his devotion to a specific terminology, is one who clears the air.—In his Philosophic Series Dr. McCosh has published a third number, Development: What it can do and What it cannot do. (Scribners.) He insists upon the inclusion of mental phenomena within any philosophy of development, but he refuses to find a sufficient explanation in physical processes.—The Modern Sphinx and some of her Riddles, by M. J. Savage (George H. Ellis, Boston), is a series of examinations of current problems of life and philosophy. They are, so to speak, a preacher's editorials. The standpoint of the writer is one of extreme individualism.—Science in Short Chapters, by W. Mattieu Williams (Funk & Wagnalls, New York), is a popular treatment of all sorts of subjects in science, especially as related to human comfort and convenience. The chapters appear to have been originally newspaper essays.

Medicine and Hygiene.—Medical Economy during the Middle Ages, by George F. Fort (J. W. Bouton, New York), is a contribution to the history of European morals, from the time of the Roman Empire to the close of the Fourteenth Century. It involves, of course, not medical science alone, as we now understand it, but the supernaturalism which pervaded medicine as well as all other departments of thought. It is a treasury of curious information.—Study and Stimulants, edited by A. Arthur Reade (Lippincott), is an entertaining collection of notes upon the use of intoxicants and narcotics in relation to intellectual life, as derived chiefly from answers made by literary and scientific men to a circular letter asking questions. The final result reached is not very definite, but the reader will find amusement in the personal disclosures. It really seems as though the mention of wine had a somewhat weakening effect upon the intellect of some of these writers.—Alcoholic Inebriety from a Medical Standpoint, with Cases from Clinical Records, by Dr. Joseph Parrish (Blakiston), is a small volume drawn chiefly from a physician's own experience, and having a value through its reserve and freedom from generalizing.—Brain-Rest, by Dr. J. Leonard Corning (Putnam's), is an amplification of the author's monograph, Carotid Compression and Brain-Rest. It will have an interest for people afflicted with insomnia.—Insanity: its Causes and Prevention, by Henry Putnam Stearns, M. D. (Putnam's), is a general work by a superintendent of a retreat for the insane, and while not devoid of interest to specialists is designed rather to give plain and sensible warnings and advice to all people who are interested in the subject.